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Poetry.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves in fall,
The flowers may fall and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walk o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our heart all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise;

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
In life—there are no dead.

HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of cherished friends,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of will that will not bend,
The slight of a friend, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things,
They all can tarnish its golden glow
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check
Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of the white-winged hour,
That held the blessings we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth and power—
And lo! the day is with ill inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In some life darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toils that robs the firm of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by—
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high.
And life is too short to spoil like this,
If only a prelude it may be sweet;
Let us bind together its thread of bliss
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

INVENTORY OF A DRUNKARD.

ALICE CARY.

A hut of logs without a floor,
Minus a roof, and ditto door;
A clapboard cupboard without crocks,
Nine children without shoes or frocks;
A wife that has not any bonnet
With ribbon, bows and strings upon it,
Scolding and wishing to be dead,
Because she has not any bread.

A teakettle without a spout,
A meat-case with the bottom out,
A "comfort" with the cotton gone,
And not a bed to put it on;
A handle without an ax,
A hackle without wool or flax;
A pot-lid and wagon hub,
And two ears of a washing-tub.

Three broken plates of different kinds,
Some mackeral tail and bacon rinds;
A table without leaves or legs;
One chair and a half dozen pegs;
One oaken leg with hoops of brass;
One tumbler of dark green glass;
A fiddle without any strings,
A gun stock and two turkey wings.

O readers of this inventory,
Take warning by its graphic story;
For little any man expects,
Who wears good shirts with buttons in 'em!
Ever to put on cotton checks,
And only to have brass pins to pin 'em!
'Tis, remember little stitches
Keeps the rent from growing great;
When you can't tell beds from ditches
Warning words will come too late.

Our Story Teller.

COURTSHIP ON SKATES.

Effie Chrystal was the youthful and beautiful daughter of "Squire" Chrystal, a portly old gent who was celebrated for the crustiness of his temper and the goodness of his heart. He was a widower, however, and Effie was the only one left to soothe the aches and thousand petty annoyances of his declining years. While he loved the child with all the ardor of his nature, he was nevertheless very exacting in his demands, and the poor little thing missed many a fine day's sport because of his untiring watchfulness.

"One can't be too careful of one's daughters in these times," he was wont to say. The town is so crammed jammed with Indians that every time a pretty girl walks the streets alone she is in danger of being kidnaped."

To guard against such a frightful calamity the squire kept a cold and calculating eye upon Effie's every movement and would never permit her to leave his sight from the time she got up until she went to bed. The restraint was frequently disagreeable, but Effie was such a good, dutiful child that she preferred to resign herself to fate rather than do anything that would bring a pang to the bosom of her fond old parent.

"You mustn't think me too harsh, Effie, dear," said the old squire one winter's evening, as he sat in his big armchair, and pressed the hand of his beautiful child.

"If it pleases you, papa, to keep me shut up in the house all the time, I suppose I ought not to complain, but, oh, dear! it is awful prosy at times. Only think of what fine skating there is in Central Park, and yet I never get a chance to indulge in it."

"Don't talk to me of skating, child!" exclaimed her father quickly. "I was at a skating rink that I first met your dear departed mother, and I'll never forget what the experience cost me."

"Are you sorry for having married poor mamma?" asked the girl, her eyes filling with tears.

"No, no, child; not that! But I am sorry I married her as I did. Our love-making was hasty, and our meetings, owing to the opposition of her father, were necessarily clandestine. The consequence was we eloped one bright moonlight night and before I could follow her over the back fence a big bulldog had chewed the tails off my coat, and the enraged Governor had emptied the contents of a double-barreled shot-gun into my back. I had the shot dug out at the hospital and I've got 'em yet, and I mean to fire them into the first fellow who attempts to kidnap you as I did your mother."

Effie sighed, and walking to the window gazed intently through the blinds. Her father watched her for a moment, and concluding that she was reflecting upon the incident he had just related to her, gave a grunt of satisfaction, and then dropped into a peaceful doze. Effie did not alter her position until she heard his heavy breathing, and having looked around to satisfy herself that he was really asleep she returned her attention to the object which had interested outside.

Upon the opposite side of the street a young man was busily engaged in mending a water-spout. He was the apprentice to a wealthy plumber, and Effie had often observed him working in the neighborhood. He was tall and lithe in figure, had long chestnut hair and beautiful black eyes, that sparkled in the sunlight like a pair of Parisian diamonds. His movements, which were slow and graceful, Effie observed with great interest. He would pick up the end of the damaged water-spout, look at it long and earnestly, then drop it on the pavement and begin to whistle and look up at the houses. Effie had drawn the blinds aside and it was not long before the handsome young plumber caught sight of her. As soon as he did so his face became serious. The lovely face he saw startled him as though it were an apparition, and he rubbed his eyes and stared at her with all his might. Effie smiled a sweet, girlish smile, and then the young man bounded over the snow that was banked against the curb, and in a moment or two stood beneath the window of his newly discovered inamorata.

Effie was amused and delighted. It was the first good opportunity she had ever had for observing the features so closely of a young man. He, too, was charmed by the girl's pretty face and childish manner, and motioned to her to raise the window. Glancing hastily over her shoulder to assure herself that the Squire still slept, Effie obeyed. Slowly the sash went up, and Effie, resting her plump arms on the window sill, was now within whispering distance of her lover. She cautioned him to speak low and told him the reason.

The wind was blowing a perfect gale at the time, a circumstance which was favorable to the lovers, for there was no one out-of-doors to observe them. The young man told Effie that his name was F. McDougal McDonald, and that he hoped to succeed to the business of his opulent master. He said that his heart had gone out to her the moment he saw her, and, with tears in his eyes begged her to promise that she would one day be his bride. Effie blushed a deep crimson, and replied that she would think about it, but this didn't satisfy her impulsive lover. He wanted to bring matters to the point at once, and when Effie hesitated he grew impatient.

"I see it all," said he, "you are rich and move among the gilded circles or upper middle society, and therefore you do not wish to couple yourself with a plumber's poor apprentice. Never mind though, there are plenty more girls, and I will see what I can do this afternoon when I go out to the Park to skate."

There was bitter irony in his tone, and Effie would have been wounded deeply were it not for his reference to skating. The mere mention of this fascinating sport so electrified her that she threw aside her accustomed reserve and confessed to the plumber boy that he was the master of her heart. She further promised that if he would wait for her around the corner she would join him just as soon as she could get on her balmoral and furs. McDougal McDonald kicked his heels for joy, and kissing his hand to Effie, said that he would hurry around to his boarding house and dress himself.

"But stay," said Effie, "you have a water-spout to fix across the way, and I am tempting you to leave your work."

"Never mind that," laughed McDougal, "it will all be charged in the bill!"

Then he ran off with the bounding speed of a newsboy, while Effie pulled down the window, replaced the blinds and tripped lightly upstairs for the purpose of putting on her heavy wraps. Having completed her toilet she tucked the skates which her aunt Sarah had given her for a wedding present under her fur lined cloak, and crept stealthily down the stairs. Her heart beat rapidly as she approached the parlor door, but the heavy snoring of her fond parent reassured her, and she flew out of the house with the speed of the wind.

When she reached the rendezvous McDougal was waiting for her. He was dressed in such exquisite taste that at first she hardly recognized him. His manner, too, was that of a polished gentleman, and Effie marvelled that one who had been raised in a plumber's shop should have acquired such refinement of bearing. She said as much and McDougal laughed.

"Our business, you see, takes us into the very best houses, and enables us to become familiar with the most aristocratic people."

Effie smiled sweetly, and taking a fresh hold of her lover's stout arm, tripped along by his side.

A hasty run over the elevated railroad brought the lovers to the park, and they were soon part of the hilarious throng which crowded the lake. Having fastened on his own skates, McDougal attended to Effie's, and within a few minutes after their arrival the lovers were gliding together gracefully over the clear and beautiful ice. The red cheeks and glistening eyes of the ladies as they flitted by contrasted splendidly with the blue noses and Apollo-like figures of the men. Everybody was cheerful, and the air rang with the silvery peals of laughter. Lovers whispered sweet nothings in the pearly ears of their willowy-formed darlings, and bashful maidens cut pigeon-wings with an agility that was startling. Occasionally a momentary, death like stillness would prevail whenever a fat person would lose his balance and descended suddenly upon the ice; but, as a rule, there was very little to mar the delight of the invigorating sport.

Meanwhile McDougal and Effie were skimming about like a pair of arrows. In the rapidity and grace of their movements they were superior to all who came near them. Effie was particularly expert, and the ease with which she carved the euphonious name of T. McDougal McDonald elicited an outburst of admiration from the ladies and gentlemen who witnessed the feat. McDougal was proud of his young sweetheart's performance, and when she had finished it and gazed into his big black eyes for some recognition of her labor, he raised the little beauty in his brawny arms and pressed a kiss upon her glowing cheek. At sight of this the lady spectators cried "Oh!" and skated away, but were speedily followed by their respective lovers, each of whom was eager to follow the example so beautifully set by T. McDougal McDonald.

It would be almost impossible to repeat a tenth of the sweet things that McDougal said to Effie as they glided along, but it is certain that his words produced a profound impression upon the young girl's mind. As they skated up and down she would lay her head upon his shoulder and gaze into his eyes with an expression of such trusting, infantile innocence that McDougal begged to chide himself for having lured her away from her home in opposition to her father's will.

"Never mind, Effie," said he, as he again raised her in his arms and bore her gracefully over the ice, "I will be your protector when your father has passed to the golden shore."

"Drop her!" cried a terrible voice that made Effie scream with terror.

A nervous shock passed through the stalwart frame of McDougal McDonald, and he let Effie fall on the ice as though she had been a hot stove. Turning quickly about he saw the wrathful face of the Squire. The latter was coming toward him at the speed of a first-class locomotive. He waved a big stick over his head and glared at McDougal with the ferocity of a lion.

"Fly, McDougal!" cried Effie. "He will kill you! Do not wait for me; I am able to take care of myself."

"Thanks, darling," said her lover; "I will be guided by your better judgment."

And then McDougal struck out for liberty with all the vigor of his young and athletic nature. His flight was not begun a moment too soon, for the fierce Squire was only a few feet behind him. The young man shuddered when he heard the swish of the Squire's stick so close to his ear, and redoubled his efforts. He had not gone far when the shouts of the other skaters attracted his attention.

"Look out!" they cried. "Turn, or you are lost!"

Suddenly there loomed up directly ahead of him the ominous sign board, on which were written the following terrible words:

"Skaters, beware! Danger ahead!"

McDougal, quick as thought, buried his heels in the ice and let himself down as gracefully as the circumstances would permit.

"It is better," he thought, "to have my head broken than plunge into a watery grave."

He stopped sliding only when he was within few feet of the sign board. Not so the Squire. The old man's rage made him deaf to the warning words of the people. He saw nothing but the hated figure of the destroyer of his peace, and he was so close to McDougal when the latter went down that he hadn't time to check himself. It was an interesting sight that the Squire presented as he described a figure 8 in the air, but when his ponderous form came in contact with the ice and then disappeared beneath the surface a feeling of suspense and horror seized hold of the multitude.

Fortunately for the Squire, the water was not deep; after he had cracked about three-fourths of the ice on the lake he managed to reach terra firma.

* * * * * * * * *

Squire Chrystal is a helpless rheumatic now, and has been such for several years; but Effie has always been kind and attentive to him. McDougal, who has for a long time been his son-in-law, is also a large shareholder in the old man's affection. McDougal is in the plumbing business for himself now, and has already amassed great wealth. Since the terrible ducking he got in the park the Squire has had a horror of water, and McDougal and he will sit together by the hour sipping hot Scotch punches and laughing over the terrible race they once had in Central Park. She is a leader of fashion, and blesses the day she fell in love with a plumber.

OLD BILL STEVENS.

The Trick Played on Him by His Niece—A Suspicious Weapon.

Something put Bateman in mind of old Bill Stevens, a sort of happy-go-lucky Rip Van Winkle, who, like Rip, was not unfamiliar with mountains, having passed a good deal of time in the wilds of the Alleghenies in the chase of bear and deer, before he came West to Michigan and settled in Oakland county, and where, perhaps, he imbibed his love for good liquor, a fondness for a roaming, vagabond life, and took on a strong tinge of superstitious feeling that seems inseparable from lonely mountain life.

"Old Bill had a niece by the name of Liddy," related Bateman, "who was as full of mischief as a pet coon, and always inventing something to take a rise out of her uncle. Old Bill was stopping around then with his relatives and others, now and then working, drinking whisky, hunting and loafing. One night Bill was stopping at his sister's, Liddy's mother, and had made up a trip to Detroit the next day. Everybody had gone to bed except Liddy, who was choring around the house, when Old Bill started to bed. 'Now, Liddy,' says he, 'I've got to git to Novi Corners in time for that first train, so be sure and wake me up airly, Liddy.'

"'All right,' Liddy says, 'I'll have you up at five.'

"As soon as old Bill got to bed and took to snoring, Liddy got a cold spread on the table, flopped the hands of the clock around to 5 o'clock, and roused old Bill up.

"'Just five,' says Liddy, as old Bill came out rubbing his eyes. He sat down to the table, made a jab at the victuals, but soon dropped his knife and fork, and, says he, 'Getting up so airly takes away my appetite.'

"'Well, uncle,' says Liddy, 'I believe I'll lay down for awhile; I've been up late,' and so she went to bed. Old Bill sat around for a spell and then went out to take a look at the east for daybreak, and then went in again. About 6 he went out again, and no signs of daylight. At 7 it was dark. Dark as thunder at 8 and pitch dark at 9. From being mighty uneasy Bill's hair began to stand on end. At 9 o'clock he ran for his brother-in-law's room, hollering: 'Wake up, wake up, George; eternal night's here and judgment day is coming.'"

"Old Bill always, when loafing, carried an old musket around on his shoulder. One day Bill started down to Novi Corners to stock up on ammunition; but before he went Liddy got hold of the musket, put in a charge of powder and a short piece of punk, then another charge and another piece of punk. She lighted the last piece. Just before Bill got to Novi he met an old crony in the road, and as they went gossiping, bang! went the gun and kicked the crony in the breast.

"'Don't you do that again, Bill Stevens,' says the crony.

"'Pon my soul I didn't do it. An' I don't see how the durn thing came to go off, unless I was foolin' round the muzzle with my pipe.'

"Shouldering it again, Bill and the other fellow started for the grief shop at the corners, spent some time there, and came out. They stood in the road again talking over old times at the east, and just as Bill was turning to go, bang! went the gun again:

"'D—n the thing!' says Bill, 'there was only one load in it when I left home.'

"And he laid the musket down in the road and went home without it. His crony looked after him suspiciously, shook his head, looked out of the corner of his eye at the gun, and hurried away from it."—*Detroit Evening News.*

THE BEDSTEAD IS TO BLAME.

A "Rheumatic Expert" Tells How You Catch It and How to Be Well.

Dr. Edwin M. Jones, the rheumatic expert of Wisconsin, said to an inquirer about the means for preventing rheumatism. "Humph! If I told you my occupation would be gone. But I go in for reform," he added, "and I will you some of the couses and a few ways of preventing it. One-half the diseases now prevalent are due to the bedstead that you sleep on. Funny, eh? Yet it is true. How many years ago was it when the high, comfortable, old-fashioned bedstead was the fashion? I distinctly remember that when a man was afflicted with rheumatism he was of about no use to the world. When our grayheaded men when boys it was old men that had rheumatism. Now it is young men and I have treated a seven-year old boy.

"The nearer you get to a ceiling," continued the doctor, "the warmer it is, and the nearer the floor the more draughts there are. I slept in a bed in Albany last night that was not a foot from the floor, but I go prepared. I wear a woolen night-cap and a nightdress that buttons tightly and high up on the neck. Then, again, a great fault, in a hygienic way, lies with the builders. Houses are built wrong. A man builds a row of flats to rent. Tom, Dick and Harry run in and out, leaving the door open and filling the halls full of cold air. You sit in your heated room and have occasion to step out for a moment. You don't bundle up, and the consequence is your heated skin receives a shock and you catch cold.

"Now, if you want to avoid rheumatism," continued the doctor, "I would advise you to observe the following rules:

First—Don't wear flannel undergarments. Wool is made to wear outside. Wear Canton flannel.

Second—Wear thick shoes in the winter, and wet weather wear cotton socks next to the skin, and if not warm enough wear merino ones over them.

Third—Wear a breast and back pad made of silk with a cotton batting lining. Put it on in September and take it off in April.

Fourth—Wear the same thickness of undergarments the year round. Regulate the weight of your clothes from the outside.

Fifth—Wear a nightcap, but don't take a Kentucky one. Keep the neck warm both asleep and awake, and you will be a healthy man.

"People have laughed at my vagaries, as they call them, and then came to me later with all seriousness, and given me a $10 bill to pay for their sound rest and good health because they followed my advice."

The doctor is a pleasant-mannered gentleman, who talks earnestly and sometimes bluntly. At one time he told Salmon P. Chase that he could prolong his life, but Mr. Chase would not take his medicines after the first dose, saying that he preferred to die rather than take another dose.

Applied Science.

Pierre Groshils, of Vervier, finds that a solution of small amount of salicylic acid in lactic acid, when mixed with butter, will keep it indefinitely without altering its properties or impairing its taste.

A New York lady who had a mole on her shoulder, and who, from this reason, was unable to display her otherwise fair and attractive corporeal possessions, has had an electrical operation performed with perfect success. The mole was perforated with electric needles in every direction. After a week the mole, which had been burnt to a black mass, fell off and left the skin in good condition. The new skin shows hardly a trace of discoloration, and now wears the most fashionable ball dresses with impunity.

The eminent French scientist, Garcin, has found that inhalation of air containing a small amount of hydrofluoric acid gas has a remarkably good effect on consumptives. Of 100 cases so treated 41 per cent. improved and 38 per cent. were cured. Hydrofluoric acid kills the bacilli of disease, and as phthisis is caused by the presence of these lower germs of life in the lungs, their destruction removes the cause of the disease. Hence, if the patient is not too far gone, it is reasonable to expect an improvement.

O, What a Speech!

"Oh, I am so pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. McGrump. I have heard of you and your works for ever so long—the last ten or fifteen years, I am sure!"

"You might have heard of me and my works for the last 50 years, madam!"—*London Truth.*

A Fearful Threat.

Wife—Now, this is the third time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook.

Husband—Yes, I-I believe it is.

Wife—Well, the very next time I catch you talking to the cook I'll discharge her—and do the cooking myself.

That cured him.—*Texas Siftings.*

LUCK IN GARTERS.

Belles Ruled by Superstition—The Bride and Her Rhyme.

Girls are naturally superstitious, and a young ladies' boarding school is a regular breeding-place of superstitions. Those of childhood are there added to, and when the young lady makes her debut in society she has a large assortment.

This is no fairy tale; it is the truth. They do not parade their superstitions in public, because they would be laughed at, but they have them just the same. They are not confided to fathers or brothers ordinarily, and yet who has not heard of the bride's superstition contained in the following lame rhyme:

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue."

As a flight of poesy it is not worthy of much notice, but as a superstition it receives a great deal of attention. Did you consider it idle talk when you heard it? If you did you were sadly mistaken. During the last season there was probably not three society brides, if the term be allowable, who had the courage to disregard the rhyme. Obedience to its duties is supposed to insure happy married life, and so strongly is the feminine mind imbued with it that should a bride be inclined to disregard it the bridesmaids would openly revolt.

Of course the "something blue" cannot well be worn in sight, a bride being dressed in white, so it is usually a garter. The "something old" is generally a piece of old lace, while the "something borrowed" can be a ribbon or any little thing; the value cuts no figure. There is a good deal that is new about every bride's attire, so no trouble is experienced there.

Then follow the other superstitions of the wedding. The ring in the bride's cake every one knows about; also the throwing of the bride's bouquet. The latter is a very pretty custom, and is ever attended by a great deal of excitement and jollity.

But there is one inconsistent feature about all this—one problem that no one but a woman can solve. The bridesmaid who gets the ring when the cake is cut is to be the first one married. The bridesmaid who catches the bride's bouquet when thrown is also to be first married, and so is the one who gets the bride's garter. How can three be married first? That is the problem.

Bah! It is just a pretty custom, you say; no one believes in it.

"How is that?" was asked of a North Side young lady.

"Indeed they do believe in these superstitions to a great extent," she replied. "The old and new one is so firmly believed in that young ladies believe it almost imperative for brides to observe it. And the others? Well, they have a sort of half faith in them. They may laugh at them a little, but they are awfully anxious to get articles just the same. The pin? Oh, I know any number of girls who would not pass one by. Actually, if they did, it would worry them all day. Good, sensible girls they are, too, whom you would never suspect of anything of that sort. Why, I suppose you are entirely ignorant of the fact that lots of the girls to be seen at the balls and parties every night actually wear yellow garters on their left limbs all the year round, because it is the sign of an early marriage. This is a superstition brought from boarding school, where the custom is to exchange garters every Halloween."

"Do you mean that?"

"Indeed I do. It is one of the many superstitions observed in perfect good faith. Did you know that it was a sign of bad luck to put your shoes or slippers on the table? No? Well, that also emanates from boarding school. I nearly frightened my room-mate into a fit by doing it once thoughtlessly. Perhaps you didn't know that it was a sign of good luck to have a dog follow you. It is, though, and moreover, if it is a black dog it indicates a dark husband, and if it is a yellow dog it indicates a blonde one. Then if you hang a wishbone over the door the first man who passes under it is to be your husband. I did it once and the plumber came in about two minutes later. That destroyed my faith in that. You'll always notice, though, that if you find a hairpin you'll get a letter shortly afterward."

Now, from this, pray do not that all of these superstitions are believed in by every society girl. A few of them are general, but not so all. Each girl has her own. And this is an enlightened age, too, and superstition is supposed to be a relic of barbarism. But we have it, just the same, and many a girl has more faith in the consequences that will accrue from doing or not doing certain things than she will admit even to her most intimate friends.—*Chicago Tribune.*

GRADES OF ACQUAINTANCES.

Barely Known, Real Nice, a Good Friend, and Intimate According to His Wealth.

A clever young German, who came from Heidelberg not long since to teach philosophy in an up-town school for girls, is made much of in certain circles of society, where poverty is partially attoned for by talent. Still, he says that in no society in the world does wealth play so prominent a part as in that of New York.

"I met vit a striking ecksemple uf that q'vite recently," he replied to some friends over a modest table d'hote. "I vas encaged vit a lady uf some conseq'vence in vot you style here de social vorld, und hat occasion to mention a young man vort, I suppose, twenty-fife tausand thalers.'

"'Yes,' she said, 've know him.'

"Supseq'ventiy I spoke of anoder young man vort, I suppose fifty tausand thalers.

"'Oh, yes,' she sayed, 'he's a real nice young man, q'vite prumising.'

"Later I mentioned a chentleman vort, I suppose, von hundred tausand thalers.

"'Oh, my!' she spoke up, 'he's a good frent of ours.'

"'Are you acquainted,' I asked, more supseq'ventiy, 'vit Herr Weisnichtver?' 'A young man vit a fortune of nearly a hef a million,'" he explained to his companions.

"'My, my, yes,' she answered, qe'vickly; 'he's intimate at our house.'

"Intimate at our house," the professor soliloquized. "A q'veer phase. It sounds like an itiom, but it seems to mark the social rekognation uf hef a million thalers."—*New York Herald.*

A TALE TOLD BY A RING.

The Mourning Band Which Silently Announces Matrimonial Freedom.

"Did you ever see a mourning ring?" asked a jeweler. "Well, here is one."

It is a heavy gold band, perfectly plain, and with a seal in the shape of a coffin. It has a place, through which can be seen a skeleton in gold. On the inside of the ring is the inscription of black enamel giving the initials of the deceased and the date of death.

"These designs were used over a century ago, and now they are to be revived as the latest fad. Some young widows who find it difficult to indicate their bereavement when indoors, with hat and flowing veil removed, take advantage of the ring to announce to susceptible young men that they have returned to the matrimonial market. They need not look melancholy. A turn of the finger and the sad news is told."

"Do men use them?"

"Most assuredly. Widowers have no way of announcing their loss except by the band on their hats. With a mourning ring all embarrassing inquiries regarding the deceased wife may be avoided, and knowledge of the widower's restored eligibility quickly and neatly imparted."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Jack Won't Rip; He Tears.

"Charlotte, how are you getting along with Jack, now?"

"Oh, dear me, Fanny, he's just as bad as ever. I thought after we were married things would be different, but he goes on just the same as he always did."

"Well, upon my word! If I were you I'd treat him like an old piece of silk and let him rip, and go home to my people."

"Let him rip! That's easy enough; but the trouble is he don't rip—he tears."

He Picked Up the Pin.

A merchant who believes in the old saying of "See a pin and pick it up and all the day you'll have good luck," saw a pin the other day, and while stooping to capture it his hat fell off and rolled out into the street, two suspender buttons gave way in the rear, his collar split open, and his store teeth, which cost $13 when new, fell out and broke on the walk. He picked up the pin, however.

Nothing Mean About Them.

"Good evening, Mrs. Ownhair; how did you like the entertainment last evening?"

"I was delighted."

"And how did you like the olio?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Smith, but we use only the best creamery butter."—*Boston Courier.*

ELSEY FARM.

HOW IT WAS LOST AND WON.

BY DAVID R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER III.

GOES BACK A FEW YEARS AND NARRATES PARTICULARS WHICH THE READER MUST HAVE.

Jim Pollard, honest, though dissipated Jim Pollard, knew that Mary Elsey was as far from him as the poles are asunder—that while she really respected him, and liked him, it was impossible that she should ever love him or marry him. So Jim Pollard had an excellent chance to do an entirely disinterested thing, and he was precisely the man to do it. He knew that the conveyance of Elsey Farm to John Cassidy was a fraud—that John Elsey and his wife, supposed they were signing a mortgage—not a deed—and that they resided on their homestead in total ignorance of the fact that they had parted with its ownership. Jim Pollard determined in his own mind to save them the farm; but how? He was completely in the power of John Cassidy, who could at any time procure his arrest, trial and conviction for crimes that were not too old for the law to take cognizance of.

Jim Pollard had been a very wild, reckless, dissipated man in the years gone by, traces of which were left upon him, ineffaceably. He had commenced as all such men do, with dissipation; gambling had followed drunkenness, forgery, burglary, horse stealing—all crimes which have a dash of romance about them, and which require nerve, skill and daring—had followed gambling as naturally as water runs down hill. And, with all this, Jim Pollard was a good fellow—only good fellows follow this course. Criminals are not all good fellows—but those who run the entire gamut, commencing with dissipation as the initial point, always are. The brute-man is a criminal born—the manufactured criminal is always made of most excellent material.

A railroad company in that part of the state had been plundered regularly for several months, and all the efforts of the company to discover the depredators were unavailing. Goods would be safely locked in the cars at one end of the road, and would be missing at the other end, and the great question was, what became of them, and who took them? The cars would come to their destination properly locked, but the goods were *non est.*

Mr. John Cassidy was employed by the company to ferret out this mystery, and he did it. He had an instinct for crime as unerring as the scent of a blood hound. He discovered that Mr. James Pollard was conductor on that road, and that he was on intimate terms with three brakemen. He found, moreover, that, one of the brakemen had a brother; that that brother had a farm on the line of the road; that the house in which he lived was not more than twenty rods from the track, and that was the point from which he took his departure. He watched this brother like a sleuth-hound, and discovered that he was in the habit of going to Pittsburg with more trunks than a farmer generally takes with him on his excursions. These trunks would be checked regularly. Mr. Cassidy was in the baggage car one night, and it so happened that one of these trunks he unlocked. There were in that trunk no coats, pantaloons, vests and boots, but instead, were silks, satins and cloths of various kinds and descriptions, which was singular baggage for a common farmer to have in his trunk. He simply locked the trunk again and let it pass on.

Mr. Cassidy watched that trunk carefully. He saw it put upon a truck, and he followed that trunk to a house and saw it go into that house. The house was that of a pawnbroker who was known to be a receiver of stolen goods.

This accomplished, Mr. Cassidy returned, and a few nights afterward he was lying under the fence in front of the house, waiting and watching. The rumble of the train was heard, a light of a peculiar nature was displayed from the house, the door of a car was opened, two boxes of merchandise were rolled out, and the train plunged onward.

Our farmer friend came out immediately with his wife, and took the boxes into the house and opened them.

Alas! for those industrious people! John Cassidy and a sheriff's posse were upon them. They were surprised with the booty in their hands: and the woman made confession to John Cassidy alone, of the whole thing. Jim Pollard was the leader of the gang, and the moving spirit. He had procured his situation for this purpose solely, and had got into position his confederates. The brakemen on the train were all in the business, and his train was completely under their control. His plan was plain enough. He had duplicate keys made, and at the station before the house of his confederate, would get into the car that held the goods he desired. Then at the place he would roll out the boxes, and at the next station would lock the car again.

Mr. Cassidy had these details poured into his private ear only, for he desired to make use of them for his own purposes. Mr. Cassidy was one of those peculiar scoundrels who never have partners, because they feel themselves equal to any and all emergencies.

Possessed of these facts, Mr. Cassidy proceeded to finish his work. There were six in the work, and before the sun went down he had the six in jail—Jim Pollard being the last arrested.

Mr. Pollard was only a little disconcerted when Cassidy arrested him. He simply remarked that his arrest was a good joke, and he requested a private interview with his captor. Mr. Cassidy granted him the private interview.

"Well," said Cassidy, "what do you want to say to me?"

"Simply this," returned Pollard, sitting closely upon the edge of a table, and regarding Cassidy with a curiously confident look; "simply this—what you want to do now, is to discharge me, on the statement that my arrest was all a mistake."

"You are disposed to be facetious, Mr. Pollard."

"Not at all, that is what you want to do, and what you will do."

"I certainly shall not."

"You certainly will."

"What will compel me to so remarkable a procedure?"

"A fact, Mr. Cassidy. Your safe was robbed four years ago."

Mr. Cassidy betrayed some degree of emotion, and listened attentively.

"I am aware of it."

"Do you know who robbed it?"

"No."

"But do you know what was taken from it? I robbed that safe, John Cassidy, I and another man. We got from it some genuine money—not much—and a great deal of bogus money. It was one of the most unprofitable pieces of work I ever did. We got, in addition to the counterfeit money, the plates from which it was printed, and knowing all the people in the line, I took the trouble to hunt out your partner in the business. I know where he is this minute, and can put my hand on him in forty-eight hours. I have the plates and some of the money in a safe place, where I can reach them. You have me in a tight place, Cassidy, but no tighter than I can put you. What do you think? Shall you discharge me, or do you think it best to let me go?"

"Does any one know of this but you?" asked Cassidy.

"None save your late partner."

"I shall discharge you—you keep my secret and I will keep yours. See to it that my 'partner,' as you term him, is as discreet as yourself, for the moment my matter is made public yours will be. But how will the rest of the party take your escape?"

"Never you mind that. We are a reasonable set of gentlemen. It is well understood among us, that each man shall, when caught, do his best for himself, so that in making his escape, he does not prejudice his fellows. They all know that they will be none the worse off for my getting out of danger."

And John Cassidy emerged from the private room with Jim Pollard, and stated that the arrest of Mr. Pollard was all a mistake; that he was not the man he supposed he had got. Cassidy was pale as a ghost, and nervous, while Pollard preserved an easy, jaunty look.

Mr. Pollard instantly determined to "study law" with John Cassidy, for, as he said, he wanted a safer way of robbing the people than force, and Cassidy did make him his clerk. It was during this period that he met Mary Elsey and loved her. That love worked a change in him. Jim Pollard discovered when in her society, that there was something in life better than wild orgies; that a pure woman and a quiet home, were better than the gambling-hell or the bar-room, and the wild, reckless man softened under the influence of the new passion, and regretted that he was not as she was.

He told his love and was, of course rejected. He was not angry with her, for he had calculated upon nothing else. He knew he was not worthy of the good, sweet, strong, pure girl he worshipped, and that in declining his love she had done what she should have done, had she been entirely free. He told her so, and thanked her for the consideration she had shown him, and went back to his work feeling happy that she had done herself good and saved herself by rejecting him. Jim Pollard was a good-bad man. There was a trace of good in him, but it was terribly blemished. The good was natural to him—the bad had been added by circumstances.

But Jim Pollard felt badly, despite his philosophy. He cursed himself that he had not made himself worthy of so great a prize, and he did what he had done before—got very drunk. Liquor was his panacea for all the ills of life. He forgot in whisky his troubles, and there was a great trouble on hand.

It was during this long continued debauch, that Cassidy managed to worm out of him the exact spot where the terrible plate and the counterfeit money, which Pollard had possessed himself of, was concealed. Knowing the place, he wasted no time in securing and destroying them.

Presently Mr. Pollard got sober, and he immediately discovered that his evidence against Cassidy was gone. He knew instinctively who had taken it, and he knew that it had been destroyed, for Mr. Cassidy was a methodical worker, and a thorough one. Pollard said to Cassidy:

"You have discovered where I hid your plates and the specimens of work from them, and, I presume, destroyed them?"

"You were kind enough during your recent——"

Drunkenness," suggested Pollord.

"Well, drunkenness, if you please, to confide in me, where you had placed them, and I did think it advisable to remove them. I unlocked your box—"

"With a hatchet?"

"Yes, and immediately destroyed what I found. You see, Pollard, I wanted to get rid of all the evidence that remains of an affair that might give me trouble."

"But the evidence is not all removed."

"But it is."

"You forgot that Abrams, your partner in counterfeiting, and mine in burglary afterward, is still living."

"On this point, my dear Pollard, my information is better than yours. Mark Abrams died in the Western penitentiary the day before I broke open your box. So long as he lived, possession of the plates and the counterfeits were of no use to me. The moment he died I realized that my safety demanded the possession of the plates, and I should have had them if I had found it necessary to kill you. Your drunkenness saved me the trouble. I wormed your secret out of you easily. Drunkenness is bad for you. A criminal ought never to drink."

"He who chooses that kind of a life in cold blood never does drink. But when one is driven into crime, or falls into it—"

"Bah!" returned Cassidy. "Listen to me, now, for I have something to say to you that you will do well to listen to and to heed. You *had* a hold upon me which you have not now. The death of Abrams and the destruction of the counterfeit notes, wipes out every particle of evidence that I care a straw for. Your unsupported word goes for nothing. But I have a grip on you. Your railroad thefts are not the only ones that I can bring against you, as you very well know. I can wag my little finger and you go the penitentiary. Now, I am not disposed to be harsh or cruel. You shall stay right here with me; you shall help me in the work I have to do, and as long as you devote yourself to me, so long you are safe. But one movement against me; nay, indifference to me, and you are a lost man. I shall ask no promises of you—you have sufficient interest in my welfare, I fancy, to keep you true to me."

And Cassidy left the office, leaving behind him a crushed, broken man, who felt very keenly the position he was in.

He was John Cassidy's clerk, under these circumstances, at the opening of our story.

Pollard had but three things now to live for: to get his foot on John Cassidy's neck, and to save Elsey Farm from the grasp of John Cassidy, and to see the girl he loved marry the man she loved. And these three things he swore to do, even though to accomplish them required the ruin of himself. But how?

He knew to a certainty, that none of the Elsey family dreamed of the fraud that had been practiced upon them, but he dared not inform them. He was the only one who knew that it was a fraud, and should the Elseys discover it, John Cassidy would know to a certainty from whence the information came. He could not stir without bringing ruin upon himself, and as yet he was hardly equal to so great a sacrifice.

And so Jim Pollard brooded over this thing till he became morose and melancholy. He drank deeper than ever, and sank lower and lower.

John Cassidy increased in good humor daily. Paul Bates was getting no practice, and was growing poorer and poorer. He had his family to support, and the amiable Cassidy looked with grim satisfaction upon his mother and sisters, as they went to church Sunday mornings. He noticed that they were wearing the same clothes they wore the year before, and, straining his memory a little, he remembered that they were three, instead of two years old, and his good humor increased. He managed to get the idea in circulation among the few tradesmen of the village that, to give Paul Bates credit for goods of any kind was equivalent to giving the goods away, and Paul was, accordingly, asked to pay ready cash, when ready cash was the only thing under heaven that he did no have. And he became furious at the troubles that beset him, whereat Mr. Cassidy's good humor rose to a still higher pitch than before. Mr. Cassidy had an idea that he could drive Mr. Paul Bates out of Brownhelm, and, in truth, it seemed as though the idea was based upon a very substantial foundation.

CHAPTER IV.

PAUL BATES GOES TO THE WAR, AND MR. CASSIDY MAKES HIS NEXT MOVE.

These events, we should have stated sooner, were progressing in the most melancholy year that this country has ever seen, 1862. The reverses which the federal armies had met with, had been followed by a call for more troops, and the entire North was responding to the call. The best men of the country were rushing to the front, to retrieve disasters and convert defeat into victory.

A regiment was being raised near Brownhelm, the Colonel of which had been a fast friend of Paul Bates' father, in his lifetime, and who took a lively interest in Paul and those dependent upon him.

Col. Mackintosh knew that the young physician had learning and skill, and he had repeatedly begged him to take the position of surgeon in the regiment. He had represented to him the fact that the pay would place his mother and sisters in comfort, that the experience in the field was precisely what he needed, and that in the event of a successful career, he could return with sufficient eclat to make his future secure. To the Colonel's surprise, the young physician, hopeless as was his position, did not accept the offer. He did not decline it, but he desired it held open for him; he wanted all the time possible before finally deciding. The Colonel charitably attributed his indecision to his reluctance in parting with his mother and sisters. Blind Colonel! He forgot there were persons in the world of more importance to a young man of twenty-three than mothers and sisters; he forgot that when he was twenty-three, the lady who was now Mrs. Mackintosh could hold him where a dozen mothers and sisters could not.

"Mary, the regiment is full, and it moves to the front to-morrow. I must decide before ten o'clock to-night, whether or not I take the commission."

The two were in the glen in which they had met so many times, at the usual hour of meeting.

"Shall I go?" he added.

"Paul," returned Mary, bursting into tears, "it is a cruel question to ask me, you know that were I to follow the promptings of my heart I should say 'no;' and how can I tell the man I love to leave me. And yet this is what I must tell you. The opening is a brilliant one, and you cannot refuse it without doing violence to yourself, your mother and sisters. Such as we, Paul, have no business with sentiment, we cannot afford it. Sentiment is not bread nor clothes, and to get them must be our only business. Such as we, should have been born without hearts or minds, for it is impossible to indulge the one or gratify the other. Go, Paul, go! Possibly, there you may find what we both so sorely need."

"And you, Mary?"

"I will stay, and—work."

"You will at least promise me—"

"That I will be true to you? Yes; you are the only man I ever—the only one I can ever love. You need have no fear of me. I shall think of you every moment—pray for your success and safety every moment, and long for your return. I shall hope, that in some way—I do not know how—we may see our way out of the darkness that envelopes us—that we may at last marry. Possibly, Paul, this is the way. Whether it is or not, it seems to me to be best that you go."

"Mary, trusting that you shall remain true to me, and believing that this is the way Providence has opened to us; I shall go. I leave you now, for I have no time to spare in which to reach camp. Farewell, Mary, farewell. Remember me, remember your promise. Once more farewell!"

After a long, passionate embrace, and kisses the most fervent, Paul Bates went one way and Mary another.

The next morning the regiment of Col. Mackintosh started for the front, with Paul Bates as its surgeon. There were sad hearts in the cottage in which were his mother and sisters. At Elsey Farm, one woman was moving silently about her work, dry-eyed, but pale and haggard. It was the greatest trial Mary Elsey had yet met, and she was meeting it as she had all the others, bravely.

In Mr. Cassidy's office, there were two men, whose emotions were widely different. Cassidy was in the most pleasant mood possible. He hummed a pleasant air, drumming an accompaniment on the table before him, with his fingers;—his face beaming with satisfaction, and he really did advise one man, who wanted to borrow money, with which to bore for oil, against it, notwithstanding the fact that the infatuated man offered a mortgage on a piece of rather valuable land.

It was the sight of the regiment marching down the street with Paul Bates beside Col. Mackintosh as one of his staff, that wrought this change in Mr. Cassidy. He went with the citizens to the depot to see them off, and while he did not cheer particularly loud, he was probably the most delighted man in the vast concourse. The shriek of the engine that dragged the train away, was the sweetest music he had ever heard, for that engine, he believed, took from the field the only obstacle to his conquest of Mary Elsey. He had no doubt that, with Paul Bates out of the way he could conquer the girl's aversion, and, besides, there was the chance of the death of his rival. Cassidy had no compunction whatever in calculating upon this chance. He made inquiry, and found that good surgeons—brave ones—were frequently in position to be shot, and it was with great satisfaction that he said to himself, "Paul Bates is a brave man—he will expose himself."

But Mr. Cassidy's good humor was not shared by his clerk. Jim Pollard was furious. He knew what had driven Paul to the acceptance of the commission, and he saw the pleasure it gave his principal. He knew that the whistle of the engine that took Paul out of Brownhelm, was the signal for a prolonged persecution of Mary Elsey. He knew that Cassidy had not relinquished his designs upon her, and that with the legal title of her father's farm, which he had obtained, he had a leverage upon her which was terrible in the hands of a man who knew neither pity or remorse.

Mr. Cassidy did not permit the grass to grow under his feet. Within a week he made his appearance at Elsey Farm, ostensibly to see Mr. Elsey on a matter of business. He saw Mary incidentally, but did not broach the old topic. To all appearance, or, so far as he made any sign that day, he had abandoned the quest, and had rooted out of his mind, everything pertaining to the passion that had possessed him.

His business was to advise Mr. Elsey concerning the probability of his land being oil producing. A party of prospectors had been in the neighborhood for two months, and had bored several wells. Of the number, two had produced oil in abundance, and the others were not altogether hopeless. It had come to the knowledge of Mr. Cassidy that they had gone over Elsey Farm, and had determined that the indications were sufficiently favorable to warrant an experimental well. Mr. Cassidy had merely called to warn Mr. Elsey of the fact that, when the operators came he should not be taken unawares, and should not part with privileges for less than they were worth.

Mr. Cassidy advised Mr. Elsey not to close with them except on certain conditions, which he stated, so that Mr. Elsey understood them. Then bowing politely to Mary, he took his departure.

John Cassidy's footsteps had hardly died away in the distance, before Jim Pollard made his appearance. He had evidently followed Cassidy, and had been hiding till he had gone. He rushed by the old man without speaking to him, to where Mary stood, and beckoned her to follow him.

"Why, James," said she, "what possesses you? You look strangely, but not so strangely as you act."

"I look strangely, but not more so than I have for weeks. I am wild-eyed, haggard and hollow. I know it. I have been drinking harder than ever before, but not so hard as I shall drink. It is the only thing that keeps me on the earth. But for liquor, I should kill myself, and I do not want to die till I have saved you."

"What do you mean, James? Save me from what?"

"I must save you from a man who knows no pity, no remorse, no mercy—nothing but himself. I want to save you from a man who has the cunning of the fox—the ferocity of the tiger, the greed of the hyena, and the strength of the lion. A man who has you in his toils this moment, and who only bides his time to draw the meshes so tightly that you cannot move. John Cassidy has been here?"

"He has."

"Did he come to sees you?"

"No. He came to father to advise him in the matter of an expected visit from oil operators."

"Then he has not as yet sprung his trap. But he will. Mary Elsey you love Paul Bates?"

"I do."

"I know it. And he gasped as if he were choking. "I know it—I know it. You would marry him, were you and he in circumstances to make it possible?"

"I would."

"But whether you marry with Paul Bates or not, you would not, under any circumstances, marry John Cassidy?"

"Never—I would die first."

"Listen to me. Something has transpired, the tenor of which I cannot now tell you. John Cassidy holds in his hands a power which he hopes is sufficient to bend you to his will—to compel you marry him whether you will or not. He intends to put you in a position where you will be compelled to choose between the sacrifice of yourself or your father, mother, sisters and brothers. He knows how devoted you are to your family, and he intends to make that devotion the means of bending you to his will."

"Good Heavens—is it anything connected with that mortgage?"

"Mortgage!—but I cannot speak yet. No matter what it is—you will know in time. But listen to me—remember every word I say and believe it without question and implicity. No matter what happens—no matter what John Cassidy does, or has—never marry him or consent to marry him. I have it in my power to thwart him and save you, and Mary Elsey, as God is my judge, I will do it, no matter what the consequences may be to me. I shall try to save you and myself—you shall be saved at all hazzards."

"But James—"

"Not a word, Mary. I am a lost man. Could you have loved me it might have been different; but this is over. You did not. You ought not. You loved a better man. But, remember what I have said. Permit no cajolery, no force, nothing earthly, to compel you to this marriage. Though the alternative is presented you of seeing your father and mother turned out into the road, bid the scoundrel do his worst. When the worst comes to the worst, I will be by your side, and I will save you. Farewell, Mary. I shall not see you again soon. Remember what I have said, and act upon it."

And James Pollard walked rapidly down the road. As he stood on the brow of the hill, he turned and waved his hand to the startled girl, who, even at that distance, saw on his face an expression of intense agony; as of a man who had parted with hope and was willing to part with life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WONDERS OF THE SKY.

What a Peep Through the Lick Telescope Revealed.

As the work on the Lick telescope approaches completion interest increases in astronomical circles as to the wonders which it will reveal with regard to other worlds and the extent to which, benefitting by its happy situation and extraordinary powers, it will excel all other telescopes. Yesterday morning Thomas E. Fraser arrived home from Mount Hamilton, and as, within two months ago, he was superintendent of construction of the observatory, and chose its site for James Lick, it was thought that he might very possibly afford some interesting information, not only relative to the progress of the work, but also of the powers of the great glass.

"When will the work be ready?" he was asked.

"We were in hopes by the end of February, but I can say with tolerable certainty that it will be the end of March before the observatory is turned over to the Regents."

"I suppose you had a peep through the big glass?"

"Well, of course, though not much, because the weather was bad; however, I think we saw several things which have never before been seen, and which may be looked upon in the light of discoveries. The first peep I had was about noon, when the glass was brought to bear on Venus. Being so near the sun, she is always difficult to see, but I saw her better with a 500 power through the great objective than ever before at night with a twelve-inch glass. She looked almost as large as our own moon does through a six-inch glass at night. At times when using a higher power we imagined we could see markings on the disc, and much will be learned of this interesting planet in fine weather."

"Did you observe any other planets?"

"As the weather promised to be fairer, I waited until night, and was awarded for so doing. As soon as Mr. Clark had finished the photograph which he always takes to correct the lens by, we commenced to observe the nebulae of Orion. Captain Floyd had before informed me that he thought he had seen two stars never observed, and Mr. Clark was also tolerably confident of this. On turning the glass on the trapezium of Orion, we could distinctly see one star within the figure above the lower right hand star. It is about as faint an object as can be looked at by any glass, but it was there without a doubt, and has never before been seen. Outside of the trapezium another faint star was seen to the right of the upper star of the constellation. We separated it, and Alvin Clark expressed the opinion that this is also the discovery of a star, as it could not have been separated by any other glass."

"Sirius, the dog star, is such a favorite with astronomers that I think you might have taken a shot at it?"

"So we did, and I was then most struck with the wonderful clearness and great light-gathering powers of the 36-inch objective. It was a magnificent sight. The star was not like a point of light as I have before seen it through other telescopes. In fact the star proved to be a round disc, as it has often been theoretically held to be. It is a sun like ours, only immensely larger. Sirius' companion could be distinctly seen with 500-power on the 36-inch glass, while it is doubtful if it can be seen and measured by any other glass in the United States at the present time. It has been getting closer during the last four years. Its orbit takes 50 years to travel, and to me, as an amateur, it seems that Sirius is a sun and its companion is a small world like ours. So clear was our view that even an experienced observer like Clark could not conceal his surprise at the wonderful effect."

"What interested you most?"

"Well, the grandest sight of all to me was the moon. It was brought within 150 miles of the earth and we could see the craters, canyons, ravines, rocks and valleys with the greatest distinctness, just as though they were on a checker board. There was absolutely no sign of life—nothing but barren white waste, everything desolate."

"What power did you use?"

"All the objects we looked at we used powers of from 500 to 1,000, according to the clearness of the sky. The Lick objective, however, will stand a power of 3,600, and the wonders will then be watched for by the scientific world, while I should think no educated layman could fail to be keenly interested in the results obtained."

"Then your opinion of the powers of the glass is good?"

"Unqualifiedly so. It is not only the best and largest in the world, but in point of actual workmanship considered—that is, in the light of mechanical perfection—it is far superior to any other in the world. The glass itself is superior. It has double the capacity of the Washington glass, and in point of location has many advantages over the great Russian telescope."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE ALARM WENT OFF.

A Bad Boy Put a Clock Under the Sofa, and Her Lover Flew.

A mother on Madison avenue lately requested her daughter, who is just approaching womanhood, to give her beau a hint that she must not sit up later than 10 o'clock. This the girl was reluctant to do, but her little brother threatened that unless she did he would open the parlor door and announce the maternal edict. The sister supposed that she had put a quietus on her brother by reminding him of his playing hookey and forging his mother's name on excuses from school to go skating, not forgetting to mention a little riding-whip his mother kept in her room. All this, however, was not enough to keep the youth from getting even with his sis's beau for not giving him anything for Christmas. The other evening he got an alarm clock with a bell as loud as the gong on the "Brooklyn bridge" bob, and placed it under the sofa where his sister and her betrothed were to do their spooning. The hands were pointed at 10. The unsuspecting girl heard the tick, but took it to be her lover's Waterbury. He was just tickling her ear with a yarn about a horse his papa was going to buy when the gong sounded. There was a pause—and then, as though misunderstanding the meaning, he grabbed his hat and never stopped running until he struck the door stoop, when he flew. The boy had iced the steps. The little brother now takes a cushion to school with him.—*Albany Journal.*

A DEFORMED PRINCE.

The Crippled Hand of Prince Wilhelm and How he Conceals It.

If the throat trouble of the Crown Prince of Germany causes his death soon, the heir to the throne will be his eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, of whom the Countess Von Krockow writes: "The Germans cannot forgive an heir apparent of the throne having been born mediocre in figure and imperfectly formed. Prince Wilhelm has a crippled arm. The fingers are mere knobs. In the Hussar uniform there is a pocket, and he wears it because the three fingers of the helpless member can be hung in the pocket. Otherwise it hangs awkwardly and helplessly in its sleeve. His horses are especially trained, and before the Prince is to mount are ridden three-quarters of an hour to wear them down. He can just manage to hold the reins. We were together in a country house. I looked with the hostess at the fork with which he eats. It is of silver, and not conspicuously different from others, but fixed to the under tine there is a sharp small blade. What the Prince cannot cut with one hand and with this blade he does not undertake to eat. The right hand and arm are large and of extraordinary dexterity, but the little finger is deformed by a growth which the Prince only imperfectly conceals by wearing rings up to near the third phalange."

Why Mr. Santley Ceased Calling.

Miss Bella.—Do you know, Mr. Santley, that faces always set me thinking?

Santley (softly).—Do they, Miss Bella? Of what does mine make you think?

Miss Bella (dreamily).—Of a woman's argument.

Santley (insinuatingly).—Is it so winning, then?

Miss Bella.—Oh, it isn't that. It's because there's no reason in it!—*Puck.*

Recent Literature.

SCIENCE, FACTS AND FICTION.

Expressions of a Forty-Niner—The Man Behind—The Story of Earth and Man—The Art of Living—Home Again—The Nun's Curse—Literary Notes.

"The Experiences of a Forty-niner During Thirty-four Years' Residence in California and Australia," by Charles D. Ferguson and edited by Frederick T. Wallace, is published by the Williams Publishing Company, Cleveland, O. In a brief introductory to the exciting chapters of this narrative the hero of the adventures is brought personally before the reader. He is of Scotch descent, his great grandfather having fought and fell on Culloden field. The son of this ancient hero, being in voluntary exile in France, came to America with Lafayette, and served through the Revolutionary war as a captain. His son settled in Aurora, O., "where he married Julia Forward, who settled there in 1803, and sister of Hon. Walter Forward, secretary of the Treasury of the United States in the Cabinet of President Harrison. She dying, he subsequently married Anna McKinney, a widowed lady. Mr. Charles D. Ferguson, whose experiences are related in this volume, is the son of Samuel H. Ferguson by his second marriage. He is still, at the age of 55 years, a gentleman of restless activity, energy of character, and high spirit." Mr. Wallace has written the narrative of his adventures in the gold fields from notes and personal interviews, but in the first person. The volume is a most readable one throughout.

"The Man Behind" is a novel by T. S. Denison, author of "An Iron Crown," who is also his own publisher. The incidents are laid in "The Paw Paw State," and the theme is the inexhaustible one which deals with human passions. The three chosen as direct factors in the story before us are love, avarice and cruel ambition. These three shall ever sway humanity wherever it is found between the sod and the stars, sometimes, in the one case, to bless, and always in the other to degrade and debase. The characters are mostly well drawn, and the book gives promise of better things to come. Chicago.

A ninth edition of "The Story of Earth and Man," by Sir John W. Dawson, takes its place in the scientific series being published by John B. Alden, New York. As Mitchell ranks among the astronomers, so Dawson ranks among the geologists of his time. He belongs to the school of Agassiz and Dana rather than to that of Darwin and Huxley. Few writers upon scientific subjects are his equal in brilliancy and attractiveness. The thorough student, as well as the unscientific reader, finds that his manner of dealing with the sublime theme he has chosen fascinates while it instructs and uplifts. The extreme inexpensiveness of this edition will bring the "Story of Earth and Man" within the reach of all.

"The Art of Living." From the writings of Samuel Smiles. With introduction by the venerable Dr. Peabody, of Harvard University, and biographical sketch by the editor, Carrie Adelaide Cooke, is published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The author has presented the way to be successful in life with the same force and directness with which he touches all subjects, and the book should be a great help to the young who are starting out to win their way in life. It is not a collection of business maxims, but of full and apt thoughts upon the serious business of life, the making the most of life; and the book will have the readier welcome because it accords with the aim of our time and corrects its mistakes so agreeably. It is full of inspiring thought for all earnest workers.

A farmer's son who goes to London to dabble in literature and try his wings in aristocratic society is the hero of "Home Again," by George Macdonald. The young man, after some severe lessons, finds himself back in his old environments and able to respect them; and as he was not overburdened with common sense to start with his reverses do not excite much sympathy. Besides, though he fails as a poet-critic, gets jilted by a deceitful beauty, and parts with a large assortment of illusions, he fares pretty well in the end. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

From the same house comes "The Nun's Curse," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. It is a sad story, well told. Certain phases of life which have never yet been adjusted to suit one's ideas of human justice or divine law are dealt with in a way that leaves the tangle at the close in a little worse condition than it was to commence with. A woman without a heart who never sins, and a poor child of nature fatally endowed with too much heart, who does sin, are made to play against each other in the destiny of a young man who errs in doing an honorable thing. The book will interest, while it pains and dissatisfies.

Literary Notes.

An English version of the "Kalevala" from the German of Prof. Schiefner is in preparation.

A German translation of Zola's latest work, "La Terre," published in Buda-Pest, has been suppressed.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's autobiography will be ready early in March. Mr. Bentley, London, will be the publisher.

George Parsons Lathrop will read a poem at the meeting of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg, in July.

The wife of Gen. Wallace has written a book entitled "The Land of the Pueblos." It will be published soon by J. B. Alden.

Robt. Buchanan has dedicated his new poem, "The City of Dreams," To the sainted spirit of John Bunyan. The poem is in blankverse, and treats of religious problems.

Here is a hasty description of "John Strange Winter," the clever chronicler of British military life: "A dark-haired, bright-eyed young woman in a pretty white gown."

F. Warne & Co. have made a hit with "The Man Who Wanted to Marry," and "The Girl Who Would not Mind Getting Married." Over 10,000 copies are reported sold during the holidays.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's most recent story, "Sara Crewe," is announced for early publication by the Scribners. It will be issued uniform in style with the author's "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

According to the *Mail and Express*, not less than ten separate accounts of Cook's death have been found. This is a beautiful occasion for footnotes a la Rider Haggard in the next biography of the great navigator.

Mr. Bunner's story, "Natural Selection," will be concluded in *Scribner's* for March. The denouement is unexpected. There will be begun in an early number of the same magazine a story in three parts by Henry James, entitled "A London Life."

Count Tolstoi's new work, "Napoleon and the Russian Campaign," exemplifies the fatalist theory he preaches in "War and Peace." The book shows that Napoleon only obeyed the mysterious order by which his destiny was fixed before the world began.

A curious paper, entitled "The Antechamber of Consciousness," will appear in the March *Popular Science Monthly*. The author, Mr. Francis Spier, jr., has collected many cases which go to show that the human intellect is constantly active, even while we are asleep or otherwise unconscious of its doings.

Franklin Leonard Pope, an authority in electrical affairs, will contribute to the March number of *Scribner's Magazine* a paper on the "Electric Motor and Its Applications," which is a complete account in brief compass of the origin and development of the use of electricity as a motive power. It will be fully illustrated.

The leading article in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine* will be the first of two papers by John C. Ropes, on the "Campaign of Waterloo." Mr. Ropes has made for many years a careful study of the Napoleonic wars, and is an acknowledged authority on that subject. He tells the story of the battle of Waterloo in a most entertaining way.

The distribution of underground waters through the rock strata of the earth is discussed in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March in an article of great interest and ability, by M. Daubree, the distinguished French geologist. The article takes into account the agencies by which the distribution is accomplished, the influences by which it is directed, and its results upon the life and welfare of the inhabitants of different regions, and in the grouping of populations.

The stories of E. P. Roe still appear to lead all others in their hold upon the American people. His publishers announce the third edition, 32d thousand, of "The Earth Trembled," published in October last, and they are printing a cheap edition of 100,000 copies of "An Original Belle," the scene of which is laid during the New York drafts riots in 1863. It was of this story that Mr. Jackson Schultze said, in a public address, "This book represents the real inwardness of the events of that thrilling period of the riots of July, 1863, as I have never before seen them in print. The Battle of Gettysburg is also portrayed as vividly as words can do it in the same work. When I read this novel I hardly realized it was a novel, for the history was so accurate."

TWO "NEW" IRISH STORIES.

They Were Good When First Told and Are Not Poor Now.

At the Willard the other night Congressman O'Neill was asked if there was such a thing as a new Irish story, and he said there was. Father Burk was the priest who made a slip of the tongue in preaching about the 5,000 loaves and 3,000 fishes which were fed to seven people, and Mickey Feeney nudged his neighbor and said that was no miracle; he could do it himself. The next Sabbath Father Burk, having heard of Mickey's scoffing, preached on the same text and got the thousand in the right place.

"Now Mickey Feeney could ye do that feed 7,000 people with five small loaves and three fishes?" demanded the priest.

Mickey scratched his head and said, after a moment's thought, "Sure I could, yer riverence."

"And how could ye do it?" asked the priest.

"Faith, with what ye had left over from last Sunday," replied Mickey with a triumphant grin.

It was after this had been told that Mr. O'Neill was called on for his brand new Irish story. He said there was a well-to-do Irishman up on O'Fallon street, near Biddle market, in St. Louis, who found himself about to pass away. His name was Maloney. He sent for his old friend, O'Connor, to come and make his will. Everything was in readiness and the dying man said:

"Put down $300 for masses up at St. Laurence O'Toole's for the repose of my soul."

The pen scratched away solemnly and slowly, the dying man bringing himself up with an effort to his task, and Mr. O'Connor stopping now and then to bring his finger across his nose and sniff sympathetically. Finally the dying man said faintly:

"I think that's all I have to will."

O'Connor footed up the items, looked at the balance in the little old bank book and said:

"No, Mr. Maloney, there's tin dollars yit."

The dying man lay absorbed in thought for a few moments, and then he said:

"O'Connor, put down that tin dollars to spind with the byes at me funeral."

Mr. O'Connor began to write; then he stopped, looked toward the bed with a puzzled expression, and asked softly:

"Mr. Maloney, shall I put it down to spind going to the funeral or comin' back?"

The dying man lay very quiet for a few moments, as he studied the problem, and then with an effort replied:

"O'Connor, put down that tin dollars to spind goin' to the funeral, for thin I'll be wid ye."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WHY IT OPPOSES CLEVELAND.

The Leading Journal of the Southern Iron Regions Makes an Explanation.

Birmingham *Age*, Dem.

Yes, the *Age* is trying to beat Cleveland. Why? Because Cleveland will beat the Democratic party just as certain as he is nominated. He has deserted the platform upon which he was nominated, and elected—by the skin of his teeth. He has gone back upon the speeches he made in New Jersey when he foresaw that unless he stood squarely upon that platform he would be defeated. What was that platform other than a protection platform? What meant Mr. Cleveland's visit to the protection state of New Jersey except to proclaim to the people of that state that he meant to stand or fail by that platform?

How does the matter stand now? He has deserted that platform. He has utterly ignored it. In what respect? That platform says, "In making a reduction in taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries." Will any sane man say that the putting of raw materials on the free list, such as wool, coal, iron ore, etc., will not injure these industries?

Again, Mr. Cleveland has put himself on record in opposition to any repeal of any part of the internal revenue system, which the platform expressly declares to be "a war tax." And he insists that, in time of peace, when he knows the government has no earthly use for this tax, it shall be collected just as if the government was engaged in war and was compelled to raise a revenue by this system of direct taxation.

The *Age* does not care a snap about the reputation it may make by its opposition to Cleveland. It is working for the good of the country, and what it believes to be for the good of the party.

Thief Arrested.

The news was received with the utmost satisfaction by the community that he had terrorized; but the arrest of a disease that is stealing away a loved and valued life, is an achievement that should inspire heartfelt gratitude. Chilliness, cold extremities, depressed spirits, and extremely miserable sensations, with pale, wan features, are the results of disordered kidneys and liver. Arrest the cause at once by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a purely vegetable detective, that will ferret out and capture the most subtle lung or blood disorder. Druggists.

DISPUTED BOUNDARY LINE

Which Exist Between Alaska and the British Possessions.

The fisheries commission will shortly consider the disputed questions regarding the boundary line between the British Prossessions and Alaska, and Prof. Dawson, assistant director of the Dominion Geological Survey, has come to Washington for the purpose of testifying before the fisheries commission.

When this country purchased Alaska many years since it was not thought that we had a bonanza, but recently gold, silver and other precious metals have been prospected near to what was supposed to be the boundary line, and it has been thought best to have the question of boundaries settled as speedily as possible, in order to dispel the likelihood of international entanglements. This subject is altogether foreign to that of fisheries, but it is thought that the commissioners will endeavor to dispose of all mooted questions between the United States and Great Britain, and it is possible that they may also turn their attention to the proposed extradition treaty with Canada.

Champion Short Hand Writer.

Mr. A. S. White, the well known author of "White's Phonography," famous as the Champion Short Hand Writer of the World, received the first prizes in the international contests at London, Edinburgh, Paris and Berlin; he came near being permanently disabled by rheumatism. His recovery by the use of a remedy infallible in curing rheumatism and all blood diseases is told in a letter from his office, 92 Washington street, Chicago, dated June 20, 1887.

He writes:

"Your remedy has done wonderful service for me. For the past five years I have been troubled with rheumatic pains.

"My right hand had become almost useless and I was gradually losing speed as a shorthand writer. A friend of mine, Dr. Dederich, advised me of your remedy. I used a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and am now entirely recovered. I shall never cease to commend your excellent medicines, and wish you much success.

"Yours truly, A. S. WHITE."

And here is another witness:

"BENTON, Ark., August 25th, 1887.

"Last spring I was dangerously afflicted with erysipelas, and my life was despaired of by my physicians. As a last hope I tried S. S. S. and soon found relief, and in two weeks I was able to attend to my business. I used five bottles.

"S. H. WITTHOME, Ed. Saline *Courier*."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

How a Woman Does It.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; enters conductor, asks fare; woman opens sachel, takes out purse, shuts sachel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens sachel, puts in purse, shut sachel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens sachel, takes out purse, shuts sachel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens sachel, puts in purse, closes sachel; stop the car, please.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A SHORT time since it seemed as if the reign of darkness had descended upon all the fashionable houses in society life. Every dame kept her rooms in such a state of dimness that it was a perilous task for one who was not an *habitue* of the house to enter and find a chair in a graceful manner without either groping, or clutching at surrounding objects to prevent measuring his length upon the floor. During the day the penetrating sunlight was excluded by heavily draped curtains at the windows, and in the evening the same dim, religious light was secured by rare, shaded, softly burning lamps or gas jets. The fashionable drawing-room with its sliding rugs and slippery polished floor was made a very snare and pit fall. This season fashion has taken another turn, and the leaders of the *beau monde* are giving balls and entertainments which are simply dazzling with their brilliancy of light and decoration. The latest idea is for rooms to be illuminated by small bulbs of electric light hung from draperies or chandeliers and suspended from every odd nook and corner a house may possess. On the dining table they are grouped in pyramid shape, each bulb shedding a different hued ray of light and forming, together with the glitter of glass and silver, a vision brilliant enough to have been taken from the fabulous scenes of the Arabian Nights.

WHAT a source of wonder and amusement it would be to the school child and college student of the present day, could they, through some mysterious backward flight of years, been given a peep into the educational edifices of the olden time. Half a century ago, houses, and all public buildings in new countries, were built of logs, and could one of these primitive school rooms, where the young people were initiated into the mysteries of the "three R,s," be taken up bodily and let down beside one of the modern class rooms, what a marked contrast would be presented. The students of the present generation have the advantage of every comfort and convenience by which learning may be made easy, while the scholars of many years ago cultivated their minds amid the rudest surroundings and at the best had to be content with what now constitute the studies in the primary grades of the present educational system. Instead of comfortable seats with neatly appointed desks, the pupils were placed in rows upon hard, puncheon benches, so high that only the feet of the tallest would touch the floor, and without backs, each one being obliged to depend upon the sustaining qualities of his own spinal column. In this way they were compelled to sit, and were only allowed change of position when standing in the class or when released for the recess or nooning, any deviation from this law being punished by a severe rap upon the head from the teacher's ruler. A college bred man was, at that time, a *rara avis* and when one progressive teacher attempted to instruct a class of five in the study of geography, such a hue and cry was raised that a special meeting of the people was called, and after a heated discussion geography was ruled out of the community. It is difficult to imagine, in this day of progress such narrow-mindedness. Now, every branch of learning, with its own particular instructor is open to every student of either the colleges or public schools. With all these advantages so close at hand, there is little excuse for the ignorant.

It would seem too, that in the good old times, not a very high value was placed upon the services or abilities of the instructor of youth. The female teachers received the large sum of one dollar and a half a week, boarding around of course, while the workings of the masculine mind was sometimes thought to be worth the munificent sum of ten dollars a month and his board. It is evident the pioneers did not have a very exalted idea of the value of a school master and the ministers were paid in corresponding proportion for their labors. The clergyman's task was no light one; most of them preached in a circuit, each community having services about once in every four weeks. One old gentleman in relating past experiences said he thought the ministers of by-gone days must have been very capable men; they always opened the meeting with a prayer one hour and a quarter long, then came a sermon of an hour and a half, then another prayer an hour long, with the singing of hymns interspersed. The same programme was repeated in the afternoon, with a short interval between services for rest and recreation, everyone bringing their lunch baskets, as they never returned to their homes until nightfall. It is the habit to speak of the vanished years as "the good old days," but after all in this advanced age people are far more comfortable and are blessed with advantages of which the dead and gone never dreamed.

IT is true that tastes were more simple then than now, and one dollar would purchase of necessities, or what were thought to be necessities as much as ten will today. Even well-to do people did not dream of reaching out for what is common in the homes of working-men and women, but thought themselves well off if enough of plain food and clothing came to their hand. The question recurs sometimes, while congratulating ourselves upon improved conditions, whether in every respect the change is a blessing. The craving for luxuries, with the feeling that their attainment is possible, has increased the strife for wealth, and also the temptation to acquire it quickly, often at the expense of moral probity. While this may be so, however, standards of morality in various directions have advanced, and as a whole the world is better, all croakers to the contrary notwithstanding. The very fact that there is such an apparent chaos in certain ways is a hopeful sign, for out of it will come a higher order of things. This is the history of the past and the future will show that it has repeated itself.

FLOWERS were never in greater demand in society than in the present season, no entertainment or social gatherings being perfect without their sweet presence. They are expensive luxuries too. In the fashionable New York world, hundreds of dollars for a single dinner are spent upon the floral decorations alone, while for a ball or "coming out" party their cost runs up into the thousands. The hot-house bred beauties are such perishable creatures, brought from the cool, even temperature of their nursery homes to the steam and gas-heated atmosphere of the houses, that they soon hang their heads and droop and fade away before one's eyes, and the "day after the party" they are things of the past, their beauty gone, and hardly a sweet fragrance left to tell of their departed glory.

Orchids are among the most fashionable favorites, and their price is something fabulous. An orchid table costs from $100 to $700 and bears upon its face the proverb, "None but the rich may indulge." Rose parties, tulip luncheons and orchid dinners are things of beauty, if not a joy forever, but it is only those whose purses are almost beyond measurement, who can display their wealth and the florist's taste in these flower pictures.

THE latest craze is for giving a flower any tint other than that which nature has designed, but after all hot house flowers are never as near to nature's heart as the hardy outdoor summer blossoms. In this last fashionable idea, the pure breast of the camelia must be disfigured with stripes of green; the lily-of-the-valley shakes its tiny bells in a dress of sickly blue or a faded rose. Even the old fashioned spicy white pink, that reminds one of country gardens with its box borders and wealth of cinnamon roses, bachelors buttons and snap dragons, comes to us in the strange garb of violet petals, looking as if she had sat with her dainty feet in a bottle of purple ink until her soft cheek had blushed to this unlovely hue in very shame at her disfigurement. Why will the fair sex encourage this murder of the innocents? It is as great an outrage upon beauty and loveliness as it would be to paint the moon red, white and blue, were that possible. It is a difficult thing to improve upon nature, and we pray the lovely daughters of men to let their dainty children of the sun bloom on in their wonted glory without blemishing their beauty by attempted artistic improvement.

Sizes in Clothing.

It is astonishing to observe how few people understand the proper rules of measurement in purchasing wearing apparel. For instance, a man will buy a coat that is a "size" too small or too large. A "size" smaller or a "size" larger is what he probably needs, but he probably does not know what a "size" is. Well, a "size" in a coat is an inch, a size in underwear is two inches, a size in a sock is one inch, in a collar ½ an inch, in a shirt ½ an inch, in shoes 1-6th of an inch, pants one inch, gloves ¼ of an inch, and in hats ⅛ of an inch. Very few persons ever understand the schedule named.

—HE who throws the dice of destiny must bide the issue, be it life or death. Don't leave your health to matters of chance. Use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, purify the blood, and the issue is sure to be health and life. The best blood purifier in the market and cheapest. 120 doses for $1.00. Try it.

SHAVEN AND SHORN.

THE "KNIGHTS OF THE RAZOR."

Mr. Stevens Writes of the Barbers, Their Shops, Tools, Characteristics, Fees and Methods—The Barbers of England and Europe—The Barber Surgeons of Persia; How They Shave Heads and Practice Phlebotomy—The Barbers of Afghanistan, India, China and Japan.

For the BLADE. Copyrighted 1888 by the author.

Generally speaking, the American who for the first time leaves the shores of his native land to make a round of foreign travel, starts out with the rooted conviction that he is leaving at home the best of everything there is in the world. He expects to find all sorts of glaring imperfections and abuses elsewhere. The contrast between the people of Europe and of free America he has been taught from infancy to consider as something striking. He spends a week or two in England and is surprised at the well-kept roads, the prosperity of the people and the perfect freedom of the individual; he finds much to admire in France, in Germany, Italy; marvels greatly at the richness of India; finds the Celestials not quite so black as they are painted, and the Japs and Japan delightful. The end of it all is that he returns with a far better opinion of the world at large than he started out with. He has learned that in all countries there is something to admire.

Returning home, he drops in upon his old barber at the corner for a shave. As that loquacious and smooth individual proceeds with his business, it dawns upon the returned tourist that he is enjoying a a luxury such as he has not experienced for some time. His journey has taught him, among other things, that the tonsorial artists of the United States stand in the foremost ranks of their profession.

But there are barbers and barbers even

here. I remember taking a shave in a little town in Nevada, when bicycling from 'Frisco to Boston. The artist followed the the dual profession of shaving and mending shoes. On one end of his shoe-bench was a cracked mug, a lathering-brush, a piece of soap and a razor. That razor had gaps in it—real gaps!

The barber dipped a gritty piece of sponge in cold water and passed it over my chin; a piece of hard laundry soap was then rubbed vigorously in, the lather brush applied, and finally the razor. It was worth a dollar a minute to endure that razor. The barber used it on me about ten minutes, consequently ought to have paid me ten dollars, saying nothing about loss of blood. After reducing my jowl to a state of rawness, he finished up with a rude swipe of the gritty sponge.

"You look prettier now," he said, jocularly.

"How much prettier?" I asked.

"Thirty-five cents."

But this is an exception. The ordinary fifteen-cent shave of America beats anything I struck in any country, so far as comfort and artistic work is concerned.

On the way through England I dropped in at at a village barber's, and asked for a quick shave. "Right you are, sir," said the barber, smartly, "be seated." He was the quickest man I ever saw in a barber shop. A gleam of white flashed upon my vision, and I found a towel about me. Six or seven rapid passes of the lather brush, twice as as many equally rapid passes of the razor and the thing was done.

Jerking off the towel, the barber pointed to a wash-basin of water and asked me if I thought that was quick enough. The whole thing had been done before I was fairly awake to the fact that he had commenced. A tingling of the jaws and a vague fancy that the job had been done with far more despatch than neatness, caused me to look in the glass. There was "blood on the moon" in several places, and you could almost see where the razor had cut swaths. I had asked for quickness and obtained it, but had got nothing else.

"How much?"

"A penny, sir; that ain't a shillin', is it? like they charge in Ameriky."

You can get a very good shave in London for six pence, but the average English barber don't know his trade as his American brother does.

The French I found a little better, and the Germans a little worse. But so far the general methods of procedure are very similar. A shave in all these countries is an affair of lather brush and razor and soap.

As one gets well down into Austria-Hungary, however, there comes a decided change for the worse. The customer now has to take a hand in the proceedings himself. One day, in a small Austrian town, I entered a barber-shop for a shave. Like most Austrian shop-keepers, the tonsorial artist was snoozing the mid-day hours happily and unconsciously away in a big arm chair. So far away was he in the land of nod, that I might have walked off with his stock in trade without asking him.

Rousing him up, he shuffled mechanically over to his razor and lathering apparatus. This latter was an innovation that awakened my interest at once. It was nothing less than an ordinary soup plate with a semi-circular piece chipped out to fit after a fashion the contour of the customers' throats. My own part of the performance was to press this jagged semicircle of queensware against my windpipe while the artist alternately rubbed the water and a cake of soap, therein contained, about my face with his hand. No lather-brush was used.

It was a case of either pressing the ragged edge of the plate against your throat hard enough to almost choke yourself, or of permitting the soapy water to pass freely down between plate and throat. Later on I discovered that the Austrian barber's ill-fitting soup-plate was a rude introduction to the Oriental method of shaving. All down through the Balkan peninsula and Turkey, I found this same style of lather-dish; but the regular thing is made of brass and fits the throat much neater than the make-shift soup-plate of my initial Oriental shave.

In Persia the barber is quite an important man; his profession does not stop at shaving chins and heads, but includes both surgery and dentistry, just as it used to in England before Queen Elizabeth's time. His shop is a little stall-like place with an open front and a brick floor. In the centre of the floor is a little tank of water, or perhaps a miniature flower garden. A breast-high recess in the thick wall is the receptacle for the miscellaneous tools and implements of the barber's triple profession. The razors are set straight and stiff in the handles like table-knives. Several of these, scissors, combs and a little hand-mirror completes his barbering tools; but side by side with them are fleams and lancets for blood-letting, branding-irons for actual cautery, and a pair of rude iron pincers for pulling teeth.

The Persian barber's customers sit cross-legged on the floor, or more often, in fine weather, outside the shop, in the street. To get shaved, with a Persian, is to have, not merely the face shaved, but the entire head, save for a little tuft on top or one on each side. Not every Persian shaves his beard, but he always gets his head shaved. In the case of boys the tuft on top of the head is allowed to grow long, the idea being that in the case of death, Mohammed will have something to lift them into paradise by. Old men with flowing beards think their whiskers provide the needed hand-hold, and so have their scalps quite clean. Young men and beaux have a little tuft termed the ryulf, or love-lock, left on on each side to grow long and dangle behind the ear.

As every Persian gets his head shaved once a week, it becomes apparent that the barber has plenty to do, apart from other branches. The commoner customers are usually turned over to the tender mercies of the barber's sons or apprentices, while he treats with his more skilful hand, those of more importance.

No soap is used for shaving in Persia. Every now and then the barber dips his fingers in a handy bowl of water and wets the chin or scalp ahead of the rasor, but that is all. After the shaving is over, the ryulfs of the dudes, and the long beards of the older men are dyed to a deep red color with henna. The henna is applied in the form of a paste.

Customers may be seen sitting around the shop or dozing outside in the sun, with their beards all plastered with this brick-colored paste, waiting until the dye takes effect on the hair. The higher class customers are served with water-pipes while waiting their turn, or remaining awhile with henna paste in their beards. The charges for shaving chin and head are about two cents for poorer customers and twice or several times the amount for men of wealth and position.

Besides the proprietors of shops, the streets of Persian cities abound with itinerant barbers who pick up customers on the streets or in the bazaars, and shave them in quiet corners cheaper than they can get shaved in the shops. These peripatinating artists carry razors thrust in their felt skull caps, and carry water in a small brass vessel swung to the kammerbund. Every barber carries a little round hand-mirror. Handing this to the customer is the polite way of notifying him that the job is finished and pay expected.

In Persia blood-letting is the same panacea for well-nigh all fleshly ills to-day, that it was with our ancestors in the time of bluff King Hal. In the spring every person hies him to the barber-surgeon to have that professional plebotomist relieve him of, say, half a pint of blood. One sunny March morning I sat up on the bala-khana of a village chapar-house and watched the barber bleed a goodly share of the whole male population. With his arms bared to the elbows, a bunch of raw cotton in lieu of lint beneath his arm, and his keen-edged razor inserted beneath his cap, the traveling tonsorial artist took up his position on the bank of the irrigating ditch that ran through the village of Las-gird. Candidates for his services soon began crowding about him. Each sturdy ryot bared his right arm to the shoulder and got one of his neighbors to bind a handkerchief tightly just above the elbow. He then presented himself to the barber.

The tonsorial artist pressed out with his thumb and forefinger the small vein he wished to slit, and with the air of a man who knows his profession and its importance, deftly inserted the point of the razor. The blood spurted out in a tiny stream; the villagers squatted down on their haunches and watched it bleed, occasionally working the elbow-joint to stimulate the flow. Half a pint is considered about the correct quantity for an adult to lose at one bleeding; the barber then completes his services by binding on a small wad of cotton.

Many prefer being bled in the roof of the mouth, instead of in the arm. I observed that these were old men mostly, and judged them to be knowing customers who had wise theories of their own as to why the mouth-bleeding was preferable to the others. I have seen as many as thirty or forty of the Persian barber's patients squattering in a long row on the bank of a stream or ditch, each one letting the little stream of blood from arm or mouth, spurt into the water.

When arrested in Afghanistan, the chief who placed me under guard, soon after my first unsatisfactory interview with him, sent a swarthy barber to my bungalow to tender me his artistic services. Suspicion, cold, calculating mistrust, took possession of my soul, just embittered by my arrest, as the Afghan barber made his low salaam at my little bungalow doorway, and displayed his razor.

The Afghans are treacherous Orientals, and I was at the time under suspicion of being a Russian spy. Under the circumstances I concluded that I wasn't quite ready to have an Afghan seize me by the nose (after the manner of Oriental barbers) and play around my jugular with a keen-edged razor, and so let my first and only opportunity of putting an Afghan barber's skill to the test go by. His methods, however, would be found very similar to those of the barbers of Persia.

In India the barbers form a special caste, the same as other artisans in that country. The Indian barber is an itinerant artist who goes from house to house to shave his customers at their own homes, carrying the few simple implements of his profession in a little bag. The European traveller, especially if travelling without native attendants, is generally waited upon pretty promptly by a strolling barber upon reaching the dark bungalow of an Indian town. The lean, lank figure of the Hindoo barber, in his snowy turban and airy garments, smiling and salaaming at the bungalow door soon becomes a familiar picture of Indian life.

The Chinese barber is a peripatetic artist, too. His apparatus is quite elaborate in its way. On each end of a shoulder-pole is carried a neat little cabinet with drawers, one for razors and other paraphernalia of his profession and caste and upon which his street-customers also sit to have their heads shaved, and the other containing a pan of live charcoal and a basin with hot water. The Chinese barber shaves his customers' pates regularly all round the circular portion left for maintaining the queue. Shaving the rest of the head is thought by many to stimulate the growth of the queue, much as lopping the limbs off a tree or bush promotes the growth of what is left. One curious custom of the Celestial barber is that of receiving a good share of his pay in kind from his shop-keeping customers. At the end of his day's round the barber sometimes carries home, besides money, enough provisions for the family support.

The Japanese barber keeps a neat little shop, and, unlike the Chinaman, requires his customers to come to him. He furthermore, acts quite the reverse of his Celestial contemporary by shaving that portion of their heads that the Chinese never shave, and letting the hair grow where the Chinese always shave it off. The Japs shave the crown and leave a broad fringe all round. The eyebrows of both men and women are shaved off, and the razor is run deftly over the nose, ears and all parts of the face to free the skin from fuzz. No soap is used by the barber either in China or Japan.

THOMAS STEVENS.

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

AN ORDERLY'S ADVENTURE.

Charged with an Important Mission, He Successfully Passes Through the Enemy's Lines and Delivers His Message.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Many thanks for the space allowed us in your valuable paper, the BLADE. I have an old dry cottonwood pole for your CAMP FIRE, by your kind permission. I cannot give dates, as I kept no diary, but the incident of which I write occurred while the Army of the Cumberland was on the march from the Tennessee river to the field where the great battle of Chicamauga was fought some days later. My regiment belonged to McCook's Corps, and was consequently upon the extreme right of the army. I was detailed early in the campaign as a kind of roustabout or orderly, my duty being to supply a lack of orderlies, which occurred when the army became scattered over parts of three states. McCook was on the right and Thomas in the center and Granger on the left. Some days after we crossed the Tennessee river, I reported to Col. Post, of the 59th Illinois, who was in command of a brigade. I told him my horse was very tired and much in need of food, as I had been riding him hard all day, and must have forage wherever I had time to let him eat. The Colonel told me to feed quickly, as I must be on the road again soon. This was about 8 p. m.

Long before my horse had finished eating, Col. Post called me and told me that I must hasten to Gen. Lyttle's headquarters as his dispatch was important, but I begged a few minutes. (I speak of this to show how we coffee coolers were pushed through on this campaign as they were on most of them, only to be stigmatized 25 years later by the highest officer in the land.) After my horse had eaten, I took the envelope from the Colonel and started for Gen. Lyttle, six miles in advance, on top of the mountain. Reaching that officer, I told him I was tired and sleepy and that my horse was worked out; that I had been in the saddle almost constantly for 48 hours and that, with his permission, I would unsaddle. But not so, for I had noticed that that little man was in a great sputter about something and as soon as he had read the dispatch I had handed him, he told me that I must find Gen. Thomas that night. He informed me that he had not an orderly at his command at that time and that I must go. Handing me a little bunch of foil about as large as a musket ball, he told me to deliver that to General Thomas, and, taking a map from his pocket, hastily showed me the road as marked out, calling my attention especially to two roads leading off to the right which he said I must avoid.

Then telling me to smell of his flask, he bade me eat up the dispatch encased in that foil if I should be captured, and following me out to my horse he warned me to keep a close watch, for I would be more likely to meet enemies than friends. This was not very inspiring, but I dashed away, and soon I was beyond our pickets. I had perhaps gone ten miles when I heard, away in the distance, the heavy tread of cavalry, and listening, I became satisfied that the column was moving on the same road with myself and that I would soon meet them or leave the road, which I did and not a moment too soon, for their advance guard was at the point where I left the road by the time I was hiding. The column was a long one, and I could only keep my horse quiet by caressing him. So sociable were his habits that I feared he would give me away. I think a half hour was consumed by that body of horsemen in passing me, but I was ready, and as soon as the main body had passed, I whirled into the road, and galloping along, I soon met a straggler. This was my chance, I thought, and calling to him as I met him, I asked if his horse had given out. He said yes. I asked him which regiment he belonged to, and he said the 4th Alabama. He asked me how far they were ahead, and I told him a mile and then I skipped along for a mile or so farther, when I found that my troubles were not all over, for as I was going around a sharp turn in the road, and where the sand was dry, I found myself confronted by a large squad of cavalry who halted me, the challenging party speaking in a very gruff voice. I halted. "Who comes there?" he demanded. I told him "A friend." He ordered me to advance and give the countersign. I advanced but told him that I did not have the countersign, that my horse had fallen on me and hurt me so badly that I had turned back. He asked: What regiment I belonged to and I told him that I belonged to the 4th Alabama. "I'll see about that," said the officer as he began to explore his pockets for a match (for it was very dark). My horse seemed instinctively to want to mix up with the rest of the horses, and in so doing, slipped away from the side of the officer, my place being taken by one of his own company. But the match was found and struck and turning to where I had sat on my horse, he turned the light of the match upon the belt buckle of the man who had moved so unsuspectingly into my place, and seeing C. S. instead of the U. S. upon the buckle, he called out: "All right," and moved on, and so did I.

I thought now that the 4th Ala. would be a good regiment for me to belong to until I should be safe in our own lines. In fact I didn't know but I should belong to that or some other Dixey regiment before morning.

Permit me to say right here that if that match had not gone out as quickly as it did, it is my impression that the officer would have discovered the fraud, and if he had, I had got so far through his command that it was my intention to turn my revolver loose right in the faces of everybody who stood in my way and, putting both spurs deep into my faithful steed, make a bold dash for liberty and possibly life, but upon the life of that little plan hung perhaps the lives of more than one of God's creatures.

I had gone perhaps two miles when I overtook a single horseman. Such a thing was not alarming, for if we should prove to be enemies, the contest would be more equal. I soon noticed that his horse was lame and, of course, this gave rise to sympathy. I asked him if his horse had given out. He said "Yes," and added that he was going back to camp. I asked him what regiment he belonged to, and he answered: "The 3d Texas," and, of course, I belonged to the 4th Ala., on being interrogated by him. We chatted along together pleasantly for some distance, until he seemed to become a little solicitous as to a possibility of our being on the wrong road. I had noticed both of the roads that Gen. Lyttle had called my attention to on the map and had purposely ignored them, but when my friend called my attention to the strangeness of the road, I told him that one part of the road looked as familiar to me as another that night and that it all looked strange to me and had all night. But our discussion was soon cut short by the challenge loud and distinct: "Halt! Who comes there?" I answered quickly, "Friends." The answer came clear and emphatic: "Advance one, and give the countersign." I asked my friend if he had the countersign and he said he had not. As though I was in some doubt, I said to him: "Well, here goes," and I advanced up to the sentinel and leaning over the muzzle of his carbine I whispered the countersign in his ear. By this time the sergeant of the guard and two men had come up. What a relief it was to me when the sentinel said: "The countersign is all right, sergeant." The sergeant then called out: "All right, advance." I now told the sergeant perhaps he had better have my friend give the countersign, which he did, and, imagine my surprise, when he gave the same countersign that I had, and said to the sergeant calling him by name: "Confound the luck. I thought I had decoyed a Johnnie into our lines, and here he is claiming half the credit." My companion had encountered the same regiments that I had, and only saved himself from capture in each case by dodging away from the road on hearing the approach of the enemy.—DR. R. J. GILLASPY, Co. K, 8th Ind. Cav., White City, Kan.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL.

The Soldiers Again Needed—Ben and the Deer—An Apt Illustration.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I thought I would put a few more chips on the fire to help keep it going, for I think it will take all the help from now until the election is over that the lovers of liberty and the lovers of our free country can give. The way to stop the growth is in nipping the bud, and the bud has already opened enough so that the color shows just what it will be when in full bloom, and if it is allowed to grow another four years from the fall of 1888, it will be in full bloom, and the seed will be ripe, and the winds will blow them all over our land, and the devil then take the soldiers, for it will be some time before the evil roots can be eradicated. Now comrade soldiers, you recollect when our country needed us in '61, to take up arms and protect our flag. We obeyed the call and stood the hardships of a soldier's life, not for the paltry sum of thirteen dollars per month, but for freedom and liberty. After the lapse of 27 years, our country needs us, comrade soldiers, once more, not in arms, but by ballot. We saved the country, we made the greenbacks good, the country owes us for its independence and its wealth.

Now, comrades, don't let our enemy take it from us, but let us unite as a solid wall and give it our aid once more in 1888 and save the cause and see if we can get the honor which is due. One little word about Grover. He reminds me of a man who had a plantation down South, where there were lots of deer. He had several slaves but only one he could trust, named Ben. Old Ben never failed to do every thing he was told to do. The man had a wheat field and a deer got into the wheat, and it would always get out before they catch it. The owner placed old Ben on the outside and leveled his gun so old Ben could shoot the deer as it jumped the fence. Then he went around and frightened the deer out where Ben was standing, but he did not shoot. "Why did you not shoot, Ben," asked his owner.

"God bress you, massy, just let him go. He was jumping so he will break his own neck."

Let Grover go for he will break his own neck.—J. S. CRAWFORD, Co. H. 11th W. Va., Gahanna, Ohio.

TO AMEND THE PENSION LAW.

A Comrade Believes That the Arrearage Clause Should be Stricken Out.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—It has been some time since I brought my chip to add to the burning fagots. Not that I have become tired of the blue or afraid to wear my colors, but the cares of life are bearing heavily upon me just the same as on hundreds of others, who wore the blue and stood at the front for four years. I have been waiting for some one with a more able, but not more willing pen than mine to come forward and show why that odious pension law should be blotted from our statutes and buried so deep that Gabriel's trump would fail to resurrect it.

It seems that all men are afraid to tackle it. Now listen while I quote: "On and after June 1st, 1881, any one who shall apply for a pension shall not go back, neither shall he be entitled to arrearage after that date." Now is there anything more unjust than that law, debarring the wounded the first to come in at the front just as the dead beats did at the rear when the cannons roar was heard?

If you look over the ground, you will find that the majority of pensions that have been granted have been granted to the 100 days' men and the general play-offs of all grades, as well as the ones who waited and obtained big bounties. Now let Senators Sherman, Allison, or some other aspirant for Presidential honors, see to it that that clause of the law is removed and all put on an equal standing, and be allowed to go back to the time when they were discharged. Let all who are interested bring on their pine chips and make it so plain and light that those in authority will be compelled to insist on its being stricken from the books. We marched, fought and fared alike officers and men. Now let all be treated alike. Will it take any more to care for Mrs. Logan than for either your wife or mine?—W. L. ADAMSON, Co. A, 62d O. V. V. I., Corning, Ohio.

Splinters From the Field.

F. D. Webb, Zumbrota, Minn., enlisted August 5, 1862, in Co. D, 73d Ind. Vol. Inf., and served eighteen months as a private. He was then promoted to chief musician and served until July 1, 1865. He reads the CAMP FIRE columns and enjoys them. He wants to hear from some of the 73d boys through the BLADE. We would be glad to receive from Comrade Webb some reminiscences of his regiment.

Reuben Nightingale, 35th Wis. Vol., says that he has voted with the Republicans for 28 years, and proposes to fight on the old lines until equal rights are secured for all. He calls upon comrades to stand together in 1888 and put down a common enemy.

Corp. J. S. Weaver, Co. F., 15th W. Va. Infant., of Moatsville, Pa., says that 22 years have passed since many of the old soldiers met to talk over the hard-fought battles, and the long, weary campaigns. Meanwhile death has claimed a large number, whose deeds are, however, immortal. Corporal Weaver would like to hear from members of his regiment. He believes that the soldiers should stand together this year and elect a man who will not call them bounty jumpers and coffee coolers. He cares not who the Republican standard bearer may, provided, of course, that he is a staunch Republican.

I want a man on salary or commission. Outfit free. Pay weekly. Write for terms to E. O. Graham, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

A Thoughtless Father.

"What is your son doing now?" asked a merchant of one of the senior traveling men.

"He is in a real-estate office."

"That is good. I'm glad to hear that he is in a way of making money."

"Yes, I've taken great pains with that boy. Trained him up to be strictly honest, always tell the truth, and never take advantage of anybody."

The old merchant looked at him and then walked away, muttering:

"And then put him in a real-estate office. Some fathers have no judgment at all."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

The Most Popular Language.

Prof. Kirchoff, to decide a bet, recently stated that Chinese was the most popular language in the world. It is spoken by 400,000,000 persons; Hindostani by upward of 100,000,000; English by more than 100,000,000; Russian by more than 70,000,000; German by 58,000,000; Spanish by 48,000,000, and French by only 40,000,000.

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A Very Select Affair.

"Oh!" said Mr. H. with that modesty born of conscious merit, "Oh! that was only a small affair, but," he added with obvious pride, "all the *elite* were there."—*Town Topics.*

True for You.

A friend once said to a popular comedian, while passing the treasury department at Washington, pointing to the imposing structure, "There's millions in it!" "Yes," coolly retorted the comedian, "and there's millions after it."

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Who is *WEAK, NERVOUS* or *DEBILITATED*, who in an HOUR OF FOOLISHNESS has trifled away his STRENGTH, *VITALITY* or *PROCREATIVE POWER*, Weakened his Mind, Unstrung his Nerves or sapped his SEXUAL STRENGTH and who now finds himself suffering from *TERRIBLE DRAINS* and *LOSSES* NERVELESS, IMPOTENT and UNSEXED by Nameless Vice.

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who finds *POWER* and *VITALITY, NERVE* and *SEXUAL STRENGTH, CAPACITY* and *VIRILITY* sensibly weakened, WHETHER BY EXCESS OR NOT, or who finds himself abashed and ashamed of his *CHILDISH IMPOTENCE* and *WEAKNESS*, can have a lasting and

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Indeed were it not for our *personal knowledge* of the skill and integrity of the Medical Director of the Civiale Agency, we should deem ourselves more than guilty were we to utter a word of endorsement, &c. This theory and practice of medicine, as originated by Prof. CIVIALE, is an advantage over everything known for this class of diseases, and in it many a nerveless youth and impotent man will find health and happiness.—*N. Y. Tribune & Farmer, July 18.*

Speaking of **Prof. Jean Civiale** we note as follows: "At a very early age, while a pupil of Dupuytren, at the *Hotel Dieu* in Paris, his attention is said to have been called to his future discovery and after many years of perseverance he succeeded in perfecting and introducing it to the medical profession, &c. * * * He was the teacher of several generations of lithotriptists, became a member of the MEDICAL ACADEMY and an officer of the Legion of Honor."—*Appleton's Encyclopedia, Vol. iv, pages 6 and 8.*

We can only say that we earnestly hope for the sake of French Medical Science, that the success of these remedies will be as great in America as it has been in France.—*Le Gazette des Hopitaux, June, 1882.*

We visited New York in person and found that the Civiale Remedial Agency was composed of a number of physicians and surgeons, whose equal for skill it would be difficult to find; &c., &c.—DR. W. H. HALE, *in the Washington, D. C., Health and Home.*

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Size in Clothing.

It is astonishing to observe how few people understand the common rules of measurement in purchasing wearing apparel. For instance, a man will buy a coat that is a "size" too small or too large. A "size" smaller or a "size" larger is what he probably needs, but he probably does not know what a "size" is. Well, a "size" in a coat is one inch; a size in underwear is two inches; a size in a sock is one inch; in a collar, one-fourth of an inch; in a shirt, one-half of an inch; in shoes, one-sixth of an inch; pants, one inch; gloves, one-fourth of an inch; and in hats, one-fourth of an inch. Very few persons understand the schedule named.

Agents wanted. Good pay. Steady work. James E. Whitney, Nurseyman, Rochester, N. Y.

It's a Hunt for a Soul, is It?

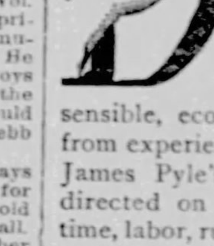
If any one doubts that the healing of disease by mental methods is going on briskly in this city, let him drop into the offices of some of the best known practitioners and see the collection of patients waiting hour after hour in order that each may get a treatment. Nine o'clock is the hour for beginning the business of healing, and from that time on until the office closes at night it is never empty, and most of the patients reach a point when they declare themselves healed. More than that, they say they never get tired after once having been put in order by Christian science. Surely from all this several important conclusions can be deduced. One is that the greater part of the most highly civilized humanity is ailing; another is that a large part of humanity is beginning to hunt for its soul, and still another is that faith in eternal remedies for ills is going down.—*N. Y. Press.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Almost Out of Time Into Eternity.

Ex-Governor Nathaniel S. Berry, of New Hampshire, who will be 92 years old next September, is living quietly and pleasantly with his son at Bristol, in that state. In a recent letter to a friend the venerable war governor wrote: "My general health is quite good. I go out but little in winter as the bronchitis troubles me when I take cold. A few days ago, however, I rode to Alexandria, a distance of five miles, and passed an hour with my sister on her 93d birthday. In my cosy chamber I spend much time reading the Book of Books, which I was early led to believe was the word of God, written by inspiration, which says 'Do right and enjoy life; do wrong and suffer.' I pencil letters to my numerous friends (I have no known personal enemy.) I enjoy life, willing to live and willing to put off the mortal, confidently trusting through grace to put on immortality at the call of the Master."



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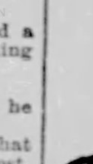

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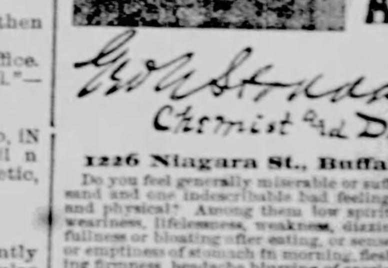

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Do you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning and a constant feeling of dread as if something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms send 48 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1226 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y., who will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take and easy directions, which if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (49) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you—either sex.

The Cincinnati Christian Standard says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers and they all verify the good results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for 22 years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

"Mr. Stoddard is an honest man."—Publisher The Golden Argosy, N. Y.

The Christian at Work, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention." Say where you saw this adv.

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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Cyclones and Tornadoes.

E. Watters, Carthage, Dak.:

Please explain the difference between a cyclone and a tornado? Can there be a cyclone in Dakota?

In common speech no difference is recognized between these two classes of storms, but accurately speaking they are essentially different. The cyclone is an ocean storm, it has its origin in the tropical seas of both hemispheres, and moves toward the north. The entire body of wind, or storm, has for its path a parabolic curve. The cyclones of the Western Hemisphere originate in the West Indies, travel northwestward till they reach 30 degrees lat. N., then curve to the northeast and continue in that direction—sometimes at some distance off the coast and sometimes on the shore, finally trending oceanward and disappearing in the vicinity of 20 degree lat. N. The diameter of the storm varies from several hundred to over a thousand miles, and its velocity is from sixty to eighty miles an hour. At no point does the air whirl in a circle, but there is a tendency of the entire body of the storm to revolve around the point of lowest barometer. As a rule the velocity of the wind gradually increases till it culminates in a fierce intensity of movement that will wreck the largest ships. In the actual center of the storm there is a dead calm. Cyclones occur most frequently between August and November. In the eastern hemisphere they form in the vicinity of Philippine islands, moving thence northwestward to the Asiatic coast, and then curving to the northeast over the adjacent seas and islands. They are there known as typhoons. The origin in both hemispheres can be placed at about ten to twelve degrees north of the equator, between the belt of calms and the southern limits of the trade winds. The tornado, on the other hand, is always a land storm. Its motion is always from southwest to the northeast, and its path varies from a few yards to 80 rods in width. The moving air always makes its appearance in the form of a funnel-shaped cloud, the small end drawing near to the earth, and revolves about a central, vertical axis with inconceivable rapidity and always in a right to left direction, or opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch. With scarce an exception the tornado occurs in the afternoon, just when the hottest part of the day is over. It is caused by heat, that is by the contact of currents of low temperature from the north with those of extremely high temperature from the south. The struggle of these atmospheric forces toward an equilibrium of temperature produces the mass of swiftly whirling air which we know as the tornado cloud. The velocity of the particles of air in this mass is so great that it is diffiult to estimate it, but it is believed to be from 100 to 500 miles an hour, and is sometimes, no doubt, even greater than this. Observers note four motions of the tornado cloud; 1, the gyratory movement of its air particles; 2, the onward motion of the storm; 3, the rising and falling movement of the cloud, and 4, its oscillation or swaying from side to side. It is also noted that the force of the tornado is constant, that it does not seem to spend itself, as the phrase is, by the destruction of the strongest buildings, but the cloud disappears by going from the earth upward, evidently being acted upon by forces in the upper region of the atmosphere. Close observation, such as has been made of many tornadoes under the direction of the signal service, seems to show that electricity is not an active cause of the tornado, but is often present as an accompaniment, being generated by the rapid motion of the air. Hail always accompanies the tornado, being formed by the same cause, that is the rapid condensation of the moisture of southern winds by contact with cold northern currents. Lightning and thunder never attend on the tornado cloud itself, but sometimes appear in the region of other outside clouds while the tornado cloud is in motion. To conclude, we quote from the recently published work of Lieutenant Finley, of the signal service, on "Tornadoes"—to which we are indebted for facts summarized above—the following description of the formation of a tornado cloud: "Two currents of air approaching each other from opposite points will not come directly together, because of the influence of the relative motion of the earth. The mass of air coming from the south would have a greater velocity eastward than that coming from the north. Therefore instead of meeting each other in a direct line, the two currents will form an angle at their intersection, and the combination of the two masses will give rise to a rotation in a direction contrary to the hands of a watch with the face upward. These conditions account for the spiral movement of the air currents and the formation of the vortex in the tornado. The cold air from the northward will under-run the warmer air from the southward, because of the difference in the desity of the two masses, and as a result will aid in the formation of the whirl."

Presidents of the United States.

B. O. Smith, Mifflin, Tenn.:

Please give the names of all the Presidents in rotation. How long did each one remain in office? Give names of those that died while in office.

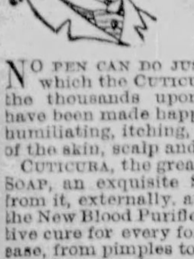
Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur became Presidents by the death of the President. Taylor, Jackson and Grant were brought forward for military services. At the time they were not in civil life, unless, perhaps, an exception be made in Taylor's case, who had retired from the army and was living on his plantation in Louisiana. With this explanation the list will be better understood. The names are given in the order in which the Presidents served: George Washington, born in and elected from Virginia; term of service, 1789-1797, 8 years. John Adams, born in and elected from Massachusetts; term of service, 1797-1801, 4 years. Thomas Jefferson, born in and elected from Virginia; term of service, 1801-1807, 8 years. James Madison, born in and elected from Virginia; term of service, 1809-1817, 8 years. James Morrow, born in and elected from Virginia; term of service, 1817-1825, 8 years. John Q. Adams, born in and elected from Massachusetts; term of service, 1825-1829, 4 years. Andrew Jackson, born in South Carolina and elected from Tennessee; term of service, 1829-1837, 8 years. Martin Van Buren, born in and elected from New York; term of service, 1837-1841, 4 years. William H. Harrison, born in Virginia and elected from Ohio; term of service, 1841, 1 month. John Tyler, born in and elected from Virginia; term of service, 1841-1845, 4 years. James K. Polk, born in North Carolina and elected from Tennessee; term of service, 1845-1849, 4 years. Zachary Taylor, born in Virginia and elected from Louisiana; term of service, 1849-1851, 1 year, 4 months, 5 days. Millard Fillmore, born in Vermont and elected from New York; term of service, 1850-1853, 2 years, 7 months, 22 days. Franklin Pierce, born in and elected from New Hampshire; term of service, 1853-1857, 4 years. James Buchanan, born in and elected from Pennsylvania, term of service, 1857-1861, 4 years. Abraham Lincoln, born in Kentucky and elected from Illinois; term of service, 1861-1865, 4 years, 1 month, 11 days. Andrew Johnson, born in North Carolina and elected from Tennessee; term of service, 1865-1869; 3 years, 10 months, 17 days. U. S. Grant, born in Ohio and elected from Illinois; term of service, 1769-1877, 8 years. R. B. Hayes, born in and elected from Ohio; term of service, 1877-1881, 4 years. James A. Garfield, born in and elected from Ohio; term of service, 1881, 6 months, 16 days. Chester A. Arthur, born in Vermont and elected from New York; term of service, 1881-1884, 3 years, 5 months, 15 days. Grover Cleveland, born in New Jersey and elected from New York; term of service, 1884. From the foregoing may be deducted the following facts: Virginia has furnished by birth, 7 Presidents, by election, 5; Massachusetts, by birth 2, by election 2; New York, by birth, 1, by election, 4; Ohio, by birth, 3, by election, 3; South Carolina, by birth 1; North Carolina, by birth, 2; Vermont, by birth 2; New Hampshire, by birth 1; Pennsylvania, by birth 1, by election 1; Kentucky, by birth 1; New Jersey, by birth 1; Tennessee, by election 2; Louisiana, by election 1. Virginia can still claim to be the "mother of Presidents."

Confucius.

R. E. Moore's Hill, Ind.:

Please give as full an account of the life of Confucius as possible, especially of his early life and parentage.

Confucius, a celebrated Chinese sage, was born 551 B. C., at Shang-Ping, near the town of Tseuse in the petty kingdom of Lu. His own name was Kong, but his disciples called him Kon-fu-ste, *i. e.* Kong, the master or teacher, which the Jesuit missionaries Latinized into Confucius. His mother called him Kieu (little hillock) because he had an unusual elevation on the top of his forehead, with which he is often represented. Various prodigious, as in other instances, were, the forerunners of his birth. An illustrious pedigree has been invented for him by his fond disciples, who derive his origin from Hoang-ti, a mythological monarch of China, who flourished 2,000 years B. C. His father, Shuh-leang-Ho, died when Confucius was only three years old. But he was very carefully brought up by his mother, Yan-she, and from his earliest years displayed an extraordinary love of learning. At the age of 17 he was made corn mart inspector and distinguished himself in suppressing fraud, and introducing order and integrity into the whole business. When 19 he married, but was divorced four years after that he might have more time to study. Confucius was next appointed inspector general of pastures and flocks. The death of his mother, which happened in his 23d year, interrupted his administrative functions, and gave occasion for the first solemn and important act of Confucius as a moral reformer. According to the ancient, but then almost forgotten laws of China, children were obliged to resign all public employments on the death of their parents, and Confucius desiring to renew the custom, did not fail to conform to it. To whom is due the respect paid by the Chinese of to-day to the dead. From that time he became a moral reformer and a man of great power in his time. Confucius divided his classes of followers into four divisions. To the first he taught morals, the second rhetoric, the third politics, the fourth written compositions. He died 479 B. C., 70 years old.



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Our new stamping outfit is free to every reader of this publication; it contains 100 perforated stamping patterns and includes a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is a real work of art; no stamping outfit has ever been offered heretofore, on which anything like so much artistic ability was brought to bear. With each outfit is A BOX OF BEST STAMPING POWDER, PAD, AND BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, giving full directions for stamping, tells how to make the powder and stamping paint, contains instructions for Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting, tells colors to use in painting—red, white, blue, yellow, pink and other flowers; also contains hints and instructions on other matters, too numerous to mention. Bought singly, or a few patterns at a time, at usual prices, the equal of the above would cost $10. Although it is free, yet this is the Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits and on every hand is acknowledged to be superior, yes, very much superior, and very much more desirable than those which have been selling for $1 each and upwards. By having 200,000 of these outfits made for us, during the dull season, we get them at first cost; the manufacturer was glad to take the order at cost, that his help might be kept at work. All may depend that it is the very best, most artistic and in every way desirable outfit ever put before the public. Farm and Housekeeper (monthly, 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year) is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America; it is entertaining and of great interest, as well as useful; its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. Furthermore, we have lately become managing owners of that grand monthly, Sunshine, for youth; also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered; 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year. Sunshine is known favorably as the best youth's monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors; it is now quoted all over the world as standing at the head. Both papers are splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take 200,000 trial year subscribers at a price which gives us but a moderate portion of the cost.

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FREE! The trial year subscriptions are almost free, and this the Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits—the best ever known—is entirely free. It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. Large sizes of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the Regal Queen. Below we give a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppies for Scarf, 7 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 7 1-2 inch; 3 Splendid Tinsel design, 8 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsias; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. 70 other splendid patterns are included in this Regal Queen of stamping outfits—in all 100 patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider childrens and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily make money by doing stamping, Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the Book of Instructions makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be with out it. The beautiful designs of this REGAL QUEEN of outfits ARE ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from $1 to $2 for outfits and were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address,

GEORGE STINSON & CO., BOX 122 PORTLAND, MAINE.

West Point.

G. W. K., Canton, Iowa:

Give a short history of the United States military school at West Point.

The United States Military academy at West Point was founded by an act of Congress of March 16, 1802, constituting the corps of engineers of the army, a military academy with fifty students as cadets, who were to receive instruction under the senior engineer officer as superintendent. Later acts established professorships of mathematics, engineering, philosophy, etc., and made the academy a military body, subject to the rules and articles of war. In 1815 a permanent superintendent was appointed, and a year later an annual board of visitors was provided for, to be named by the President, the Speaker of the House, and the President of the Senate. In 1843 the present system of appointment of cadets was instituted, which assigns one cadet to each congressional district and territory in the Union, to be named by the Representative in congress for the time being, and ten appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 343. A large proportion of those appointed fail to pass the examination, and many others to complete the course, the proportion being stated at fully one-half hitherto. The course of instruction requires four years, and is largely mathematical and professional. The discipline is very strict, even more so than in the army, and the enforcement of penalties for offenses is inflexible rather than severe. The whole number of graduates from 1802 to 1877 was about 2,700, of whom 1,200 are deceased, and about 1,500 are living. Of those surviving, 800 are still in the army and about 700 out of the service. Appointees to "the Point" must be between 17 and 22 years of age, at least five feet in height, and free from infirmity and able to pass a careful examination in various kinds of knowledge. Each cadet must bind himself to serve the United States for eight years from the time of his admission to "the Point." The pay of the cadets, formerly $50 per month and rations, was fixed at $540 per year, with no allowance for rations, by the act of 1876.

Miscellaneous.

E. P. H., Bloomingdale, Wis.: The sketch published in the BLADE was correct.

Henry F. Gardner, West Hingham, Mass.: Addresses of firms selling goods are not given in the BUREAU.

W. A. H., Deakymville, Del.

Is the Star of Bethlehem visible to the naked eye?

No.

R. N. P., Richland Co., O.: Your question about Neshannock potatoes should have been sent to the Farm department. No farming questions answered in this column.

Mrs. L. M., Austin, Nev.: The poem you request has been published in the BLADE. Many of the poems asked for are copyrighted, and cannot be published without the author's consent.

Subscriber, Mentone, Ind.: If you take the paper out of the office you will have to pay for it. The way to stop it is to take it to the postmaster and have him return it to the publishing office, marked "refused." Until that is done you are legally bound to pay for it.

F. S. C., Shelby, Mo.:

1. Please publish recipe to tan coon and skunk hide and leave the fur on. 2. Is DeLesseps Panama canal completed yet?

1. See answer to H. R., Cypress Hill, N. Y., in BLADE of January 19, 1888. 2. No.

H. H., Grand Rapids, O.:

2. How many feet make a nautical mile? 3. How many feet to a knot?

No addresses given in this column. 2 and 3. A nautical mile and a knot are equal. A sailor's knot is to a statute mile as 7 to 6, and a boat sailing 12 knots has sailed about 14 statute miles.

C. H. L., Columbus, Miss.:

Please tell what you can about "No Man's Land," or the western part of Indian Territory.

See answer to F. E. Needham, Custar, Neb., in BLADE of August 25.

M. Schwartz, Glabe, Kas.:

1. Will you please tell me what is the capital of West Virginia? 2. What causes the northern lights?

1. Charleston. 2. See answer to J. H. Crofts, Fairfield, Nebraska, in BLADE of March 17, 1887.

C. P. Vawter, Springdale, Ky.:

1. Was the story, "The Lost (or Stolen) Necklace," (once published in the BLADE) ever published in book form? If so, by what title, and where could it be got? 2. Was "Throne and Scaffold" ever published in book form, or will it ever be?

1-2. No.

L. L., Plum Creek, Neb.:

Will you please, in your answers to correspondents, give me the days of the week the following dates fell upon: 1. February 15, 1840; 2. October 1, 1863; 3. December 7. 1867.

1. Saturday; 2. Thursday; 3. Saturday.

E. Kiltz, Rich Hill, Mo.:

Please give a sketch of the life and death of Jenny Lind.

See answer to D. H. S., Rawson, O., in BLADE of October 4. She died a few months ago and was buried at Berlin.

M. J. W., Uhrichsville, O.:

Please give directions for putting nickel plate on revolvers, such as these cheap revolvers are plated with. Is the material very expensive?

See BLADE of March 17.

W. Bryan, Panora, Iowa:

In sending to Washington, D. C., for seeds who should we address?

The commissioner of agriculture, or your congressman.

J. M., Albinum, Kan.

What became of Sergt. Mason who fired at Guitteau? Was he ever tried for it? Please answer through the BLADE.

He is in prison serving out his sentence.

Miss B., Bowling Green, O.:

Please explain the International copyright law of the United States.

There is no international copy-right law in this country, though the passage of such an act has been often urged upon Congress. It would confer upon foreign authors the privilege of copyrighting their book in the United States, and prevent the reprinting of them in America without paying the author for the privilege.

J. M., Rock Island, Ill.

What is the proposed route of the Hennipin canal from where to where?

From some point, yet undecided, on the Mississippi to Lake Michigan at Chicago.

David Johnson, Perry, Ill.:

Will the Bureau give the "Life of Mark Twain," as I gave away the one that was published in the June BLADE, and oblige a reader?

We cannot republish.

E. D., Luther, Lich.:

Will you please tell me through the BLADE who introduced the resolution to return the captured flags to the South.

There was no such a resolution introduced. President Cleveland concieved the idea in his own massive intellect and only when Governor Foraker, of Ohio, took legal steps to prevent it, did he recall the order.

Subscriber, Columbus Grove, O.:

Where was Gen. Zollicoffer and Gen. McPherson killed.

Gen. Zollicoffer was killed at the battle of Mill Spring, Ky.; Gen. McPherson at the battle of Atlanta.

T. V. H., Independence, Iowa.

In Barnes' School History the following question is asked but not answered: "Where is the Key to the Bastile?" Will the BLADE please answer it?

The Key of the Bastile was presented to Gen. Washington by Lafayette, and it now occupies a little glass case in the hall of his old house at Mt. Vernon.

R. C. S., Forestville, Pa.:

Please inform us through the BLADE whether an African requires naturalization papers the same as other foreigners, before having a right to vote.

Yes.

W., Vestal, N. Y.

Is there a book in print known as a rhyming dictionary? If there is, could you inform me where I could obtain one? Have looked in several book stores but all knew nothing about such a volume.

Such a book was published some 30 years ago, but is probably out of print at the present time.

Wm. Mackey, Claysville, O.

Please inform me through your valuable paper why mariners pour oil around a vessel during a storm?

1, It is done to break the force of the sea. Very often vessels in heavy storms have been saved by oil on the water. It keeps the huge waves from "breaking" and pouncing down on the ship. 2, Your other questions are written on the reverse side of the sheet. See instructions at the head of this department.

Reader, Stanton, Ill.:

Please answer the following questions in the BLADE and oblige a reader: Can a man go from any part of the United States to Florida and by staying two years be lawfully divorced without going through a process of law? What are the laws in Florida for divorces?

There is no state where a divorce can be obtained without legal proceedings. We are not familiar with the details of Florida laws.

N. Morris, Blue River, Ind.:

Please answer through the Question Bureau what must be put on a watch or clock face so that it will show the time at night and not change its color in daytime.

Phosphorus, but it must be applied by an expert.

Wm. Tate, Kyger, O.:

Please state the process by which driven wells are made.

A small tube, with a solid pointed end, and the tube perforated for some distance with numerous holes, is driven into the ground until water is reached. The process gives it its name.

E. N. T., Dighton, Kas.:

Will you please inform me if a man can move from a homestead, having made final proof of the same, on to a pre-emption, and prove it up while still owning the homestead.

Address your request to the nearest land office, or to the department at Washington.

Was Gen. Jackson (he who made such an ass of himself recently at Macon, Ga.) recalled by Pres. Cleveland, and if so, why?

Minister Jackson resigned, but in inside circles at Washington, it is reported that the President had strongly hinted that such a step would be highly appreciated by the administration. Gen. Bragg has been appointed and confirmed as his successor.

G. J. B., Oatten Mills, Tenn.:

Will the editor of the BLADE please inform the writer where Gen. George H. Thomas was born and reared?

Gen. George H. Thomas was born and reared in Virginia. His birth occurred in 1816, and he died in San Francisco in 1870.

L. A. Brown, Fairfield, Iowa:

Please answer the following questions in your department: 1. Give the origin of the phrase "A Rowland for an Oliver?" 2. Is Robert, Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith) a son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton?

1. Rowland and Oliver, two distinguished followers of Charlemagne, performed exploits so similar that they were constantly confounded. At length the two fought single-handed for five consecutive days, on an island in the Rhine, without either gaining the least advantage. 2. Lord Lytton was the father of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

J. B. McDonald and James McCoy, Middlepoint, O.:

1. Why has Rhode Island two capitals?
2. Where is Golden Horn?
3. Who is considered the greatest statesman of to-day?

1. See answer to J. H. J., Canton, O., in BLADE of August 25. 2. See answer to N. Sovereign, Burchard, Neb., in BLADE of Nov. 24. 3. That is a matter hard to settle.

S. M. W., Cambridge, Kans.:

Please answer through your valuable paper the following question:

Was Gen. T. W. Sherman an officer in the late war, commanding in the West in 1862, our historic conflict, one saying Wm. T., and the other T. W. Sherman?

They were the same person.

E. Severance, Commerce, Mich.:

Give the seven wonders of the world in their order.

The seven wonders of the world were, in ancient times, recognized to be the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Garden of Semiramus, at Babylon, the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, the statue of Jupiter, at Olympia, by Phidias, the Mausoleum, the Colossus, at Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexandria. This cycle of seven wonders originated among the Greeks after the time of Alexander the Great, and were described in a special work by Philo, of Byzantium.

J. B. L., Tiffin, O.:

Will you please tell me who Lew Wallace is?

Lew Wallace is a son of David Wallace, formerly governor of Indiana, and was born in Fountain county, Indiana, about 1828. He commanded a division at Fort Donelson, February, 1862, and distinguished himself at the battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7. He was appointed a major-general in March, 1862. In 1881 he went to Constantinople as United States minister, and in 1882 was made envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the same capital. His "Fair God" appeared in 1873, and "Ben Hur" was brought out in 1880.

W. H. T., Red River Station, Texas:

Will you please give an account of Pocahantas?

Pocahantas, the legendary "Princess Pocahantas," was born about 1595, was the daughter of an Indian chief of Virginia. She was betrayed by her uncle Patowomak to Capt. Argall, the unscrupulous deputy-governor of Virginia, and held by him as a hostage for the purpose of extorting from her father such terms as he required. In pursuance of this plan, John Rolfe, a married Englishman, married her, and Sir Thomas Dale, the governor, took her to England. She created a sensation of curiosity in London and at court, and died at Gravesend in 1616, aged 21.

J. C. H., Mauckport, Ind.:

1. How many soldiers enlisted in the Union army during the civil war?
2. How many Roman Catholics in America?

1. The total number of two-year men was 13,-440. Under the various calls the following troops were raised: April 15, 1861, 75,000; May 3, 1861, 700,680; July 2, 1862, 421,465; August 4, 1862, 87,588; June 15, 1863, 16,-361; ——— 17, 1863, and February 1, 1864, 369,380; March 14, 1864, 292,193; April 23 and July 18, 1864, 113,000; July 18, 1864, 386,461; December 18, 1864, 212,212; other dates, 166,848. The total averaged at three-years' men was 2,320,272. It is stated there were in 1885, 6,755 Roman Catholic churches in the United States, with 7,370 priests. The adherents were placed at about 7,000,000.

John Campbell, Tipton, Ind.:

1. I have a violin with this inscription: "Antonius Amati, Cremonensis, Fecit Anno Domini Nostri, 1660." What is the meaning of the inscription? Is it a valued instrument?
2. How can tattooing, that is done with India ink, be taken from the skin?
3. Please give as much a history of Ole B. Bull and his travels in the United States as your space will allow.

1. The tone of the violin makes it valuable, not the hieroglyphics on it. Those words and dates are put on to deceive the untutored. 2. If well put on it is there to stay cannot be removed. 3. Ole Bornemann Bull was a famous violinist, born in 1810. In 1829 he went to Cassel, in Germany, to study under Spohr, but was so coldly received that he betook himself to the study of law at Gottenberg. He was subsequently at Minden, whence, in consequence of a duel, he fled to Paris in 1831. An unsuccessful attempt to drown himself in the Seine was the turning point in his life. He thereafter acquired the patronage of a lady of rank, and rapidly rose to fame as a violinist. In 1836 he visited England, Scotland and Ireland, and subsequently traveled in a professional capacity through Belgium, Holland, Russia, Germany and the United States, died at Bergen, 1880.

Mrs. M. C., ——, Ill.:

Can you tell me through the Question Bureau of the BLADE the oldest towns in the United States?

The oldest town in the United States is St. Augustine, Fla., the Spaniards having built a fort there in 1565. They were a long while about it, but when it was finished it was a fine work for the time. It is now Fort Marion, and garrisoned by United States troops. Jamestown, Va., comes next on the list, having been settled in 1607 by the English, but Jamestown is not now in existence. It was situated within the present limits of James City, Va., on a point of land projecting from the north bank of the James river, 32 miles above its mouth. The encroachments of the river have made it an island, and a portion of the site has been swept away. A part of an old church tower and some tombstones about it are the only relics remaining. Albany, N. Y., is the third oldest city in the country, and the oldest of any importance. It was founded in 1623 by the Dutch, and named in 1664 for the Duke of York and Alban. It was originally surrounded by a stockade.

Goblieb Schabel, Lockport, N. Y.:

1. Will the BLADE give some light on a horse power in engines? 2 Also, what is a knot by a steamer, and how is the distance measured by sea?

1. Horse power is the principal measure of rate at which work is performed. One horse power is computed to be equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot high per minute, or 550 pounds per second; or 33,000 foot pounds of work, and it is designated as being nominal, indicated or actual. A horse power in work is estimated at 33,000 pounds, raised one foot in a minute; but as a horse can exert that force for only about six hours per day, one day's work of horse power is equivalent to that of 4.5 horses. As an easy method of calculating horse power, the following is recommended: Where it is practicable take an indication diagram which shows the mean pressure of the steam throughout the stroke. In order to calculate the pressure, ten ordinates are usually drawn across the diagram; the length of these is measured on a scale representing pounds per square idch of pressure. The ten numbers thus obtained are added together, and the sum divided by ten; this gives the average pressure per square inch of steam throughout the stroke. Calculate the area of the poison in square inches from its diameter, and multiply this by the pressure per square inch. This gives the total pressure exerted on the piston. Next, multiply the number of revolutions of the engine per minute by twice the length of the stroke in feet; this gives the speed of the piston in feet per minute; multiply this by the pressure on it in pounds, and the result is the number of foot pounds of work done on the piston per minute. A horse power is reckoned at 33,000 foot pounds per minute; the number of of foot pounds divided by this figure gives the indicated horse power. A portion of this, varying from a third to a fifth, is taken up in overcoming the friction of the working parts of the engine; the remainder only is available for useful work. 2. See BLADE of September 1, 1887. Distance is reckoned by several devices. One is a "log" attached to the keel of the vessel, which resisters in the cabin. Another "log" is a device thrown overboard and towed for five minutes. When the speed is known for a given time it is easy to find it for a day.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Rich and Poor,

Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of Ayer's Pills. Leading physicians recommend these pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Costiveness, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.

"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried." —T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe

Headache,

from which I was long a sufferer. — Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again." — A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."— Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Is This What Ails You?

Do you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed and nasal twang; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

Illustrating His Politics to Him.

"Great Jerusalem, wife, this package of bills is $300 short," said an opulent Democratic politician in hair-raising accents the other morning. "Don't get excited, my dear; that's all right. I took it to buy Julia a seal skin sacque," replied his wife, serenely. "The deuce you did! and without saying a word to me. What do you mean?" "I am living up to your political faith, my dear. I heard you tell your Republican friend last week in tones that shook the rafters that a surplus in the treasury was an outrage, a curse, and a temptation to reckless extravagance, and that it should be reduced at all hazards. Now, I don't propose to have our domestic peace blasted by a plethoric treasury, so I went to your safe yesterday and reduced the surplus to the extent of $300. Wasn't it a wise political policy?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Never Cut off a Pig's Tail.

An authority on pigs says that he never thinks of cutting off the tails of his pigs. The tails are the indicators of the porker's condition. If piggy doesn't feed well, if his food doesn't agree with him, his tail begins to straighten. The sicker the pig the straighter the tail; and the healthier the pig the tighter the curl. The old theory that it takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail this pig-raiser scorns. The pig's tail is its pulse; therefore, never cut it off.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

FUNNY MEN'S FANCIES.

He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Mr. Agile (to Mr. Stoutman, after a hard run for a horse car)—"By jove! old boy, I thought you were too lazy to run like that!"

Mr. Stoutman (languidly)—"Easily explained, my dear boy; laziness runs in our family."—*Detroit Free Press.*

New Yorker (in Boston)—"Can you direct me to Salem street?"

Officer—"Cert'. You go through Province street to Washington street, skin through Cornhill till you come to the straight part, circle 'round Scollay Square 'til you find an outlet, and inquire again. That's as far as my beat goes."—*Tid Bits.*

"Father," said Robert, "I have long cherished the desire to go on the stage, and have at last decided, with your permission, to—"

"My son," interrupted the fond father, "all the world's a stage. Take that hoe hanging in the woodshed and go and dig those potatoes back of the orchard."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Graspall (to his bookkeeper)—"William, how much are we paying James, the office boy?"

Bookkeeper—"Two dollars a week, sir."

Mr. Graspall—"And yet I see by this pubished report that he has given more to the poor fund this year than I have. The impudent young scoundrel! He's getting too big a salary. Cut him down, William, to $1.50 a week."—*Chicago Tribune*

He was a young attorney, and had fallen out with his best girl. He called to explain, but she would not listen to him.

"But my dear Miss Mattie," he implored, "I want to tell you the truth about the matter, and let you judge for yourself."

"No, Mr. Jimkins," she said, politely, "I cannot permit it. I wouldn't ask you to do an impossibility for my sake or anybody's." —*Washington Critic.*

News in the Country, Confirmed in the City.

A bright-eyed lady from Brooklyn came into the New York office and cheerfully gave her experience. There had been a time when she thought Compound Oxygen "just a thing to advertise." But she had been boarding with friends in the country who thought very differently, and had the best reason for thinking so, as three or four members of their family had been cured of lung trouble and catarrh by it. So, on their recommendation, this Brooklyn lady prosured a "Home Treatment." She had been suffering from insomnia, nervousness and indigestion. Her husband was a sufferer from catarrh and bronchitis. She had now been taking Compound Oxygen for only two weeks, but already felt so much benefit from it that she gratefully said, "I am a new woman. I have found so much benefit from it that nothing shall hinder me from taking it regularly. I can now sleep with comfort; my digestion is better, and my nervousness is going away. My husband, too, is materially better, and very much encouraged."

All that you want to know about this Compound Oxygen is to be found in the "Treatise," which will be freely mailed to you by Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. Write for it.

An Effort to Tax Food.

New York World.

The Senate committee on Agriculture is giving hearings to individuals interested, pro and con, in the proposed law against the adulteration of lard. The advocates of the measure are endeavoring to induce Congress to repeat its error of last year in laying a heavy tax on a valuable food product. Their motive is not to protect the public against unwholesome lard, but to increase the price of what they themselves have to sell.

Cotton-seed oil is as clear as hog fat. The mixture of the two in the shape of lard answers the same purpose, that the animal prodnct alone does. The consumers find no fault with it and the manufacturers make no secret of its use. The use of olive oil as a food might just as well be prohibited in Italy and Spain as cotton-seed oil legislated against in the United States. In each case there would be a senseless rejection of one of the bounties of providence.

If it is desirable that lard containing cotton-seed oil should be labeled so as to indicate the fact, let the law take that shape. If inspection is necessary to prevent filthy or unwholesome ingredients from entering into the lard placed on the market, let the law be shaped to that effect. If Congress should enact these laws and extend their application to oleomargarine, after repealing the act of last year, the pending agitation of the subject would become something to be glad of.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cents.

American Children.

The American child is, generally speaking, much too forward in manner and too pert of speech to be always accepted as a type of ideal childhood; and the columns of "bright sayings" and "wit of babes," now frequent in some newspapers, can have no improving influence. An irreverent tone of disrespect for age marks many of the queer speeches quoted. A misuse of words, or a confusion of ideas in little ones is sometimes amusing, but to transfer a child's quaint speeches to the printed page robs them of the brilliancy with which they shone in the setting of an admiring home circle.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Punishment Fits the Crime.

"We shall need about three tons more sulphur for pit 537," said one of the subordinate devils, as he put his head into Satan's private office, "and half a load of brimstone, and a new poker. There's a tough consignment just sent down—two murderers, an anarchist, an incendiary and a conversational punster."

"Is he one of the kind that makes puns on people's names?" asked the head of the establishment, meditatively.

"Yes."

"Well," said the chief, "I hate to waste sulphur, but I guess you can give him a pit all by himself."—*Puck.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

We All Have Enough.

Wife (to unhappy husband)—I would not worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble.

Husband—Borrow trouble? Great Cæsar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I've got it to lend.—*Epoch.*

Helping the Right Side.

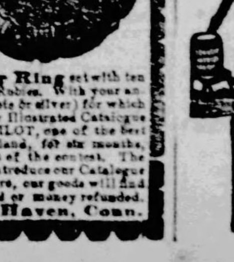
To help the right side is not only commendable in a general point of view, but is judicious and prudent when that help is enlisted in behalf of the right side of the body, just over the lower ribs in the region of the liver. The most efficient help is afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious medicine of incomparable efficacy. Inaction of the liver is accompanied by constipation, sick headache, furred tongue, nausea, occasional vertigo, an unpleasant breath, yellowness of the skin and ball of the eye. The author of these symptoms, liver complaint, routed by the Bitters is accompanied by them in its flight. Fever and ague, which always involves the liver, dyspepsia, rheumatism, debility and kidney troubles are all maladies to the early relief and final cure of which this standard medicine is adapted. Don't use it by fits and starts, but systematically, that its full effects may result in a perfect restoration of health.

Shook Him for the Cigars.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "I found several cigars scattered about the front yard this morning. Did you drop them?"

"No, they don't belong to me," responded the old man. "Shortly after young Simpson left you last night I thought I heard a noise outside, and I shouldn't be surprised if Nero had been shaking him for the cigars. Evidently the dog won."—*New York Sun.*

GOLD WATCHES FREE



We will give to the First 100 persons telling us the Longest Verse in the Bible, before May 15th, the following valuable presents: To the first person giving the correct answer a Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch with Solid Gold Chain, worth $75; to the second a Solid Gold Chatelain Watch worth $50; to the third a Solid Silver Hunting Case Watch worth $20; to each of the next 25 a Handsome Silver Nickel Watch (stem winding and stem setting), and to each of the next 72 an Elegant Rolled Gold Finger Ring set with ten Turquois, ten Garnets or ten Persian Rubies. With your answer send 25c. (stamps, postal note or silver) for which we will send you our New Elegantly Illustrated Catalogue for 1888 and THE HOUSEHOLD PILOT, one of the best monthly publications in New England, for six months, which paper will announce the result of the contest. The above liberal offer is made solely to introduce our Catalogue into good homes, where, we feel sure, our goods will find a ready sale. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Yale Art Works, New Haven, Conn.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have stood the test of over thirty years' use, and have proved the best external remedy extant. They are the only genuine porous plasters, and imitations are not only lacking in the elements which make ALLCOCK'S so effectual, but are often harmful in their effects.

When purchasing plasters ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

AGENTS WANTED.

$75 a Month and expenses to agents. New goods. Samples free. J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN wanted at once. Pay weekly. Outfit free. B.F Campbell, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

SALESMEN WANTED—Salary and expenses to pushing, reliable men. State age and occupation. GLEN BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Good live agents for The Buffalo Mutual Accident & Sick Benefit Association. Large inducements. Geo. A. Sanborn, Gen'l Man., Buffalo, NY

AGENTS WANTED.—Permanent employment and good salary or commission. Address, giving age and references, A. D. Pratt, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

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CUT THIS OUT and return to me with 10c silver, and you will get by mail a package of goods that will bring you in more money in one month than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. Needs no capital. G. M. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

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$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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ANY MAN of ordinary ability who can furnish good references can have steady employment with good pay, by addressing S. A. McOMBER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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$100 EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee to any one who is willing to work. Our business is new, easy and very pleasant. We have agents who are clearing $15 a day, others $5 an evening. We furnish costly outfits free to those who mean business. For profitable and permanent work we have something that can not be equaled. Write to us. Address, H. A. ELLS & CO., 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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A $2 WASHING MACHINE Free!

We have the best self operating washing machine in the world. It washes and thoroughly cleanses all kinds of clothes. NO USE FOR THE WASHBOARD, NO RUBBING OR BACK ACHE, OR HARD WORK ON WASH DAY. Last year we gave away 1,000 Washers to introduce them, and we sold over 100,000. There are three million families in this country that will want this machine when they know its merits. To make it known and secure agents we will GIVE AWAY 2,000 of them this year. One agent in Philadelphia sold 1400 in two months. A lady in a town of 2000 population cleared $800 in five days. Agents are making $50 a week, you can do the same. All we ask is for you to try it, then recommend it to your friends or act as agent. Now if you want one of these FREE SAMPLES send your address at once before they are all gone. Our machine is the original and patented. Beware of imitations. Address, N. Y. LAUNDRY WORKS, 21 Dey St., N. Y.

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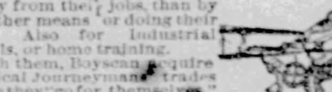

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Workers of Wood or Metal, without Steam Power, by using outfits of these machines, can bid lower, and save more money from their jobs, than by any other means for doing their work. Also for Industrial Schools, or home training. With them, Boys can acquire practical Journeyman's trades before they "go for themselves." Price List Catalogue FREE. W. F. & JOHN BARNES Co., Rockford, Ill. Address No. 244 Ruby Street.

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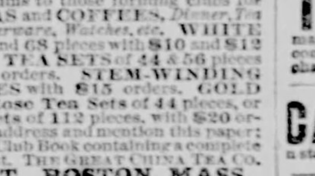

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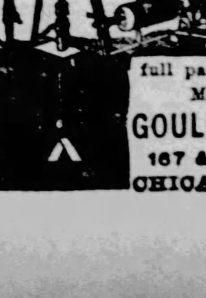

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GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

Rarest New. Choicest Old.

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TOLEDO BLADE KNIFE, 75 CENTS.

This knife is a great favorite, owing to the shape of blades. They are very sharp at point, and the fact that they are made from the finest razor steel, hand hammered, makes it a desirable knife for farmers, carpenters and woodworkers. Ebony handle. This knife, postpaid by mail, and WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.50. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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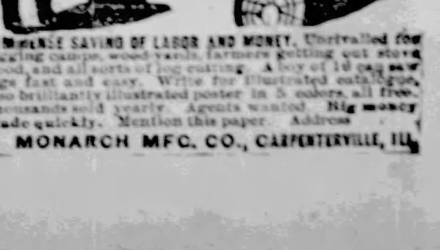

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THE RUM POWER AND POLITICAL DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

Aside from those who deliberately array themselves as life-long imbibers of Rum, and the men who make money out of the internal traffic, there is no intelligent person in the land who does not deplore the ruin wrought by Rum. There is not a city, a village, a hamlet, not even a rural neighborhood, where the malign influence of Rum is not felt. It is a vengeful demon which not only destroys its hapless victims, body and soul, but breaks down and tramples in the mire the most sacred family ties, all the higher and holier social relations, and drags down to poverty and degradation the helpless ones dependent upon its victims.

The Rum habit is not only a vice in itself, but it is the parent of all other vices. It is one of the chief promoters of poverty and pauperism, the cause of insanity, a perennial fountain of debauchery, and an incentive to crime. Given Rum and a weak-willed man, and you have the factors which will make a pauper, a lunatic, a thief, a libertine, or a murderer. Every Rum-hole is a training-school in vice, a kindergarten for criminals. And, as was remarked in the commencement, all thinking men aside from two classes—the slaves of Rum and those who make money by dealing in it—are aware of the evils of the traffic. There is no difference of opinion among men as to this, though there are wide divergencies of opinion as to the best method of combating these evils.

Yet, after all, these divergencies are more seeming than real. Given the conviction in the minds of the people that the Rum traffic is a curse, and these differing opinions mean but the different steps of advancement on the road to the conviction that there is but one remedy that is really effective—its entire and utter crushing out. As in the Middle Ages all roads led to Rome, so in this warfare all methods, all opinions, inevitably point to the one remedy of total Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of Rum. Taxation and high license crush out the lower class of Rum-holes, and bring the keepers of others to a stricter accountability to good order. Local option destroys the traffic in communities when the general public upholds the stringent enforcement of Prohibition; but they are all but means to one end—and that end the total extinction of this great curse of the nation.

All men who realize the fearful array of evils that springs up as the result of the traffic in Rum, favor some remedy, and it is a hopeful sign that public opinion all over the United States is advancing on a line that will bring it to the support of Prohibition as the real and only thoroughly efficient method. Those who are awakened to the magnitude of the cause of Rum are a unit in the opinion that it is the duty of the state to do something in the way of self-protection. This is a matter on which intelligent men do not differ. But it is not so with the great political questions of the day. Men differ widely on each of them, and they are thoroughly sincere and earnest in their beliefs. One man is an active advocate of protection, while his next neighbor is quite as strong a supporter of free trade. Both are sincere, both believe they are right, yet they advocate diametrically opposing views.

The same may be said of the question of national aid to education. On the one side, men recognize the great danger to a free government from an ignorant voting population, and feel that it is a proper thing for the national government to take steps to conserve its own safety by using of its abundant means to extinguish illiteracy, by educating the rising generation. On the other side, there are men who, while admitting the evil of ignorance, believe that the work of education belongs to the state alone, and see in the measure for national aid to education an unconstitutional and unwise interference by the federal government with the reserved rights of the states. Both classes of men are perfectly honest in their convictions. Both believe they are right. The question is a political one, and only to be settled, if settled at all, by the decision of a majority.

But there is no such sincere and honest difference of opinion as to the evils of Rum. All good men are agreed on this. All believe that some restrictive measures are necessary. The question is not political. The effort to make it so is unwise, because years of experience have proved that a majority of voters will not abandon their present political affiliations to join a new party on this issue. Though they may be in sympathy with prohibition, yet they will fight the separate political Prohibition party that antagonizes the one with which they are affiliated.

The true method is to devote the time, the energies, the money of those who believe that Prohibition is the true remedy for the curse of Rum to educating intelligent public opinion everywhere up to the same standard. You cannot convince a man by opposing him. You cannot convert him by knocking him down. You can not bring him over to your belief on one subject by bitterly opposing him in others. The true rule is to keep the liquor question out of politics, and hence to unite all opposed to Rum in solid phalanx to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

FREE SPECIMENS.

Will our readers kindly send us a list of names of people who do not now take the BLADE? We desire to send a free specimen copy to all who ought to take it, and that means every intelligent family not now on our list. Every reader of the BLADE might suggest a dozen or twenty such addresses.

THE real battle is not over the passage of a free trade bill by the present Congress. It is certain it will be defeated. But the question goes to the people, and the decision will be made at the polls at the election of members of the Fiftieth Congress next November.

THE only thing that the Ways and Means committee of the House will accomplish by the tariff bill it is elaborating is to show the country the complete line of policy proposed by the President. There is no probability of the bill passing.

GEO. W. CHILDS realizes the fact that an editor don't make a good Presidential candidate—e. g., HORACE GREELEY—and has sat down on the gentlemen who have been mentioning his name in that connection.

THE chances seem to be that the Crown Prince of Germany can not long survive. Next will pass away the Kaiser and BISMARCK—and then, the deluge!

CONGRESS is talking about admitting four new states at this session; but then Congress talks about so many things.

THE FUTURE OF THE BLADE.

It is true that our lamented chief, D. R. LOCKE, has passed away; but the BLADE will continue its career on the lines laid down by him for its future course, and, we hope, gladden the hearts and homes of millions of readers for many years to come.

Mr. LOCKE planned his ideal of what a national family weekly newspaper should be, years before he became proprietor of the BLADE. He made everybody connected with the paper fully informed of his plans and ideas, not only for the present, but for the future.

Several years ago, when his unremitting labors began to make inroads upon his health, he took a trip to Europe. His wishes and plans were so well known that the BLADE was carried on during his absence to his complete satisfaction.

He never resumed the old round of steady daily editorial work. He kept a watchful eye upon the paper, laid down the line of policy and the results to be reached, but left the details to be worked out by the editorial staff.

He made frequent trips, often of several months' duration, to the South and elsewhere, for the benefit of his slowly-declining health, leaving the detail work more and more to his associates.

His contributions to the editorial page became less and less frequent, the last steady work he did being in behalf of Prohibition. From the time the BLADE took its stand for this, up to December, 1884, he wrote all of the articles on this topic. Since then they have been all written by a corps of writers whom he gathered about him, impressed with his ideas and trained in this particular branch of editorial work, which, in the future will be prosecuted with even more vigor than before.

It was the same with political editorial writing. During the campaign of 1884, he did not himself write over a half-dozen political editorials. Since 1884, with the exception of the articles noted above, he has written practically nothing for the BLADE, save the few "Nasby" letters that have appeared.

Mr. LOCKE always gave as much oversight to the BLADE as was possible, however, and planned for its steady progress and improvement. There are quite a number of new features that he proposed adding during the present year, which will be carried out in accordance with his plans.

The general course of the paper in the future will be in exact accord with his ideas and plans, which he took pains to impress upon his associates.

In every way it will be conducted upon the lines laid down by him, and the improvements he projected shall be proceeded with the same as if he had lived. It will still be the political exponent of the best and most advanced thought of the Republican party, always the party of enlightenment and progress. Its course as to Prohibition will still be the faithful reflex of his views. Its departments will be conducted, in the future as in the past, in the paths he marked out.

In short, the BLADE will be edited and conducted by the same hands who have for years done the same thing under his supervision. The different members of the staff have been associated with Mr. LOCKE for periods ranging from sixteen to five years, and they are thoroughly acquainted with the views of their departed chief. All that the BLADE readers will miss will be the "Nasby" letters; and we shall endeavor to make the BLADE so good a paper that this necessary omission will be made up to them in other ways.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

THE blood of martyrs is not only the seed of the church, but of reform in any line. Rev. Mr. HADDOCK was murdered in Sioux City, Iowa, because of his strong advocacy of the enforcement of the Prohibitory law of the state. That town was then one of the strongholds of the Rum Power. Time has worked a remarkable change in the sentiment of the people regarding Rum, and the growing feeling in favor of Prohibition there has already resulted in the closing up of all wholesale liquor stores, and it is but a question of a little while when all the doggeries and Rum-holes will be closed forever. Prohibition is marching on, and the people are steadily joining the effort to pulverize the Rum Power.

IT is claimed by many of CLEVELAND's friends that he originally was sincere in the one-term theory, but that the great element in the expansion of his ambition in his wife. She has popularized him, as it were. He was called, by critics in such matters, gross and tumefactious, with the anatomical proportions of JACK FALSTAFF or "JOS" SEDLEY. Now he appears to be a man of fine parts and agreeable proportions, and indeed, to such an esthetic artist as Mr. LOWELL, the best type of American manhood since the lamented LINCOLN was snatched from us. Mr. HILL seems to be the only Democrat whom she needs to convert.

THE Chicago *Journal* has the following sharp but truthful editorial paragraph upon third party action for Prohibition:

> The Prohibitionists of Iowa can not be coaxed into joining the third-party folly. They carried their principle through the Legislature and through the ballot-box without a third party, and can maintain their cause without it. Indeed it is worthy of special remark that in not a solitary instance where the principle of prohibition has been successful has the result been attained through third-party action. The most that the third-party Prohibitionists have accomplished anywhere, or at any time, has been to help the whisky Democracy into power, and they will never accomplish anything better.

THE Chicago *Journal* feels called upon to say:

> Gen. Sheridan says he doesn't want to run for President, and will not, and Senator John Sherman says he doesn't care whether he (Sherman) shall be nominated or not. The field may be left clear before the meeting of the convention for Robert T. Lincoln. How would Lincoln and Hawley do for a team?

THERE is a steady turning of Republican sentiment from individual candidates for the Presidency to who ever can bring victory under his leadership. Like the BLADE, they are for a Republican President, without caring how he spells his name.

WE shall resume the publication of "Tariff Facts" next week, and continue the series regularly thereafter.

WE have "Elsey Farm" complete, and it will be published entire in the BLADE.

SHERIDAN SAYS NO.

General SHERIDAN has submitted to a newspaper interview on the subject of his Presidential boom, which has been recently getting so pronounced that further silence on gallant Little PHIL's part would be construed as acquiescence and consent. He says:

> It is time that all parties concerned should be informed that they are wasting their breath. * * * * There is nothing that would induce me to leave the profession in which nearly 40 years of my life have been spent to enter upon a civil career. * * * There is not the slightest probability of my being nominated, and, in any event, I would not accept.

Spoken like the brave soldier and frank, modest gentleman that he is! He is wise, we are compelled to admit, in not wishing to leave the highest military position in the greatest republic of the world to enter on a political contest for its chief magistracy. His present position he deems honorable enough, for he has reached the official acme of his chosen career of arms. The buzzing of the Presidential bee has not the sound of the sirens' song in his ears. He don't want the Presidency, and frankly says so, that he may not stand in the way of any other man.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

HEWITT VS. HOADLY.

It seems that ex-Governor HOADLY transgressed the records of history when, in his speech at the TILDEN anniversary, he stated that Mr. TILDEN wrote requesting the defeat of the bill appointing an Electoral Commission. Mr. HEWITT claims that no such letter was ever received, and as chairman of the Democratic National committee, he certainly would have had such letter—and if it were written, no commission would have been permitted. He asks Mr. HOADLY to produce the letter.

GEN. NATHAN GOFF, of West Virginia, has the knack of putting things so plainly that the wayfaring man, even, may not err in understanding them. Of this nature is his recent remark on the tariff, to the effect that an economic system that has been championed by WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, MADISON, LINCOLN, SUMNER, and GARFIELD, and which is now championed by SHERMAN, KELLEY and BLAINE, is right, even though it was or is opposed by CALHOUN, TOOMBS, YANCEY, BRECKENRIDGE, JEFFERSON DAVIS, CARLISLE and CLEVELAND. The line of demarkation between a broad, patriotic, national view and a narrow, demagogic, self-seeking policy, could not well be made plainer.

A NATIONAL conference of anti-saloon Republicans has been called to meet in New York on April 18 and 19 next. The call declares the purpose of this conference to be "to assure and signalize the complete withdrawal of the national Republican party from all complicity with the saloon infamy, and to emphasize its positive antagonism thereto." It goes on to say:

> The anti-saloon Republican movement has now reached a magnitude and a momentum which nothing can withstand. It no longer pleads for a hearing. It commands compliance. Its purpose is to place the Republican party where it belongs—positively and finally on the side of the home and public safety, as against the saloon system and its destructive work.

ONE of the financial measures upon which the Ways and Means committee has agreed is one authorizing the secretary of the Treasury to use the surplus at his discretion in the purchase of bonds. This measure seems to be, in both purpose and terms, the same as the law of 1882, now on the books. But it is to be re-introduced and re-passed, because of some doubt as to the validity to the existing statute in the minds of the Democrats. It is perhaps wise that this should be done, as there may arise an emergency when it might be desirable for the secretary to have such authority, beyond power of dispute.

IN order to make Delaware a Democratic state, beyond all question, 300 Republican citizens of Wilmington have been disfranchised. Democratic assessors and Democratic policemen managed to exclude them from enrollment by sharp practice, and even actual force. The Democratic party seems to have practically adopted the policy of keeping in power by fraud rather than by the vote of the people. Whenever it gets itself intrenched in office, it tries to perpetuate its lease of power by scoundrelism. The game was tried in Ohio in 1885, but it wouldn't work. The same may also be said of Indiana.

THE utter absurdity of the Democratic comments on Mr. BLAINE's letter is enough to produce one grand burst of Homeric mirth, wide as the country from ocean to ocean. Before it was published, they were cock-sure that BLAINE would be the Republican candidate, and that of all possible ones he would be the one most easily beaten. Now they declare with the same positiveness that he was the only man they feared, and that CLEVELAND's success is certain.

The Atlanta *Constitution* is Democratic to the core, but it opposes CLEVELAND's free trade programme. It says:

> The *Constitution* is not in favor of placing the laboring men of this country on a level with the degraded labor of Europe, nor is it in favor of bringing the farmers down to the level of the farmers in England.

WERE Hon. Robert T. Lincoln as good a politician as he is a man, he could be President of the United States.—*Chicago Journal.*

Is not the fact that he is not a politician in the machine sense one of the strongest arguments for his nomination and election?

EX-SENATOR B. K. BRUCE, colored, of Mississippi, says the proposed negro exodus to South America is the scheme of sharpers, and that the education of the Southern colored population should be carried forward with all energy.

WE cordially agree with the Chicago *Journal* in the following opinin:

> With Hon. Robert T. Lincoln as candidate for President, and Hon. James G. Blaine and Hon. Roscoe Conkling "on the stump" for him, there would not be much doubt about Republican success.

THERE is no doubt that ABRAHAM LINCOLN's birthday is hereafter to be the principal anniversary celebrated by members of the Republican party.

"IT is a home market," says JOHN SHERMAN, "that gives employment, life, strength, health, wealth and comfort to the people of the United States."

ALL the great states of continental Europe appear to be diligently living up to the maxim that in time of peace it is well to prepare for war.

THE English papers are discussing Mr. BLAINE's letter. They differ as much in their interpretations as do their American contemporaries.

BLAINE will be a more potent force for Republican triumph on the stump in the coming campaign than at the head of the ticket.

How does "LINCOLN and HAWLEY" sound now as a Presidential ticket?

THE BLAIR BILL.

The Blair Educational bill, which passed the Senate on February 14, by a vote of 39 to 29, not including pairs, is substantially the same as that first first introduced by Senator BLAIR, in December, 1881. It appropriates annually, for eight years, the following sums "to be expended to secure the benefits of common school education to all the children of school age living in the United States:" First year, $7,000,000; second year, $10,000,000; third year, $15,000,000; fourth year, $13,000,000; fifth year, $11,000,000; sixth year, $9,000,000; seventh year, $7,000,000; eighth year, $5,000,000. The money is to be divided among the several states and territories, and the District of Columbia, in proportion to illiteracy—the computation to be made according to the census of 1880 and (afterward) 1890.

o state or territory is to receive money under the act until the governor shall have filed with the secretary of the interior a statement showing the common school system in force in the state; the amount of money expended during the preceding school year for the support of the common schools; the number of white and colored children between the ages of 10 and 21; the number of schools in operation; the average attendance of scholars, etc. No amount is to be paid to any state or territory in any year greater than the amount expended out of its own revenues in the preceding year for the maintenance of common schools. No part of the fund is to be used for erection or rent of school buildings; but an additional sum of $2,000,000 is to be allotted in the first year for the school houses, either for construction or renting, in sparsely populated districts.

This measure has been, since the date of introduction, in the Forty-Seventh Congress, thoroughly discussed and considered, and few measures have ever passed Congress more fully matured. It was reported favorably by the Senate committee on Education and Labor of the Forty-Seventh Congress, but no vote was reached on it. It was again introduced in the Senate in the next Congress, the Forty-Eighth, was favorably reported by the committee, and, after a protracted debate, was passed by the Senate, April 7, 1884, by a vote of 33 to 11. It failed, however, of consideration by the House. Again, in the Forty-Ninth Congress, March 5, 1886, after another long debate, the bill was passed by the Senate by an increased majority of 36 to 11. There was beyond doubt a large majority in its favor in the House, but a hostile committee, aided by a hostile Speaker, prevented it from reaching a vote.

The result which has been reached in the present Congress is in view of the opposition which has been made to the bill, a decided victory for the measure; and if it can be brought to a vote in the House there is some hope of its passage. Some of the opposition is doubtless based on an honest belief that the evil of illiteracy will be best overcome by leaving the matter entirely in the hands of the states, but it is probable that the opposition which is well known to exist in some quarters to our common school system has had influence, as has also the determination to keep the surplus revenue at the largest possible figure so as to furnish an excuse for free trade reduction.

The measure is fortunately not a distinctively party one. Including pairs, 26 Republicans and 17 Democrats were recorded in favor of the bill, and 13 Republicans and 20 Democrats against it. Senator BLAIR has made a most persistent contest for the success of the measure, the purpose of which is above criticism. He does not over-exaggerate the evils he is endeavoring to remedy, and means to correct these, for the sake of the permanency of our free institutions, cannot be taken too soon.

WORKS OF D. R. LOCKE, (NASBY.)

Already the mails are daily bringing to us hundreds of letters of inquiry regarding the many publications of Nasby. In reply to these inquiries we desire to say that we are now making arrangements to file orders for some of his best publications in book form, and at the same time will announce the publishers of others. In the meantime we are now prepared to send, postpaid, by mail, on receipt of $1.25, his latest and best book, "Nasby in Exile." This is a large book of nearly 700 pages, handsomely bound in cloth and gilt, and formerly retailed at $3.50. We also have a limited number of the celebrated pamphlet, "Inflation at the Cross Roads," which a few years ago reached a circulation of nearly half a million copies. We mail these pamphlets at 10 cents.

THE true and tried Republican supporters of Mr. BLAINE are slowly and reluctantly acknowledging that Mr. BLAINE means what he says in his recent letter, and that he will not be a candidate, either openly or as a dark horse, before the Chicago convention. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, Mr. BLAINE's manager in the hard-fought campaign of 1884, now frankly says that his chief would not have accepted the nomination this year should it not have been practically unanimous on the part of the convention. The activity of other candidates in getting their personal friends to work destroyed all hope of such unanimity.

THE unauthorized commission which the President and Secretary BAYARD called together after Congress refused to pass a resolution providing for such a body, has at last completed its self-imposed task of formulating a treaty in settlement of the fisheries troubles with Canada. We are anxious to learn its provisions, to see whether BAYARD has been overreached, as usual.

THE House committee on the judiciary has reported favorably the senate bill to refund the direct tax to the states, having amended it by striking out the paragraph which makes it unlawful for the governor of a state to pay over upon contracts made by agents and attorneys for the state any of the money paid to him in trust for the people of the state.

IT is a good thing when a political party knows enough to let go of an issue that has lost power with the people. The worst error a statesman can commit is to forget that the people are progressing constantly. He must be a leader, not a guide board—that is, he must keep in the van, and not stand still, pointing out the way, but not going himself.

WE are glad to know that the people of Richmond, Va., object to the proposed removal of the old Libby prison building to Chicago. It is a monument that should not be preserved. Let us hold in proud memory the glories of the Union arms, and throw the mantle of Christian charity over the horrors of the civil war.

MR. BLAINE does not necessarily mean by his letter that he will never again enter public life. He is too valuable a statesman to be relegated to retirement, always providing his health does not prevent his giving his splendid talents to the nation in some fitting official capacity.

THE House committee on Territories will report an "omnibus" bill, to admit Dakota, Montana, New Mexico and Washington territories as states. The first will be Republican, the other three are expected to be Democratic. See?

LOCAL OPTION by townships is demanded by the people of Ohio, and the General Assembly will prove recreant in its duty if it does not give it them.

DIED.

LOCKE.—At his residence in Toledo, February 15, 1888, at 6:35 a. m., DAVID ROSS LOCKE, aged 54 years.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of hearts in this broad land that mourn to-day the death of DAVID R. LOCKE. This is especially true of the older half of the people of the loyal North, whose patriotic souls were stirred to their very depths by the humorous and satirical "Nasby" letters. That the latter were a mighty power in the education of the people out of the blind, unreasoning prejudice against "nigger" supremacy, which was the stock argument against the war for the preservation of the Union, is conceded by every one well-informed of the events of the years when the nation suffered, in the furnace-blast of war, the pangs of transformation. The trenchant satire of which Mr. LOCKE was the fearless master, was a far more potent weapon than polished rhetoric or fervid eloquence against that blind prejudice which could see no alternative between negro slavery for blacks with white supremacy on the one hand, or the absolute domination, politically and socially, of forty-five million people of Caucasian blood by three millions of Africans, on the other. This absurdity, as it is clearly seen to be to-day, was the keynote to which the initial "Nasby" letters were attuned; and they readily developed, as Mr. LOCKE himself once said, "into a convenient vehicle for conveying political truths, backwards." For more than a score of years they were a chronicle of the stirring political events of the day; and they were during that epoch a force, too powerful to be fully measured, in molding public sentiment. No other political essayist in the history of popular government ever possessed one tithe of the power wielded by Mr. LOCKE through this unique series of papers.

It is but simple justice to record the fact that the hand, to-day still and cold in death, that penned the "Nasby" letters, did as much for the preservation of the nation, while it was in the throes of civil war, as any hand that wielded sword or grasped the helm of state. For of what avail is military genius where the rank and file are not ready to die for the cause, or what is patriotic statesmanship with a disaffected people? The real source of the triumph of our arms lay in the steadfast, unfaltering purpose of the loyal people of the North that the Union should be preserved inviolate; and there was no factor so effective in maintaining that sentiment, none so potent in quickly bringing the people into alignment with the rapid logic of swift-coming events, as was Mr. LOCKE's pen. In moral and political progress, the nation made a full century's stride within those four bloody years of warfare; and the ever-present danger was that the people would not keep pace with their political leaders, who were driven onward by the imperious stress of circumstances—compelled to go forward constantly by the irresistible logic of blood and steel. Knowing how conservative are the masses, how slowly they embrace new ideas, it is a constant wonder to-day that, during this time of trial, the majority of the people of the North steadily kept pace with an administration which, in 1861, expressly disclaimed any desire to interfere with slavery where it then existed, yet in two years, through the immortal Emancipation Proclamation, struck the shackles from the limbs of every slave in the rebel states. It was acknowledged by the great leaders of the Union cause that the "Nasby" letters were a most potent influence in keeping the people in line with the administration during that trying time. Like a reversed opera-glass, through which a full-grown man seems but a pigmy, they showed to the people the moral dwarfishness of the cross-roads politicians who, traitorously or ignorantly, used the dread of "nigger supremacy" to obstruct and harass the administration.

Strong as was Mr. LOCKE in the regular field of editorial political work, excellent as he was on the platform as a lecturer, admirable as he was as a literary man, and withal a poet of no mean pretensions, the boundless popularity of "Nasby" dwarfs these all in public estimation; and it is as "Nasby" that DAVID R. LOCKE will find his title to be numbered among the great men of his day and generation—a generation, alas! passing rapidly away. Of the honored ones of the war era who were his friends, LINCOLN, and SUMNER, and GRANT, with a host of others known and revered by every patriot, preceded him to the Silent Land; and the coming years are not many until the last of those whose renown filled the trump of Fame during the era of the nation's peril shall slumber within that "low, green tent whose curtains never outward swing," wherein all that was mortal of DAVID ROSS LOCKE has been laid forever.

As is the case with all men who are truly great, whether a purblind world grant or withhold its tribute, Mr. LOCKE's character was a strongly-marked one. He was a child of the people; he had eaten the bread of poverty; in his eleventh year he started out with no fortune but his own talent, to battle with the world and carve out a career. The fulness of time brought him his opportunity, and nature had not denied him the mental endowments through which to avail himself of it to the utmost. He never forgot his own early struggles, and as he himself quaintly and truthfully expressed it, in the last conversation the writer was privileged to hold with him, but a few days before his death, he "always believed in giving every man a chance." Thorough and sincere himself in all that he did, he had no sympathy with those who were not of the same stamp. A hard worker, and a practical believer in the adage that "there is no excellence without labor," he judged mankind by the rule he had set for himself; and while he had scant consideration for those who do not show, by their works, the same belief, he was the helpful friend of those who manfully faced the world with a determination to deserve and to win success.

There were two sides to his personality. His vein of quaint humor and of satire, sometimes biting, sometimes kindly, which is exemplified in the Nasby letters, was given full play in ordinary conversation, when amid congenial society. Had there been a BOSWELL to chronicle his fugitive sayings, humorous remarks and satiric comments on passing incidents and events, these unpremeditated sallies would form a collection of "table-talk" that would eclipse, in depth of genuine humor, the most pretentious productions of any other American writer in that line. But while he deservedly gained a world-wide reputation as a humorist, he had another side to his character, the legitimate heritage of a long line of Puritan ancestry. It is to be regretted that the force of events caused that portion of his literary work most widely read (and therefore the greater part of it) to be in the former vein; but of the latter, that poetic gem of the first water, "Hannah Jane," and several hymns, breathing so devout a Christian spirit that they have taken a high place in our modern hymnology, are striking examples. To this deeper part of his nature may be ascribed his intense hatred of shams, political or social, and the fact that the whole influence of his potent pen was thrown invariably for the eternal Right, in whatever field the battle was cast. On one European trip he visited

Ireland. His righteous indignation was kindled over the wrongs suffered by her people, and his bold utterances brought him under the surveillance of the British government, he only escaping arrest, as he afterwards learned, by his leaving the country before the warrant reached the officials. He became convinced that the evils of Rum can only be cured by Prohibition, and he espoused that cause at once. The myriad readers of the Weekly BLADE know how strong has been his championship of that righteous cause. His phrase, "Pulverize the Rum Power!" has become the slogan of the Prohibition hosts, and it will be as effective, in the end, as was the "*Delenda est Carthago!*" of the elder CATO in the Roman Senate. No matter how unpopular the cause might be, were he but convinced that it was right, it found in him a champion to maintain it before a world in arms.

S. S. KNABENSHUE.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE.

"NASBY."

SEPTEMBER 20, 1833.
FEBRUARY 15, 1888.

"From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

In the very prime of his life, rich with the varied experiences of years that made history for the nation faster than any others since its beginning; full of the knowledge of men and things that long and familiar acquaintance with the leading statesmen, scholars and scribes of the times, joined to extensive travel, always give; just when circumstances seemed to have arranged themselves to render future years flushed with the richest enjoyment of home, family and friends; ready, as never before, to throw aside business cares and find rest and recreation in the pleasures that the garnered fruits of his brain labor would purchase, David Ross Locke laid down his hopes, his desires, and his burdens, and "fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still."

He of whom these words are spoken, the satirist, the poet, the author, the journalist, the architect and builder of a great paper which enters into every city, town and hamlet in this broad land, wielding a power for good beyond all human calculation, passed into the Beyond calmly and painlessly, just as the sun lifted his edge above the eastern horizon, on the cloudless morning of February 15, 1888.

Among the green clad hills of New York, in Vestal, Broome county, Mr. Locke was born September 20, 1833. His father, Nathaniel Reed Locke, yet living near Toledo, at the advanced age of 94, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and among the very first in the whole country to embrace anti-slavery sentiments, which he was always ready everywhere to maintain boldly. From him came naturally to the son his strong love of liberty, and his determined opposition to everything that was not true to republicanism. From the father, too, came that decision of character that rendered the son invincible, whenever he undertook any enterprise, no matter what the difficulties might be in the way.

When the youth David was only ten years old, fired with an ambition wonderful in so young a boy, he left the paternal roof and was regularly apprenticed to the publisher of the Cortland *Democrat* for a period of seven years. Here he learned the trade of a printer, and learned it, as he did everything else, with complete thoroughness.

The days of his apprenticeship once over, then began a season of wandering, or what in Germany is called *wanderjahre*, a thing very common there to all professions, but known here only to printers. During this time he visited every large city in the country, earning his living in the various labors of printer, or reporter, and writer upon newspapers, gaining, not money, but the rich experiences which stood him in such good stead afterward. He was, in reality, finishing his education. With a shrewd, observant eye, he saw those things which would serve him best in the future that he had, even then, marked out for himself. And it was no modest undertaking which the youth proposed to be accomplished by the man. He aimed high, but his eye was keen, his brain both steady and active, and the result shows that he did not miscalculate his powers.

During his time of wandering he went through the Southern States, and what he saw confirmed the strong anti-slavery sentiments which he had received from his father. He learned then and there to hate everything connected with the peculiar institution, and his political bias was determined for the future.

Finally he reached Pittsburg, and became there, first a reporter, and then assistant editor of the *Chronicle*. Grown weary, at last, with not being his own man, he joined fortunes with a friend, James G. Robinson, who, long since, preceded him into the Silent Land, and the two went to Plymouth, Ohio, and started the *Advertiser*, which paper is still in existence. This was in 1852.

For two years these young men, rich in nothing but their brains and a capacity for hard work, beginning with but $42 between them, labored night and day at an enterprise that seemed about as hopeless as anything that could be undertaken. They bought a second-hand outfit; they edited the paper; they set the type, did the presswork and everything else, and, it is needless to say, they gained the confidence of the public and won the success which they deserved. When they sold out, at the end of two years, they had $1,000 to be divided between them—a small sum it seems now, but a mine of wealth in those days. They had, too—what was worth more than the money—good business credit and many friends.

It was during these months of hard work in Plymouth, that he met and married Miss Martha Bodine, the faithful wife of his youth, the mother of his three sons, and the devoted companion and comforter of his last days.

In 1856, Mr. Locke started the *Journal* in Bucyrus, this state, and there he began to win the reputation which, later on, placed him among the leading literary lights of the country. He wrote a series of stories, one for each week for six years, some of them wierd and pathetic, others tragic and startling, but all illustrative of certain social phases. The scenes were laid in Bucyrus and the country about; realistic descriptions of scenery and names were given unflinchingly, though the incidents narrated were illogical and improbable, and, as might be expected, for a season the excitement in the places where the scenes were located, was intense. Gradually, this feeling died away, but interest in the *Journal's* stories remained as vivid as at first, though of a different character. Naturally, tales like these, written with so strong a vein of realism running through them all, full of incident and adventure, would be copied widely, and many of them found their way into the leading newspapers of the day, and even wandered over the sea into England, and were also translated into French and German. One of the most popular, both in this country and Great Britain, the scene of which was laid in a Pennsylvania mining town, was so similar in incident and character to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," which appeared some years later, as to afford scarcely a reasonable doubt that it formed the woof and warp of the great poet's admired work.

Other papers which he successfully conducted before he gave birth to the immortal Nasby, were the Mansfield *Herald* and the Bellefontaine *Republican*, and then came the turning point of his life in the first year of the war, when he was the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper called the *Jeffersonian*, published at Findlay, O. His labors there were a repetition of those already described as done upon that which was his first venture in Plymouth, the *Advertiser*. Those who have heard him speak of those days can never forget it, for Mr. Locke's story-telling was inimitable.

"If there is any grade of poverty," he would say, "from which there is no further descent, editing a newspaper in a sparsely settled country is that grade. I was on that grade, and well on to the further end of it too, when running the *Jeffersonian* in Findlay. I set my own type, carried my paper from the stage office on my shoulder, worked off the issue on a rusty old hand-press, and wrote, or scissored out of exchanges, everything the sheet contained."

He told the story of how the Nasby letters came to be written, as follows:

"About the time the war broke out, I heard of a paper being circulated for signatures, petitioning the Legislature to prohibit negroes from coming into the state, and asking for legislation to remove all the colored population the state then contained. What was known as Copperheadism was an important element in our state political history of the time.

"I was then, as now, a Republican, and the petition was not brought to me. I heard of it, and hearing also that it was being circulated by a shiftless, worthless fellow, named Levi Flenner,—whose parents, by the way, were both in the almshouse as county charges,—I made up my mind to see that paper. The satire of the situation struck me at once. The few negroes we had in Findlay were hard-working, law-abiding men, and to remove them and leave Levi there was a preposterous outrage upon the fitness of things.

"One night, in a drug store, where people gather in country towns, I met Levi. I saw a paper in his pocket, and, as I knew the fellow never read a newspaper at all, I seized it as the petition. And so it was. I read it aloud with comments, and as I read, interpolating my own remarks, I felt the afflatus of the situation and made up my mind to write the Nasby letters. That week I published the first one."

So commenced the most remarkable series of satires upon public men and measures that were ever written. This one was dated at Wingert's Corners, a small hamlet in Crawford county, Ohio, which was intensely disloyal, the citizens being almost to a man secessionists. Its subject was the secession of South Carolina. The next took up the petition circulated, as he described, and this was followed, week after week, by others, each one seizing upon some weak or traitorous point in Democratic or rebel policy, and holding it up mercilessly to scorn and laughter. Southern pretension and Northern mismanagement were pinned to the wall before the nation by the shafts of his keen satire.

Copied into the newspapers all over the country, quoted in stump speeches, circulated in pamphlets through the length and breadth of the land, that was no exaggeration of George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, when he said in a speech at Cooper Union, at the close of the war, that the crushing of the Rebellion could be credited to three forces: "The Army, the Navy and the Nasby letters." Charles Sumner, in referring to their historic qualities said of them:

"Appearing with a certain regularity and enjoying an extensive circulation, they became a constant and welcome ally. Unquestionably they were among the influences and agencies by which disloyalty in all its forms was exposed and public opinion assured upon the right side. It is impossible to measure their value. Against the devices of slavery and its supporters, each letter was like a speech, or one of those songs which stir the people. Therefore they belong to the political history of this critical period."

These satires were the source of the greatest delight to President Lincoln, who always kept them in his table drawer, and who, when he was especially weary, would rest mind and body by their perusal. It is said that he read one of these aloud to his Cabinet just before discussing with them his draft of the Emancipation Proclamation.

The marked feature of Mr. Locke's humor was that it was always directed towards the upholding of the right. Concerning this, the words of James Redpath will bear quoting here:

> What Thoreau said seriously about John Brown may be quite as truthfully said about Nasby, who is a different kind of man. "He did not know how to slant a Greek accent, but he knew how to help a falling man." He spells badly—in jest; but he thinks rightly—in earnest. If you want to understand his unparalleled success as a humorist during the gloomy days of the war, you must remember that he was always "a teacher of righteousness," and never failed to inculcate in his grotesque manner the loftiest spirit of right-doing. He revolutionized the spirit of humorous literature as Nast revolutionized the spirit of caricature. Up to the advent of Nasby, with the exception of Lowell, all our humorists, or at any rate the vast majority of them, were allies of the slave-power. To make a pun worthy of a meaner cause, their pens were slave-pens. *Now*, the American who is gifted with any degree of humor understands, as a rule, that he must be in sympathy with the best tendencies of American thought and life; that the man who sneers or laughs at an oppressed class or a race is just as much of a coward and is as justly despised by public opinion as the wretch who strikes a woman or a fallen man. We owe this revival of manhood among humorists more to Nasby and Nast than to any living men.
>
> Properly speaking, Nasby has no art. He has a kindly sarcasm. That is, he is a pure humorist, whose humor takes the form of sarcasm. There are ten wits where there is one humorist. The best examples I recall are Douglass Jerrold as a wit, and Charles Lamb as a humorist. A wit laughs at you, and makes others laugh at you, if he directs his wit at you. He means to wound you, and wit is the feather in his arrow. A humorist, however, makes you laugh with him and others—he never wounds you. Wit is hailstones; humor, sunbeams. A humorist laughs at himself, and at his own frailties and faults as well as other people do, and enjoys his own laughter at them as well as his audience.

Before the Nasby letters had reached their highest degree of popularity, but after they had begun to stir men's pulses to patriotism, even while they evoked to laughter, Mr. Locke raised a full company of recruits in Findlay to go to the front, and sent to Columbus for a commission. This was emphatically refused by Governor Brough, upon the ground that the would-be soldier could do more good at home, fighting with his pen through his paper, than upon the field, so he did not go. Governor Brough knew his man, and it was well for the country's sake that he so judged. Later, Mr. Locke sent a substitute into the army, a matter to which he often facetiously alluded, without, however, speaking of the circumstance just related.

The popularity of the Nasby letters created a demand for the appearance of their author upon the lecture-platform. He lectured in all the principal cities of the North, and though not, as he often himself declared, a master of oratory, he never failed to draw a crowded house and to evoke prolonged applause. In Philadelphia, when he came before the assembled thousands, he was accompanied and introduced by Anna Dickinson, then a young girl, who was electrifying audiences everywhere by her wonderful eloquence. The appearance of the two together called forth the wildest enthusiasm, and it was some time before quiet could be restored and the lecturer proceed.

One peculiarity of the man was the determination which manifested itself then and always since, not to accept any public office. Few men finding themselves in a position to command so much, would have refused to avail themselves of what seemed brilliant opportunities, but this was what Mr. Locke did then and thereafter. President Lincoln offered him any position that he might name, but he refused the offer. Later on, General, then President Grant, who was also a warm personal friend, made him a direct tender of the mission to St. Petersburg or to Berlin, but both were declined. He had not the slightest desire for public office of any kind, his ambition all tending in another direction, that of building up a family newspaper that should circulate in every state from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In October, 1865, Mr. Locke removed to Toledo and took editorial charge of the BLADE, which was then a fairly prosperous daily, the property of Mr. A. D. Pelton. The weekly, as it is now, had no existence, though there was one issued, more for the publishing of the county advertisements than anything else, and having perhaps a circulation of a thousand. Then Mr. Locke began the work of establishing a paper with a national circulation, laboring with all his might, first as a salaried editor, then as part and finally as sole proprietor. During the first few years he did a large amount of editorial writing, equal indeed to what two ordinary persons could accomplish, but of later years, his part in the Weekly BLADE has been of a different character—a part no less, but even more vitally connected with its prosperity.

A truth it is hard for a great many to realize is this: The builder of a great paper is not always or necessarily the one who does the most individual writing. His is rather the brain which plans, with a keen appreciation of possibilities, and a broad insight into the future. He knows that to obtain the highest measure of success and to make that success lasting, it must not depend upon the life and labors of any one person, but rather upon those whom he may choose to carry out his plans.

Thus it was with Mr. Locke. He saw the dream of his early manhood fulfilled in the Weekly BLADE, which has been and is such a power in the land. His next effort was to make it able to stand, should his steadying hand be withdrawn. During the last few years he has been gathering around him a corps of co-workers, who have had both the will and ability to execute the plans for the good of the paper with which his brain was always teeming. Gradually he withdrew from all save a general supervision over the paper, and since his last return from Europe, five years ago, he has written nothing for its columns but an occasional Nasby letter, and a few temperance articles over his own signature. Continued overwork had made inroads upon even his fine constitution, and he found it necessary to take life in a more leisurely way. His time was spent principally in promoting large business interests, and advancing the prosperity of the city in which was his home, and with which he was so closely identified.

Not that he by any means ever gave up all literary work. During these years of planning and directing, and particularly in the early ones, he wrote several successful plays, a number of books and pamphlets, with many poems, all of which have been more or less popular with the reading public, and this besides his other labors. Some of these works are: "Ekkoes from Kentucky;" "Abou Ben Adhem;" "Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby;" "Swinging Round the Circle," "Paper City," and "Hannah Jane."

It was in the spring of 1881 that Mr. Locke went to Europe, accompanied by his eldest son, Robinson, and the two traveled for the next two years, returning home once during the time, through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium, he recording his impressions of these countries in a series of letters to the BLADE, under the title of "Nasby in Exile." He made no attempt to describe scenery, buildings, and works of art, for, as he said, this had all been done before, but "he was interested in the men and women of these different countries, in their modes of living, their industries, their customs and habits, and he tried faithfully to put on paper what he saw." These letters were afterwards collected and published in book form under the same title, and while the work was generally classed in the same category as to humor with "The Innocents Abroad," it contained much information upon different topics of unquestionable value.

One of his principal objects while abroad was to examine into the condition of Ireland, and he spent considerable time in traveling through different portions of the country, going about among the people, and endeavoring to learn from his own observation just what their grievances were, and of how much they had to complain. Those who followed his letters, or who have read his book, cannot fail to understand what decision his judgment made in the matter. So strongly interested did he become, so greatly were his sympathies worked upon, so intensely was he aroused by the suffering which he saw, that he made speeches in many places to crowds of people, calling forth a very tempest of enthusiasm.

The excitement consequent upon his presence became, at last, so great as to attract the attention of the English government to the matter, and a detective was put upon their track, who followed them about everywhere, during the remainder of their stay. It was currently reported that they left the country only just in time to escape arrest. It was Mr. Locke's good fortune that led him to depart and not any fear of consequences. In fact, he could not realize that he, a free born American, could not speak his mind anywhere "upon God's footstool."

Since his last return from Europe most of his time has been spent in Toledo. Here he built a beautiful home in which he gathered together a large library and many fine works of art, and in which he had settled down to enjoy himself with his family. An occasional visit East, and particularly to Boston, was all the journeyings he cared to make—home, as he often said, having come to seem to him the best place on the whole face of the earth.

Among public men who were among Mr. Locke's friends one of the warmest was Charles Sumner, who, with his wife, were his sponsors in his first introduction into social life in Washington. He has often spoken of the exquisite tact used by Mrs. Sumner in steering him, then a country editor to whom the etiquette of public official life was entirely new, clear of the shoals upon which otherwise he would have been sure to be stranded. Mr. Sumner never failed, so long as he lived, to express his high appreciation of the Nasby letters, and the ability of their author.

It is not often that one person possesses such a commanding genius in one direction and yet so gifted in others as was Mr. Locke. Unsurpassed and perhaps unequaled as a satirist of public men and of political affairs, he yet won no mean place in the world of letters as a writer of poetry, novels and essays, a narrator of travels and a dramatic author, and if he had given more attention to these things, literature would have been far richer to-day. He was, however, above all, a thorough newspaper man, and it was only in brief intervals of leisure that he did any literary work aside from editorial writing.

One of the most popular of his fugitive productions is the poem "Hannah Jane," first published in *Harper's Monthly*, but brought out in 1881 by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, in a handsomely illustrated volume. It is difficult to read these lines without tears. The tender pathos of the story, the exquisitely simple, touching way in which it is told, its vivid realism, all combine to place it among the few literary works that will live after all save the name of the author is forgotten. What description of wifely devotion could touch the heart more than this:

> I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
> Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,
> And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it then—
> All that she was, and more than that, all that she might have been.

Several years ago, his hitherto almost iron constitution began to give way under the strain put upon it for so many long years. Remembering that consumption was in his family on his mother's side, and that out of a large circle of brothers and sisters, one by one had gone until only three were left, he began to feel the necessity of taking better care of his health. A trip to the South with his friend, Mr. Shepard—during which he made a careful study of the then condition of affairs there—

somewhat restored him, but his old-time vigor never returned.

Gradually, as the months went by, his strength grew less, though when he was in the city, his visits to his office were as regular as clock-work, and he labored, while there, as if he were a well man.

Last winter a trip was made to Hot Springs in the hope that there the elixir of health might be found, but he returned no better than when he went away. The summer months of '87 were spent at Star Island, where, in company with his wife, and some other members of his family, he passed the days in reading, writing and social enjoyments, looking forward to a possible renewal of the vigor that never came to him again.

Upon his return home in the fall, he attempted to resume his old business habits, and, for a time, could be seen at his desk in the BLADE building daily. At last a time arrived when these visits ceased entirely, and he no more walked the streets as of old, but was confined to the house, and latterly to his room and bed. Slowly but surely he wasted away. Gradually came to him the conviction that his life on earth was drawing near its end. He faced the certainty with the same unflinching firmness and undaunted courage with which he had met every ill that had ever come to him in the fifty odd years he had lived.

To the very last, or until voice and strength were gone, he talked brightly and humorously as of old, drawing smiles that were often mingled with unshed tears from his listening family and friends, who realized how soon a voiceless past would hold him in its embrace. The satirical, often brusque, side of his nature, which had been turned to the world, was not visible here. Calmly and uncomplainingly, full of a thoughtful care and kindness for each and every member of his family, he endured his sufferings to the end, leaving behind, in their hearts, a memory of those last days which is full of a sacred pleasure.

With his intellect keen and bright as in the days of his full strength and vigor, he talked to the friends who were permitted to see him within the last week, and bade each one good bye as if he were only on the eve of an ordinary journey, from which he would soon return.

Mr. Locke leaves a wife and three sons, the elder two married, but with their wives, still forming a part of one happy family under the same roof-tree—a family now broken by the departure of the one whose strongest desire was to hold the circle firmly welded together, opening it only to admit each warmly welcomed daughter.

His years are numbered. Nasby the Humorist, David Ross Locke, the man and citizen, is now with the great majority upon the farther shore of eternity. "Time was for him, but shall be no more, on earth, forever." EMILY S. BOUTON.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

The BLADE and the family of the late Mr. Locke received a vast number of telegrams as soon as the sad tidings was known to the nation, from which we select the following for publication, as we have not room for one-hundredth of all that have been received, or published in the editorial columns of the press of the United States:

EX-PERSIDENT R. B. HAYES.

I am at this moment in receipt of the announcement of the death of D. R. Locke. I beg you to convey to his family my sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement. With his pen Mr. Locke gained for himself a conspicuous and honorable place among those who fought the good fight in the critical years of the anti-slavery conflict, before the war. During the war and after it, he was surpassed by no writer in the extent and the value of his influence on the march of events until its great results were substantially secured. He had the satisfaction of receiving from Mr. Lincoln himself the first meed of praise for his matchless services in the hour of his country's trial.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Fremont, O., Feb. 15.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

When Mr. Locke passed away, the world lost as great a satirist as the century produced. He did more than any other man to brighten the gloom of war times. He made the army and the nation laugh, and it was always a pure and patriotic and healthful laugh. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 15.

SENATOR ALLISON, OF IOWA.

I am truly sorry to hear of Mr. Locke's death. He deserves and will receive the homage of his countrymen. His portraitures and teachings will be remembered and cherished while love of country survives. W. B. ALLISON.

U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR SHERMAN, OF OHIO.

I hear with profound sorrow of the death of Mr. Locke. I have known him since he was a boy at Mansfield, associated with Mr. Robinson in printing and distributing a small weekly paper. Nearly all the work in connection with it was done by the two young men. Mr. Locke was a man of great vigor, energy and humor. His "Nasby" letters are inimitable. My hearty sympathy is with his family in their bereavement, and I share in their sorrow.

JOHN SHERMAN.

Washington, Feb. 16.

GOVERNOR FORAKER, OF OHIO.

David R. Locke was one of the great men of this day and generation. In the hour of the nation's trial, his "Nasby" letters were a tower of strength to the Union cause. Their humor, logic and patriotism were such as to please, convince and inspire the whole nation. He deserves a high place in the esteem and affections of the American people. J. B. FORAKER.

Columbus, O., Feb. 15.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Mr. Locke's death is a public affliction. His ardent patriotism was equalled by his great ability. I remember gratefully the relief given my father by his trenchant wit, directed against the public enemies, North and South, during the rebellion.

Chicago, Feb. 15. ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

HON. WHITELAW REID.

Editor New York *Tribune*, in Editorial Article.

The New York *Tribune*, besides its obituary of Mr. Locke, prints the following editorially:

"Petroleum V. Nasby was, on the whole, the most effective political humorist this generation has known. Of late years his work has sometimes lacked spirit—perhaps because it did not always have a powerful motive. But during the war and reconstruction periods, he was really one of the large political forces. To his honor it is to be said that he always exerted his rare gifts of humor and satire in behalf of principles which he believed, with all his heart, essential to the welfare of his countrymen."

HON. FRANK H. HURD.

In common with all our people, I deplore the loss of Toledo's most distinguished citizen. To very many, Toledo is only known as the home of David R. Locke, and the seat of the paper which his genius and skill brought to such marked success. His death seems the sadder now, as it has denied to him the sight of the newly dawning prosperity of our city, to which, by his unshaken faith in its destiny and the promotion of its great enterprises, he contributed more than any other man.

I have known him intimately for years. Although differing with him on nearly every subject about which men dispute, I learned to admire the honesty of his convictions and the signal ability with which he defended them. In the bitter political contests in which I have been involved for so many years in Northwestern Ohio, I found him an intrepid adversary, ever ready in expedients and resources, and vigorous in assault; but from his quiver never came an arrow to wound deeply, and if to wound at all, certain to be followed by the kindly and generous explanation which effaced every recollection of its occurrence, and obliterated every scar.

His genius, which shed so much luster on American literature, never shone so brightly as when it illuminated his meetings with his friends; and I cannot but regret that the world will never know the gems of wit and narrative and eloquence he lavished so prodigally upon the companions of his social hours.

Far-seeing in his plans, prudent in his management, upright in his dealings, bold in his enterprises, he fixed the foundations of a fortune which less resolute and more timid men would have been afraid to lay. To Toledo, now, his loss appears especially untimely, when his ability, energy and experience are so much needed for its immediate future. A patron of art, he made the walls of his house to shine with the works of the masters, and his home to be the radiating centre of taste and culture. Whenever he saw the budding promise of artistic genius, he was ever ready with generous hand to give it opportunity for growth and development.

Editor, humorist, dramatist, poet, he was great in all their fields, and it is difficult to say in which he was greatest. He brought contributions to each which will live in literature, and which the world will not "willingly let die." His sympathies were always warmly with the burdened and oppressed, and his best years were spent in breaking the bonds of slaves and lifting them to the opportunities of emancipation; and in his latter years his pen and voice, as if renewed in the vigor of his youth, were employed most eloquently in behalf of the cause for which Ireland is struggling to-day.

He has fallen in the midst of his career, in what, for most men, is the very prime of their lives. As though the sun should set at midday, the light of a great genius has gone out of the world and from his friends one has been taken whose place can never be filled. Honest man, lofty spirit, faithful friend—hail and farewell!

FRANK H. HURD.

Washington, Feb. 16.

REV. SAM. JONES.

EDITOR BLADE:—Although I have only one hour of leisure in your city, I must say a few words in memory of Mr. D. R. Locke and shed a sincere tear on his newly-made grave.

I did not know him personally, but I knew him as tens of thousands knew him—as the man whose great heart and brain were never subsidized by fear or favor; as the manly opponent of human slavery; as the heroic advocate of temperance and morals. It is a public calamity when such a man dies.

He has written much, and he, like the poet, Tom Moore, could have said, "I never wrote a line, which if I had the power now upon my dying couch, I would erase with my little finger."

Peace to his ashes. And I could wish that every pen connected with the secular press of America was as true to the right, and as loyal to principles, as the pen of this editor Toledo buried to-day.

February 17. SAM. P. JONES.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

God bless him—who, living, did so much for His outcast poor!

Honesdale, Pa. ANNA DICKINSON.

THE OBSEQUIES.

"ONE OF EARTH'S UNCROWNED PRINCES"

Consigned to the Tomb—A Touching Address By Dr. McCune—Gov. Ashley's Eloquent Funeral Oration—"Dust to Dust Returned."

Toledo Daily Blade, February 18.

Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock began the funeral rites which were to consign the mortal remains of David Ross Locke to their final resting place. The services took place in the library of the large family mansion which he had recently built and which he was so soon to leave forever. The library, where the casket rested, and the adjoining rooms, were filled to their utmost, while outside stood hundreds who had come to do a great man reverence, but who were compelled to content themselves with what they saw, for they could hear nothing.

We like bright days when we bury our dead. Sunshine sheds divine consolation over the afflicted, subdues sorrow, and chastens grief. By a kind dispensation of Providence, yesterday was such a day. There were clouds, it is true, but, like the troubles of life, they were scattered, and interfered not with the all prevailing, gentle sunshine. There was balm too in the air which floated by, not in great guests, but quiet as the summer zephyrs. It was amid such divine surroundings that Dr. McCune, in tones of pathos and sorrow, said: "We are here to-day to consign to the tomb one of earth's uncrowned princes."

At 9:30 o'clock callers began to arrive and from that on until the hour for the funeral services, there was a continuous round of people. Hundreds called who had only known Mr. Locke through his writings, and among them were scores of poor people, who came to lay the tribute of tears upon his casket.

All that was mortal of the dead journalist lay in the library in a handsome metallic casket covered with black cloth. Upon the lid was a large silver plate, having the simple inscription:

DAVID ROSS LOCKE,
September 20, 1833.
February 15, 1888.

THE FLORAL TRIBUTES.

The strongest and most expressive words could not justly describe the beautiful and touching floral tributes that surrounded the casket, and that spoke in eloquent silence of the tender affection of loving friends. It is sufficient to say that the designs were the most expressive and tasty that artistic florists could arrange, and the flowers were the rarest and most beautiful that could be obtained.

A few of the many tributes were as follows:

From Sanford Collins Lodge No. 396, F. and A. M., an open book, made of flowers, in which were tastefully arranged the Masonic emblems in red carnations, with a white background. The number "396" was composed of immortelles.

Mr. Verner, of Detroit, sent a beautiful wreath of English ivy and violets.

From Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bell, was a large bouquet of La France roses

The editorial and business staffs of the BLADE sent a large design representing the Toledo BLADE with the name of the paper in immortelles. The background was of white carnations, and upon it were crossed a pen in violets and hyacinths, and a sword or blade in pansies, encircled by the victor's crown of laurel and the lilies of immortality.

The "Gates Ajar" was a beautiful and expensive design from the common council of the city of Toledo. It consisted of four arches or gates wide open, through which was a pathway of red carnations, strewn with flowers. The first arch was of La France Marechal Neil and other roses of variegated colors, calla lillies and hyacinths. The second arch was paler, the third more so, and the fourth was of pure white.

The printers, pressmen, stereotypers, mail-room employes, etc., from the BLADE office sent a large blade of Eastern lilies, carnations and lilies of the valley, and upon the hilt of the sword was a printer's composing-stick outlined with violets.

A design representing the badge of the Toledo Press Club, with the monogram, "T. P. C." beautifully arranged in red and white carnations and yellow Easter flowers, was sent by the newspaper fraternity of the city. The bar, from which the badge was suspended, was composed of Easter flowers in which was arranged the words "At Rest."

A bunch of the largest and most beautiful callies was the tribute sent by Mrs. Gen. C. L. Young.

"The Last Page" was from Mrs. Gen. Sherwood. It represented the last page of a book in beautiful white flowers with marginal lines in red. Across the page in letters of red was the word "Finis." Attached to the design was a card with the following beautiful lines composed by Mrs. Sherwood:

FINIS.

The book is ended; what is writ is writ;
And on the final page in letters bright
The legend, "finis," patriot, poet, wit,
Presents his work and vanishes from sight.
But in the palpitant new hopes of men
There flows the current of a keener ken,—
The thrills of laughter and the surer sense
Of justice and of truth's rich recompense.
Dead men there be who walk along our streets;
And here there be who live alone in thought,
In lessons learned, the truths divinely taught.
They rest and take their ease with folded hands,
The thoughts they forged are shaking other lands.
God's thunder still above the storm-cloud beats!

The relatives present from a distance were: Nathaniel R. Locke, aged 94, the father of the deceased, and his wife; Mrs. Ruth Miller, only sister; H. M. Locke and family; O. T. Locke and family, of Tiffin; J. T. Adams, Findlay; Mrs. John A. Meeks, Findlay; Mr. Daniel Locke, of Bucyrus, a nephew of David R., and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Locke, of Bucyrus, O.

Besides these there were in attendance the business and editorial staffs of the BLADE, and other attaches of the office; the common council of the city; the members of Sanford Collins lodge; the Toledo Press club; the directors of the Northern National bank; ex-President R. B. Hayes, and large numbers of leading citizens and ladies. The large residence could not begin to accommodate all who desired to attend.

REV. ROBERT M'CUNE'S

Remarks Upon the Life and Character of His Departed Friend.

Shortly after 2 o'clock Rev. Mr. McCune stepped into the darkened room, and in the presence of mourning friends and relatives, said:

One of earth's uncrowned princes, after wielding for many years more than princely sway in public affairs, lies before us to receive the last affectionate service and homage that can be paid to his earthly remains. We seek not to add to his fame—that he has created for himself in measure sufficient to satisfy the most exalted ambition. We obey the promptings of our hearts when we come hither to acknowledge the rightfulness of the power possessed by him, as of divine bestowment, and most beneficently used for the benefit of human society, the defense of his country in its hour of extreme peril, and the promotion of the highest interests of mankind, though his hand grasped neither sword nor sceptre, and his head was unadorned by either coronet or miter.

This goodly city has sent to the proudest seats of authority and honor a number of her gifted sons, but without the slightest disparagement to any of them, living or dead, we may say, we commit to the tomb our greatest and most famous citizen to-day. That he was modestly unconscious of the wideness and brilliancy of his fame to the moment of his death, and that many of us were, to the last, stupidly unobservant of the power he exerted over the events of his time, the prosperity of the communities in which he lived, and the maintenance of his country's honor, does not make void his worth, nor belie our words. Among all our honored living men, or among our distinguished sons whose sepulchers are with us to this day, there is none whose words or deeds carried with them throughout this broad land such commanding and effective influence as those his pen indited.

God gave him the peculiar mental perceptions which enabled him to show the absurdity of error, and chase it with the drawn blade of keen edged satire out of men's hearts and minds, overwhelmned and made contemptible by the scorn and laughter of mankind. David R. Locke in his youth heard Scripture quoted to sanction systems and deeds of oppression which well might have shamed extremest hell. Grave expositors of Holy Writ declared that, for the offense of one of his sons, a saintly patriarch cursed his innocent grandson and his posterity to long generations of unrequited toil and most horrible degradation, and, per consequence, a Holy Providence exercised for ages its omnipotence to carry into dire effect a drunkard's maudlin malediction. Over that most detestable perversion of Holy Writ for 25 years has pealed the loud, long laughter of an intelligent world. Contemptible and absurd as that horrible teaching was, and cruel and wicked as was the national crime of which it was a chief pillar, multitudes of men believed it, or thought they did, until the flash of an unprecedented satire exhibited its utter ridiculousness, as well as its enormous wickedness. So long as the lovers of freedom hurled tomes of ponderous logic and learned research against the hoary error, the black angels hidden behind oppression's ramparts laughed with malicious glee, as they saw both priest and politician lead the multitudes astray with fraud and sophistry so vile. But when "Nasby's" keen and trenchant satire, like that of Addison and Steele, in a past century, "insinuated morality and benevolence, supplying innocent enjoyment mingled with instruction" into the popular thought, the black demons fled affrighted to their abodes of darkness.

Our departed friend was more than a mere wit. He never jested for the joke's sake. The humorist who lies by me silent as I speak, had in view a purpose and an aim as holy as ever saint or philosopher had, the exposure of error's inherent absurdity, and the overthrow of slavery and the damnable treason begotten by it.

He never wrote a line in derision of truth, freedom or true piety. He wrote for the common people in a language they, as well as the learned, understood. He dissected hypocrisies and exploded shams. After his terrific onslaughts through the press upon the sophistries of slavery and treason, our brave troops fought with fiercer bravery and bore the toil of the march with greater patience.

The public credit grew stronger, and the strengthened faith and conscience of the American people in sterner tones demanded the death of slavery and treason. The care-worn and anxious President, looking in every direction for encouragement and support, found both as he read the humorist's exposures.

George Bancroft in his eulogium of Abraham Lincoln described him as "a man of melancholy habit, with jesting lips and wanness of heart." This needed, timely, effective satire broke the spell of his melancholy and the cheer of an honest laughter chased the gloom from his heart. Not only Lincoln, but other patriots in responsible station acknowledged the renewal of their strength from this cause.

Laughter is not always mad. Mirth is not necessarily, nor always vain or wicked. The Creator would not have made us to laugh except for its genial and beneficial effects. The laugh which a benevolent heart sends forth to lighten the toil of the weary and divert the sad from their woes is as helpful as the tear which expresses sympathy and assists the burden bearer with its aid.

Our departed friend never used his wonderful gift to wound an opponent, a rival or an enemy. As a satirist, a poet, a dramatist, a novelist, or a journalist, he scorned to employ his great opportunities to the pain of any human heart, or the hurt of any righteous human interest. He wounded only error, oppression, intemperance, caste, and the vices which shame society and ruin human lives.

In all his journalistic career, so far as I know, he never was even threatened with a libel suit. This was not because he feared the law, but because it was not in his heart to injure any without an ample provocation. Some of his political opponents acknowledged the kindness of the humor with which he had assailed them and their cause. The Hon. S. S. Cox—himself a wit of an exalted rank—magnanimously explained why Americans should laugh at Nasby's humor.

Not only did he contribute to the fatal wounding of slavery and treason, but other evils likewise felt his power. The rum traffic and other supports and allies of intemperance were made to wince under the strokes of his logic and the cut of his incisive humor. In all this he was earnest, honest and severe.

He had reason to know the strength, the magnitude, the unsparing malignity and destructiveness of the vice of drunkenness. He knew the deceits by which the unwary are led to ruin along the deadly avenues of vice. In all his writings appear no apologies for vice of any sort, but always the most unsparing denunciations of it.

As a journalist every village, town or city in which he served the public felt the stimulus of his presence in the promotion of their material progress and prosperity. He gave no rest to the stolid conservatives and selfish absorbers of social life and thrift who are devoid of liberal and vigorous enterprise. In all this no visionary or impracticable schemes received his aid. Long before he had capital of his own to invest he was a teacher for those who had. While attentive to his own interests, and without any pretense of disinterestedness, he made the community to feel that only by judicious liberality could liberal results be secured. When he became prosperous he became an exemplar of the theories he had always propounded. While making no sham professions of unselfishness, his personal investments all had more or less reference to the general weal.

With him civic improvement was a passion. The city of Toledo has felt his force, but does dot yet realize what it owes to D. R. Locke, as a man of business as well as a journalist, for its past prosperity and future prospects. Had his life and health been spared, it would have had more ample knowledge of his large and yet judicious plannings for the common interest.

David R. Locke was ambitious. He coveted all the most aspiring crave of this world's good. But his discernments were too keen and accurate to allow to make the almost universal though egregious mistake of ambitious men, in supposing that power was derived from official station or social prominence. He sought to reach the seat of real power.

He wielded a power by inherent right, and became one of the leaders and controllers of the thought of his day. Hence, he was not a place seeker. By no means indifferent to the applause of the world, he never was willing to pay too high a price for its attainment. A favorite saying of his was: The post of honor is the private station.

He was distinguished by his faithful use of a brilliant and attractive talent, but the world little knows at what cost of labor it was set before the world. He was the son of a most worthy, honest and industrious man, who, almost at centenarian age and honors, is here to-day, the survivor of his gifted and honored son. That excellent father gave him Christian instruction, taught him to love justice and to hate oppression, and to earn his bread by honest work.

But, unfortunately, that father was himself the victim of misfortune in business when this son became able to perform work as a boy, in tasks greater than most mature youth were capable of. Hence, he had little aid from schools. His training was in the same "poor boy's college" in which Franklin and Greeley were pupils, and of which they, with a large number of America's leaders of thought, were graduates. If the English he wrote was not complained of by critics, it was not because of pre-instruction in its grammar. Accuracy was attained at a cost of labor the fortunate scholar knows not.

He read the Bible, Shakespeare, the standard authors and observed their use of words. His ears and eyes were open, and living talkers became his models, and ready writers his instructors. Even in his arithmetic his methods of handling figures were by the rules of his own discovery. His rhetoric was that proceeding from a strong sense of what was telling and effective in the arrangement of his thoughts. By his work he has made for himself a most excellent and enduring fame.

Many political satires in prose and poetry have appeared in this country—but Nasby's has had an exceptional longevity. It has been welcomed by the reading people of this and other lands for a quarter of a century, and found a hearty welcome to the last.

There is much that I might say, and that I would like to say, of the dear friend I have known for thirty six years. But time does not permit. Brevity is demanded by other duties and services that must also have a place.

Consider, then, this humble and altogether inadequate tribute, not as a eulogy, nor even an attempt at one, but as limited and broken words framed in haste, and all too feeble to expres my love and admiration for one who has so well served his generation, and who sleeps in the rest so welcome after severe experience of life's labors and pains.

Notwithstanding all temptations, shortcomings, failings, faults, and infirmities, which are humanity's common heritage, and from which none of us are wholly exempt, the public career of David R. Locke has been a vital and conspicuous force in the momentous events of his day.

May heaven's precious benedictions rest on the head of this venerable father, and may the peace of the Savior he has trusted for more than half a century be his unfailing consolation. May the Divine Hand support the faithful woman who must put on the widow's mourning to-day. May she long live to enjoy the honor and affection rightfully her own. May these sons not be content with the father's fame so legitimately shedding its luster upon them, but may they aspire to a fame and a service to society in their day like that their father rendered in his.

Rev. Robert McCune, of Ironton, O., who delivered the funeral oration, was an intimate friend of Mr. Locke, and for many years they were co-laborers. The two became acquainted in Mansfield, O., in 1852, while Mr. Locke was publishing the Plymouth *Advertiser*. Later, while Mr. Locke was editing the Bucyrus *Journal*, the acquaintance was renewed, and Dr. McCune was frequently asked to contribute articles of a religious nature for the *Journal*.

At Mr. Locke's request, Dr. McCune became managing editor of the BLADE in the summer of 1868, when "Nasby" entered the lecture field. He continued on this paper until the autumn of 1872, when he was appointed appraiser of merchandise in the U. S. custom house, by President Grant. In 1876 he accepted a call to the Washington street church of this city, and remained its pastor until September, 1881, when he was called to Kokomo, Ind. Since last June he has been pastor of the First Congregational church at Ironton, O.

Dr. McCune said to the reporter that in an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Locke for 36 years there had not been the slightest difficulty between them. In all their business relations there has been the utmost harmony and unanimity.

The address was tender, touching, reverent—a loyal tribute from friend to friend—and it made a profound impression upon all who heard it.

Following this came the oration by ex-Governor Ashley. There was a deep silence when the speaker, in tones reverent and low, commenced his oration at the bier of the man who had been for many years his friend.

HON JAMES M. ASHLEY'S

Tender Tribute to the Memory of D. R. Locke—A Touching Scene.

My friends:

We have come together to-day to testify our respect for the living, and discharge our last tender duty to the dead.

When the shadow of a great sorrow falls upon us, we naturally turn from the darkness which surrounds us, to catch a glimpse of the coming of the first rays of morning light. So by the side of every new made grave, our hearts gladly welcome the thought of another and better life beyond.

Without assuming to have a knowledge of the hereafter, we come reverently to lay our friend down to rest, and we do not question that, "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

The last time I looked upon the face of our friend, I was impressed with the belief that his life's work was finished; that his last battle had been fought, and, I doubt not, that as soon as he became conscious of this fact, he desired to depart, and be at rest.

It is as natural to die as to live, and because this is true, I do not look upon death as the arch enemy of man, but rather as his friend.

When, therefore, a friend pays the last debt of nature, I would not clothe myself in sackcloth and rebel against the divine law which has set a limit to human habitation and said to each and all: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

No thoughtful man of mature years desires to live in this world of struggles and disappointments, forever. Certainly I should regard it as a mercy, if the finger of death could be laid upon each one of us the very day our life's work was done, or whenever we became helpless and hopeless, or our sufferings and sorrows outweighed the pleasures and joys of life.

If Mr. Locke could never again have entered upon the active duties of life, it was a blessing that the merciful finger of death was laid upon him, and he called to that "bourn from which no traveler returns," where we all hope, sorrow, disease and death can never come.

I have no wish to magnify the virtues of my friend; nor at the expense of truth, excuse his errors. The living ought to be able to learn by the faults, not less than by the virtues of public men, and when I add, that he was human, and like all men "prone to err as the sparks are to fly upward," I have said all that truth and duty bids me say.

Those who did not know Mr. Locke could not understand him. This is the fate of every man of genius, and because he was not thoroughly understood, his words and acts were often sharply criticised and sometimes unsparingly condemned. That he was a man of great ability and force of character, all concede: and his intimates know that he was always true to his convictions and faithful to friends. It is true that he did not believe in, and could not subscribe to any of the formulated religious dogmas of our popular churches.

He often said to me: "I cannot believe in such creeds, and shall therefore neither accept nor affirm any." And then he would quote from the "Sermon on the Mount:" "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him." With this faith, or no faith; this religion or no religion, "he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams;" sincerely believing that the Power which Created him was both able and willing to take care of him. "And that God's greatness flows round our incompleteness, around our restlessness, His rest."

Mr. Locke was a tireless worker. He could not be a drone, nor eat the bread of idleness. "Industry," with him, was one of the cardinal virtues.

I need not add a single word to what has been so well and appropriately said touching Mr. Locke's literary and journalistic career.

When, in after years, the history of Oh o and Toledo shall be written, Mr. Locke's ability and claims to remembrance and distinction will have the fullest and amplest recognition.

His greatest work was in behalf of the nation's unity and integrity during the war of the rebellion. Through the "Nasby" letters he spoke every week to millions of men. These letters strengthened the arms of soldier and statesman alike, and everywhere inspired with hope, zeal and courage the Nation's defenders. The humor and satire of these letters were never equaled. Their satire was as keen as a Damascus blade, and their humor as broad as the continent. They shamed the "dough-faced" statesman and "dough-faced" churchman into a recognition of the humanity of the negro, and did more than to-day can be estimated, to break down the unreasoning prejudice against the black man, and consolidate the sentiment and judgment of the nation, in favor of the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slaves.

These letters were read by Lincoln, Sumner, Chase and Stanton, and all the leading statesmen with whom I was intimate, with a delight and pleasure, which one incident will fully illustrate:

One morning I called early at the White House and was seated in the President's room, before he came in. As he walked along his private hallway, I heard him as I supposed talking to himself. He started a little on seeing me, not expecting to find any one in his work room at that early hour; and at once said, with a glow on his face: "I was just repeating a passage from one of your friend Nasby's letters;" and repeated the paragraph which had so impressed itself on his mind. He then added, "I want you to invite Nasby to come to Washington and make me a visit; and you may say to him that I would be willing to resign the Presidency if I could write such letters." Such was the esteem in which Mr. Locke was held by all men of ability and genius.

Mr. Locke was also a voluminous and able writer on many subjects, and a pronounced partisan. He believed in party government rather than individual government, and therefore labored unweariedly for the success of the Republican party.

Next to his Nasby letters, I regard his "Pulverize the rum-power" articles as the ablest papers from his pen. These articles undoubtedly struck the hardest and most effective blows which have been delivered in recent years against the liquor traffic, and have been so recognized by the ablest men who are battling for the cause of temperance.

That Mr. Locke was a many-sided man, all who knew him personally well understood. There was a strange blending of hope and doubt, of humor and sadness, of love and hate, in his character. The humorist and man of business, however, was but a part of the sum total of his being.

Some years ago I met him on Broadway, New York, and he invited me to join him. While seated at a table he drew from his pocket and read me the hymn which is to be sung here to-day "Come unto me." I was charmed with its beauty and touched with its sentiment and spirit; and said: "David read that to me again;" which he did, and in that hour I comprehended more clearly the breadth and depth of his poetic and religious nature. And it must be, that from this religious nature, sprung the great moral force which he so heroicly wielded in battling for the right.

"We live in deeds, not years,
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm, the struggle, the relief,
Then sleep we side by side."

Such, in brief, is an imperfect outline of Mr. Locke's life as I have known him publicly as a co-worker and socially, as a friend, for more than a quarter of a century.

And now, as we lay away his earthly body in the grave of eternal silence, we reverently and hopefully, oh Father of light and life, commit unto Thy care and keeping all that is immortal of our loyal, steadfast friend.

When Gov. Ashley related the incident and the occasion of the writing of the hymn, "Come Unto Me," by Mr. Locke, the voice of the speaker failed him. His eyes filled with tears, and his lips quivered with emotion. When he had finished speaking there was scarcely a dry eye within the sound of his voice.

As soon as he had closed his oration, a male quartette, consisting of Messrs W. H. H. Smith, C. H. Pixley, F. R. Williams and W. H. Currier, rendered the same beautiful hymn, composed twelve years ago by Mr. Locke.

Col. Lyttle then read the beautiful Masonic ritual, to which the members of Sanford L. Collins lodge responded.

Rev. Dr. DuVal closed the service with prayer and benediction.

The solemn funeral train moved out Jefferson and Monroe streets to the cemetery. Besides the family and friends were the members of the boards of Councilmen and Aldermen, Sanford L. Collins Lodge and representatives of the press.

At the beautiful chapel in the cemetery, into which the light of the setting sun shone but dimly through windows of stained glass, all that was mortal of David Ross Locke was laid away at rest. Upon the casket were deposited the Masonic lamb skin apron, and the evergreen while the room was filled with the fragrance from the beautiful floral tributes offered by loving friends. The Masonic ritual, simple and beautiful, was read, the benediction was pronounced by Dr. DuVal, and the great journalist and humorist was at rest from his labors.

THE FIRST, THE LAST

OF MR. LOCKE'S "NASBY" LETTERS.

From March 21, 1861, to December 12, 1887—The Beginning and the Ending of a Series Appearing for Over Twenty-Six Years.

The first "Nasby" letter was written by Mr. LOCKE in 1861, while he was editor and proprietor of the Findlay *Jeffersonian*, in which paper it appeared. It was a satire upon the cecession of the state of South Carolina. Wingert's Corners was a small hamlet in Crawford county, Ohio, which was intensely disloyal. The citizens of the little village and the county about were, almost to a man, secessionists, which made the dating at that point of the first letters of the long series, very proper. It is herewith reproduced:

WINGERT'S CORNERS SECEDES.

WINGERT'S CORNERS, March the 21st, 1861.

South Carliny and sevral other uv the trooly Dimecratic States hev secesht—gone orf, I may say, onto a journey after their rites.

Wingert's Corners, ez trooly Dimecratic ez any uv em, hez follered soot.

A meetin wuz held last nite, uv wich I wuz chairman, to take the matter uv our grievances in2 consideration, and it wuz finally resolved that nothin short uv seceshn wood remedy our woes. Therefore the follerin address, wich I rit, wuz adoptid and ordered to be publisht:

TO THE WORLD.

In takin a step wich may, possibly, involve the state uv wich we hev bin heretofore a part into blood and convulshuns, a decent respeck for the good opinion uv the world requires us to give our reasons for takin that step.

Wingert's Corners hez too long submitted to the imperious dictates uv a tyranikle goverment. Our whole histry hez bin wun uv aggreshn on the part uv the state, and uv meek and pashent endoorance on ours.

It refoosed to locate the state capital at the Corners, to the great detriment uv our patriotic owners uv reel estate.

It refoosed to gravel the streets ov the Corners, or even re-lay the plank-road.

It refoosed to locate the Penitentiary at the Corners, notwithstandin we do more towards fillin it than any town in the State.

It refoosed to locate the State Fair at the Corners, blastin the hopes ov our patriotic groserys.

It located the canal 100 miles from the Corners.

We hev never hed a Guvner, notwithstandin the President uv this meetin hez lived here for yeers, a waitin to be urged to accept it.

It hez compelled us, yeer after yeer, to pay our share uv the taxes.

It hez never appinted any citizen uv the place to any offis wher theft wuz possible, thus wilfully keepin capital away from us.

It refoosed to either pay our ralerode subscripshun or slackwater our river.

Therefore, not bein in humor to longer endoor sich outrajes, we declare ourselves Free and Independent uv the State, and will maintain our position with arms, if need be.

There wuz a lively time next day. A company uv minit men wuz raised, and wun uv 2 minit men. The seceshn flag, muskrat rampant, weasel couchant, on a field d'egg-shell, waves from both groserys. Our merchant feels hopeful. Cut orf from the State, direct trade with the Black Swamp follers: releest from his indebtedness to Cinsinati, he will agin lift his head. Our representative hez agreed to resine—when his term expires.

We are in earnest. Armed with justice and shot-guns, we bid the tyrants defiance.

P. S.—The feelin is intense—the childern hev imbibed it. A lad jest past, displayin the seceshn flag. It waved from behind. Disdainin concealment, the lion-hearted boy wore a roundabout. We are firm.

N. B.—We are still firm.

N. B., 2d.—We are firm, unyeeldin, calm, and rosoloot. PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

As a fitting pendant to the above, below is reproduced the last Nasby letter, written after Mr. Locke was compelled, by increasing illness, to remain at home. The old humor and satire is as bright, however, as ever:

MR. NASBY ATTEMPTS AN ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—A PARTIAL FAILURE.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (Wich is the stait uv Kentucky,) December 12, 1887.

Yisterday I receeved the follerin dispatch:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1887.

To the P. M. at the Cross Roads:

In the interest of Civil Service Reform the appointees uv the President are expectid to see that his utterances are endorsed. See to this p. d. q. LAMONT.

A wink is ez good ez a nod to a blind hoss, and I immejitly called a meetin uv the Dimocrisy at the old meetin-house, and then set to work reedin the message uv His Eggsiency, and studyin the pints wich I wanted to elaborate. I alluz like to be prepared so ez to be effective. I hate goin off half-cocked.

The pint wich struck me with the greatest force wuz the assershun that the present inikitus tariff forst the opprest and sufferin people to pay for goods above wat they shood, jist the amount uv the tariff levied, wich levy went to build up oppressive monopolies; wich is to say that on every dollar's wuth uv English goods wich we bot, we paid, adishnel to the dollar, forty or watever per cent. the inikitus tariff imposed. Ef it wuz forty per cent., we paid for the dollar's wuth $1.40, and ef fifty per cent. a dollar and a half, and so on.

Ez I teech best by illustrashen, the minit I got this fact fixed in my mind I perceeded to arrange my illustrashen.

I hev Bustid, afore now, by not bein fully prepared.

I closed up the office and stepped out to Bascom's to git a nip to stiddy my mind, wich I took, payin him for it. I am payin cash half the time for my drinks now, and actilly payin suthin (ez little ez possible,) on old account. Steppin out into the street, who should I see comin out uv Oppenheimer's clothin store, but Sim Gavitt, a nigger which blonged to Squire Gavitt afore he wuz robbed uv him by Linkin, and which hez the general cast uv the Gavitt feechers so much so as to perduce a coolnis betwixt the old Squire and his wife yeers ago. Sim wuz drest from top to toe in a entire noo soot uv cloze, hevin his old ones done up in a parce wich he kerried in his hand.

A ijee struck me to-wunst.

"Sim," sed I, "wood a dollar indoose yoo to cum to a meetin to-night, and wear them cloze?"

"Is you to speek?" he asked.

"Sartin," sed I.

"A dollar's purty cheep—make it a dollar 'n 'alf and it's a go."

"An yoo will git up and come forrerd and be talked at, when I call yoo?"

"Yes."

"It's a go. Be on hand early, and ware them cloze."

"All rite, boss."

The evenin come, the horn was tooted, and the Dimocrisy filed out uv Bascom's, and filled the house to overflowin. I red the message to em, and seezin upon the central ijee in it that the consoomer wuz taxed to fill the pockits uv the blotid man oofactoorers, worked em up to a pitch uv desperashen, wich wuz singler, ez the close on the entire seckshun uv the Dimekratic party in that meetin-house woodent hev invoiced at that minit fifty dollars. However, I hev notist that the man whose sole possesshun is a yaller dog, and whose wife takes in washin to support him, is the heftiest complaner uv the burdens uv taxashen. I myself hev dun suthin toward settlin the nashnel debt.

The time fur my illustrashen which wuz to clench things hed come. "I wish to make a practicle illustrashen," I sed. "I see Simeon Gavitt in the awjence, with a noo soot of cloze on. Will Simeon step forrerd?"

Sim walked up, rather embarrassed at bein the best drest man in the room.

"Yoo notis this soot uv cloze, my friends. I ain't jist shoor wat the tariff is on woolen goods, buttons, thred and sich, but I will presoom that it averages sixty per cent. Estimatin the home valyoo uv the goods at say $20, my friend Simeon wuz compelled to add to that $12, wich hez run up the cost of the cloze, makin and all, to suthin like $32, the diffrence between the cost to him under the present infamus system and wat it wood be ef that soot hed bin admitted of dooty, bein——"

"Prap's dat's so, boss," spoke up the cussid nigger, "de tariff, ez you call it, may hev cost me all dat, but de fack is I only paid $10.50 fur de entire outfit!"

"Wat!" ejackilatid I.

"Dot is de cold fact in de case," pipped Oppenheimer, who was sittin in the awjence. "De droubles mit you is, *dot soot don't happen to be English goots.* It's mostly Yank. De wool wuz growd in Ohio, de linins wuz made in Connecticut, the thread in Massychoositts, the buttons in Philadelphy, dose masheens on wich day vos mate vos mate in Connecticut oof Bensylvany steel, and the close wuz made in Cincinnati by mine brudder-in-law, and solt by me, to Simon. It's Yank all uv de way from de sheep's back to the man wat hez em on, and de goots is better goots dan effer vas mate in England. I hev a store full uv em, at de same price,—fur cash."

"Wat!" I shreeked, "ain't them English goods?"

"Nod a bid oof it. We don't buy English goots no more. Gombedishen at home ish altogedder too strong."

"Yoo kin sit down," I remarkt to Simon. "Ther seems to be suthin wrong in this somewher. Oppresst by a tariff, and buyin a soot of cloze for $10 50!"

I bustid this time by bein too well prepared. But I rose ekal to the emergency. I allus do.

"My Democratic frends," I remarked, "the fault in this matter isn't with the President or me. The trouble is that Simeon Gavitt wood go and buy Amerikin goods instid uv English, and ther bein no dooty at all on Amerikin goods, it appeers they come cheeper. It hez the appearance, this tariff, uv a sort o' barrin out uv furrin goods, and makin sich ez we yoose here to hum. I coodent be expectid to know that, ez I hevn't paid for any cloze sence Androo Jonson's time, and consekently wuz never pertikeler ez to the price. But it doesn't alter the prinsiple. We want English goods, it appears, and we don't want Amerikin goods, and our veneratid hed hez so declared. Wat is our bounden dooty then, ez Dimocrats? Ef He sez we are robbed we must be robbed. Therefore, every good Dimocrat will buy English goods and pay the infamus dooty on em, and groan under the tyranny uv monopoly. Then the iron will enter his sole, and he will rise in his mite, et cetry.

"I know His Eggslency is rite, for every paper in England approves uv his message. Ef ther wuz ez much yoonanimity this side uv the water in approvin his vews thet ther is on tother, it would be cleer sailin. In consekence uv the barrin out uv English goods from Ameriky, the English operatives and capitalists hev been suffrin for some yeers. In the interest uv broad hoomanity we want to transfer that suffrin to Ameriky. We want to let down the bars and let furrin goods flood in, for England sez we do, and English manoofactoorers are willin to pay librelly for hevin it done."

I hev got to study up this matter uv free trade and tariff, for my fust essay don't seem to be edtirely satisfactry. Ther must be some reezen for free trade, tho I hevn't jist struck it ez yit.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
P. M., and fur free trade and sailer's rites.

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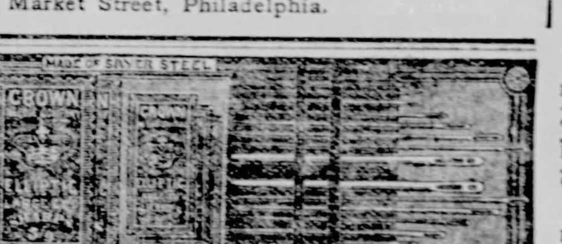


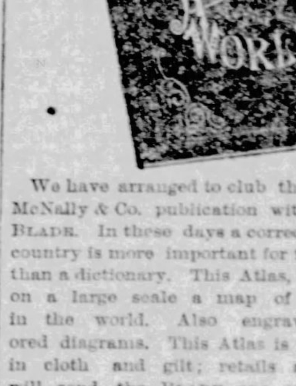
It Got There.

Hostess.—Let me help you to some more salad, Mrs. Newcomb.

Mrs. Newcomb.—Just a little, please. (Thoughtfully.) I wish you would let me copy some of your recipes; all mine are so rich.—*Puck*.

Publishers' Column.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.



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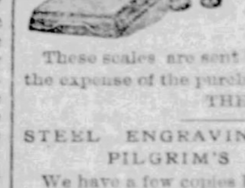

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1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are	60,000
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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE HEROIC HEATHEN (?) WOMAN.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

There is a sentence—you all know it well and whence it comes—that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," meaning, I doubt not, that there is no living, human being, whose years are not yet in the early spring-tide, who has not, some time, watched the sun of hope go down upon a cherished plan that involved what seemed the success of a lifetime, or heard the dull clods fall upon the lid of a coffined dream of happiness. An exception to this is hardly possible in this world, and if it were, it would not bespeak a higher character, but rather the opposite, for pain measures strength, and nobly borne, doubles it always.

I do not question but that there are women now reading these words who have walked over burning ploughshares, making no moan, and the world knows it not, only that the sweetness of their daily lives is eloquent of the spirit which has conquered self. Others there are—God knows how many—who are martyred daily but they give no sign, and the world wags on, apparently unpitying.

Yet all this as a whole, is accepted as natural, because we have not yet learned to apply the golden truths of Christ's teaching that are just beginning to be understood, to our every day living. Even in this country, where public thought and opinion as regards women, are upon a plane so infinitely higher than in many others, misery is thought to be a natural heritage of the many, and the good things, not only those pertaining to the body, but to the spiritual nature, a boon to the few. That there are evils enough—like those which come to the great army of working-women in a large city—is not a doubtful belief, and yet when one reads of conditions in Oriental countries, the present here is accepted gladly.

This was never made more clear to me than when lately reading of the condition of the women of India. Many of you have, doubtless, heard of Pundita Ramabai, the wonderfully learned Hindu lady, who came to this country in behalf of her own sex in that far-away country of India, and who has told in simple, glowing language of the horrors of life that come to the high-caste Hindu woman.

I was first interested in the account of her own life. Its pathos cannot fail to touch the heart and arouse interest in the object of all of her efforts—the education and uplifting of the women of her country.

Her father was married at ten years of age, and brought his little child-wife to his mother for safe-keeping, while he went away to be taught in the learning of his people by a distinguished Brahman scholar. He chanced, while studying, to hear the favorite wife of the reigning Peshwa reciting Sanskrit, and he was so filled with wonder that a woman should be so learned, that he resolved to teach his own wife when he returned to his home. Alas, for his resolve!

Then as now, there as here, the very one to be benefited was the one to oppose a change from iron-clad custom. The wife would not be instructed; the husband could not overcome the prejudice of his mother and people and he was compelled to give up his efforts.

Then the wife died, and the husband married another child wife of nine, and in spite of all opposition, carried her away with him "from the valley and civilization," up into a forest in the highlands, and there he built a rude hut, and began to teach the little girl, who grew in stature and knowledge day by day. By and by children came to them, one of whom was the Ramabai of this ower true story.

The father was noted for his learning, and many students came to him for instruction, and numerous pilgrims visited the mountain home, which was built near the source of a sacred river. As may be imagined, the household cares resulting were not few nor light, and Ramabai's mother, upon whom her teaching devolved, had only the hour of morning twilight for that purpose, before the labors of the day began. Read the following and see if you can imagine any more tender and devoted mother-love than this:

"The little maiden, heavy with sleep was tenderly lifted from her bed upon the earth, and wakened with many endearments and sweet mother-words; and then while the birds about them in the forest chirped their morning songs, the lessons were repeated, no other book than the mother's lips being used. It is these lessons of the early morning, statedly renewed with each recurrent day, that constitute the fountain-head of the "sweet influences and able instruction" which Ramabai characterizes as the light and guide of my life."

One can hardly realize that all this tender and enlightened training of a daughter by a mother burdened with the cares of a large household, with straightened means—for the father's purse had been drained by his generous hospitality—occurred in a Hindu home in a mountain wild, far away, as one would imagine, from refinement and civilization. It only shows that the human heart responds to much the same emotions the earth over, no matter what the people nor how varied the circumstances.

It teaches, too, the absurdity of the idea that the whole world revolves in a little orbit wholly within our ken. It shows that among those whom Western civilization has supposed ignorant of the glory and beauty of well-doing for right's sake, there dwells just as strong a sense of duty as in our own land. In this Hindoo mother dwelt a deathless sentiment of devotion to her children and family as strong and pure as any that animates the heart of American women.

Debt, that skeleton of many a home among us, became so great an oppression upon this family that it ended with making its members homeless, and they set out upon pilgrimages that lasted for seven years, wandering from "one sacred locality to another, having no certain dwelling place," but fed by those who came to the learned priest for his instruction and blessing. The morning lessons to the child, fast growing into womanhood, were continued, and she became wonderful in acquirements.

When Ramabai was sixteen, both father and mother were taken away within a few weeks of each other. In India bodies of women are burned with sacred ceremonies, but so poor was this family that no Brahmans could be found to carry the mother's remains to the place of burning; until two, at last, took pity upon the children, and with the help of the loving son and daughter, they were carried to where the last sacred rites were to be performed. There is a world of pathos in this thought, of this son and daughter, for filial love, bearing their heavy burden upon their shoulders for miles over weary roads, that nothing should be wanting of respect for the dead.

Ramabai had been spared the usual child marriage, and now she and her brother resumed their wanderings, visiting many countries in India, and advocating everywhere female education, or the teaching of high caste Hindu girls before marriage, the Sanskrit according to the ancient Shastras.

At last they reached Calcutta and here Ramabai was awarded distinguished honors. Here, too, the loved and loving brother died, leaving his sister alone, but confident at the end that God would care for her. Six months after she married a Bengali gentleman, and then, when the sunshine of happiness had seemed to surround her life with warmth and beauty, the husband was stricken with cholera and died, leaving her a widow of hardly twenty with a little daughter to love and care for.

Then she returned to her old life of lecturing for the good of her countrywomen again, and it is of her work and what she desires to accomplish that I will tell you next week. It may be an old story to some, but the lesson of sisterhood it teaches cannot be studied too often or too carefully.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

NEWSPAPER AND LETTER HOLDER.—Get an ordinary wire toaster. Then take ribbon—No. 7 will be a good width—of two or three colors that harmonize well, and run in and out of the wires, having the strips come closely together, and leaving them at each end so as to let the two sides fall apart properly, fasten them together at the back. Make large bows at the top of the sides, and one also on the handle, by which the holder is suspended. The wire may be gilded before the ribbon is put in if liked.

FANCY ORNAMENT.—Get English walnuts and paint them with different colors of the gilding which comes for that purpose. A dozen or a dozen and a half are needed for the purpose. Then with a small tack fasten ribbon to the end, using a different color for each, and tying a little bow over the fastening, then take the long ends, which should be at least a half yard, and drawing up the nuts so that they will hang by different lengths, tie a large bow at the ends to hang them by to the chandelier or any convenient place.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" can be had by sending fifteen cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., until this edition is exhausted.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SMYRNA LACE.—I will send directions for knitting the diamond lace, which was asked for in your paper of January 26. It is called Smyrna lace. It is easy and very pretty. Cast on 20 stitches—1st row—k plain to 6 last stitches—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—k 3. 2d row—k 10—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 3d row—same as 1st. 4th row—k 12—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 5th row—same as 1st. 6th row—k 14—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 7th row—same as first. 8th row—k 16—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 9th row—knit across plain. 10th row—k 1—n—t t o2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 11th row—k 5—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 12th row—same as the 10th. 13th row—k 6—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 14th row—same as 10th. 15th row—k 7—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. 16th—same as 10th. 17th row—k 8—t t o 2—n—k 1—t t o 2—n—knit the rest plain. Begin at the first for the next scallop; t t o means throw thread over twice and narrow—MOBERLY, MO.

THE SPIDER WEB TIDY.—Materials, linen thread No. 24 and steel crochet hook. Make a ch of 6 st—join—in the circle crochet 24 l c's—fasten. 1st round—ch 3—*—skip 2—1 l c—ch 2—1 l c in same place—ch 1—skip 2 st—1 l c—ch 1—repeat from * to end of round—join to 3 ch in s c. 2d round—ch 4—*—2 l c in middle of 2 of preceding round—2 ch—2 l c in same place—ch 2—1 l c in top of 1 c—ch 2—repeat from * to end of round—join as before. 3d round—ch 5—x—3 l c in middle of 4 l c—ch 2—3 l c in same place—ch 3—1 l c in top of l c—ch 3—repeat from *—join as before. 4th round—ch 6—*—4 l c in middle of 6 l c—ch 2—4 l c in same place—ch 4—1 l c in top of 1 c—ch 4—repeat from *—join. 5th round—ch 7—*—5 l c in middle of 8 l c—ch 2—5 l c in same place—ch 5—1 l c in top of 1 c—ch 5—repeat from *. 6th round—ch 8—*—12 l c in middle of 10 l c—ch 6—1 l c in top of 1 c—ch 6—repeat from *. This finishes one spider web. Make as many as desired for tidy. Keep one for a center piece and sew round and round it, place two of the webs together and sew from the middle of 12 l c to the middle of next 12 l c.—NETTIE WALLACE, Berry, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OREGON.—Shades of my happy childhood in my "Old Kentucky Home!" How the sisters letter from the pine woods touched a tender spot. She describes just such a country as I came West in search of but failed. We are settled in a canon about 40 miles from the Dalles, and near Bake Oven. The scenery is just the opposite to that she describes. The face of the country in this neighborhood is one succession of canons and hills, covered with bunch grass and sage bushes, which is green for a little while in the early spring and after the fall rains, but most of the time it is brown and dry like the hills, presenting a view anything but inspiriting. But this bunchgrass and sage brush is good food for stock, enabling them to live on it through the winter without other food, providing there are no heavy snows.

There is some beautiful scenery in the distance, mountains on all sides, and on clear days five white-capped peaks can be seen.

White River Falls is quite pretty. And I should like to see some of our prairie sisters coming down the Deschutes river grade in a wagon for the first time. I wouldn't be afraid to wager a penny that they walked down.

The weather has been quite cold for nearly two weeks, necessitating feeding the sheep.

Snow fell January 2, which, with one or two additions stayed with us till yesterday. Then it was taken away by what I suppose our Western friends would call a "fair sample" of the gentle (?) chinook. It rained two nights in succession; then the wind commenced to blow. When I looked out yesterday morning, in the bed of the canon was a rushing torrent, while down the sides came five waterfalls, leaping and dashing from the top, 100 feet high. The roar of the waters was deafening, with now and then a louder rumble and crash, caused by a rock being dislodged and rattling down. The roar and crash continued all day and far into the night. But this morning the snow and ice has disappeared, leaving a wide track behind. One end and side of my garden is gone, fence and all, while the spring seems to have been dug up by the roots. The sheep corral is in a sorry plight, whole panels of fence in several places gone, troughs washed away and a deep ditch through it with great holes dug out of the sides.

I am glad to be able to say though that this is something out of the order of chinooks, as the wind gradually melts the snow until it finally disappears with all trace of its having been here. I fear my chat is lengthening into a talk, but you must excuse my lack of manners when I tell you I have no near neighbors but one dear old lady who cannot come to visit me in winter and not very often in summer; so when I get a chance to talk with "wimmin folks" there's danger of my talking too much.

We have no Sunday here either, so the lady in Washington Territory need not think she has found the only place of the kind, for it is impossible for all parties to keep the Sabbath on a sheep ranch.

Now that spring is coming will "Fanny Field," or some other sister, kindly tell how to raise young turkeys and chickens without having cornmeal or sour milk to feed them. May health and happiness the editor and sisters attend are the wishes of a friend.—MRS. W. J. LAUDER, Bake Oven, Or.

TRUE WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.—I am glad to see Miss Bouton has called a halt to the newspapers in their everlasting praise of Miss Cleveland. Such a drizzle of slush as we have had to endure from them ever since the first rumor of her impending marriage! Let us take the newspaper account of her and see if there is any reason for this ceaseless adulation. An old bachelor of most unsavory reputation, and unprepossessing appearance, by a strange train of circumstances is placed in a high position. To his home comes a young lady of nineteen, to make a visit. His sister is represented as having thrown this couple into each other's society as much as possible, and in his home she is wooed and won. To the same place she comes to marry him. Fit wedding for such a wooing I think, but the newspapers did hesitate a little, and some feared she had overstepped the bonds of etiquette, but none of them found any fault with the broken rules of morality in marrying a man without good moral character. They seemed to be straining at a gnat after swallowing a camel. But they swallowed the gnat too, and the drizzle of slush continued with only one halt when the lady (?) snubbed one noble governor and his noble wife. That was surely one of the slurs that "patient merit from the unworthy takes."

When her husband goes on an electioneering trip, she goes too, as an attraction to catch votes, a sort of side show to the menagerie. What is there in all this worthy of praise? When a great party placed a man without good moral character in the highest office in the land, many grieved over the blow given to morality, but no one expected the Democratic party to show any great love of purity, We do expect all good women to show such love. If a woman knowingly marries a drunkard or a libertine, can we give her credit for an overwhelming admiration for purity and temperance?

Does any body suppose Mrs. Cleveland would have married Grover had he remained a plain sheriff? The best the newspapers could have done would have been to let her alone, and instead they hold her up as a model. They pretend to be public teachers. What is this lesson they have been instilling into the minds of our girls? Namely, that no difference if a man is a "moral leper," so he is in high position they may marry him and be worthy of all praise. Out upon such teaching. What is the use of women clamoring for the ballot to promote the cause of purity and temperance if they are willing to marry men that are drunken and licentious? A marriage with such men is the loudest and longest vote they can give in favor of such sins.

If women would always cast these votes on the right side there would be little need of a paper ballot in their hands. One of the late sermons of Talmage urges upon women the duty of marrying good men or none, and bitterly denounces marriages for wealth or position. A timely sermon, but it will need many such sermons to counteract the effect of all this deluge of praise in the newspapers. Well, we can hope there will be only one more year of it. Then, if we can only get in an Ohio President, they may have some foundation for their praise. Ohio never picks up crooked sticks for Presidential timber. Her candidates have been good men and true, and their wives like unto them. Witness our noble Mrs. Hayes, all honor to her. May the next lady of the White House be as this woman. Either Mrs. Sherman or Mrs. Foraker will do.—WHITE ROSE.

DRESS-CHURCH COSTUMES.—After reading the article, written by N. D. Underhill, in the BLADE of January 26, I cannot refrain from expressing my feelings on the same subject.

I want to live to see the time when common sense will rule, but alas, I fear that it is buried so deep that it will be a long time coming to the top.

How many poor women stay at home from church simply because they have nothing suitable to wear? When asked why they do not attend, those whose hearts are too proud to acknowledge the truth, will devise almost any kind of an answer rather than the truth. I have known women when asked by friends, why they so seldom attend church, to reply, "Well, really I can never get ready in time, we get up so late of Sunday mornings that I cannot get ready in time for church."

What woman would lie in bed too late to go to church if she had a new dress or a new bonnet to wear?

If other women are like myself, they find Sunday to be their day of worry rather than rest. If I go to church, I must dress like other folks; it would never do for me to be odd, people might think my husband was failing in business; I must put on my corset, I must wear my bustle though it gives me the backache; my hair must be in the latest style though it makes my head ache. Was the sermon good? Well, I suppose it was, but I was so tired and my head ached so that I hardly know what Bro. Jones did say. My collar wouldn't stay down, and one of the tips came loose from my hat. Mrs. Smith hardly took her eyes off of me the whole time. I wish she would attend to her own business.

There, the detestable things are off at last! the first good breath I have had today. I am almost tempted to say that I will wear nothing but plain, comfortable dresses after this. Shall I or not? What would my neighbors say?—SUE, Glasgow, Mo.

HER LITTLE SPEECH.—If the editor will permit an old reader but new contributor to say a few words, I will make my little speech in regard to "sex equality." Her answer to that narrow-minded, conceited, ignorant specimen of what he considers the superior sex, was read aloud in our family, much to the enjoyment and amusement of all. Wonder how he felt? To use a slang phrase I should think he would be so "squelched," that further speech from him would be impossible. How does it happen that so many of our great men inherit all their good qualities from their fathers and none from their mothers—that is if we are to agree with Mr. C. When we read the lives of all our great men we always read at the beginning of their mothers. Mr. C. ought to read the lives of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Helen Hunt Jackson, Mary A. Livermore, Lucretia Mott, and see that superior minds do make husbands happy and comfortable, and of Louisa M. Alcott, Mary Lyon, Florence Nightingale, who never married, but if they had would with their thorough energetic way of doing any thing they undertook would have made noble wives for the best men that could be found in the country. And these are only a very few of the most noted; and many women who are unknown except among their few acquaintances are just as capable as these noted ones.

Surely Mr. C. has confined his mind, while selecting reading matter, to that class of reading which would tell him how much hay and grain it would take to make a certain amount of stock worth most at the time he wished to dispose of the same, and other articles quite as elevating.

Perhaps Mr. C.'s wife—if he has one—is not capable of being interested in other things. If she was strong-minded and wise enough to turn his mind in another channel what a happy thing it would be for both. We sincerely hope Mr. C. will read more extensively of the noted women of the past and present, and am sure he would not then be so much of a dunce as to write such an impudent article as he did to our editor. I can cook and "thump a piano," both passably well—no fault found with either.—WIFE.

WHAT SHE SAYS.—I would like to ask "D. W. C.," of Missouri (we should have guessed that was his home), to define a brilliant minded young man. We, in our ignorance, are not able to see what he considers brilliant minds, unless it is a man who is only able to tell good victuals. His brilliant young men, of which he speaks, were not men of good judgment, because, if they had been, they would have taken the money they spent to become drunkards and hired a good cook, and would have been happy, as the brilliant minds only needed good cooked victuals to help them grow to noble manhood, saying nothing of the happier lot of the wife and children. So you see good judgment is not a quality of a brilliant mind.

Again, why did they not know whether the ladies possessed the necessary intelligence and nobleness of character to keep such brilliant men from the saloon. Oh, pardon me, I am off again. It is not intelligence or character these brilliant minds needed, but it was good victuals. I seem to forget that good victuals is the only thing necessary for brilliant minds.

I think I see these brilliant young men he speaks of. We have them here in Iowa, but we call them Dudes. They can dance gracefully, smoke cigars, drink whisky, when some one will give it to them, carry a cane, simper and talk very brilliantly about the Prohibitory law. They say it is tramping on personal rights, a woman's movement—some of the rougher ones you know. We are going to have it repealed.

You ask one to explain some feature of the tariff. He would say, "Really, now, I am not a politician; I don't bother myself about such things. There are men who are only fit for such things, men who could not appreciate the beauties of a good cooked steak, who are only fit for such work. They run those things. No use of us saying anything. They run these things to suit themselves."

If we could hear of the lives of those brilliant young women, I dare say not one has made herself as low as he has, although she was disappointed in the companion she got, too. They did not make brutes of themselves by drinking. Now, D. W. C., just tell us what you consider brilliant minds.—M. A. S.

INQUIRIES.

Can any one tell me how to ebonize all kinds of wood?—FRANCISCA.

Will some one send a recipe for making soap, such as we buy? We do not have ashes to make lye soap. Have nice tallow for soapgrease.—MRS. L. A. WEST.

Will some one send me the pattern of the backs of knitted mittens?—MISS N. TOWEY.

Will some one through the BLADE give a recipe for tanning a cowhide suitable for a robe?—A READER.

Will the lady who sent directions for fascinator in BLADE of January 26 please send me her address? Will return postage and feel much obliged for same.—MRS. G. C. FARMER, Cawker City, Kan.

Will some one give directions through the BLADE for coloring white ostrich feathers brown or any other dark color? Can they be colored with Diamond Dye without injuring the feather? Would like an answer soon.—A HOMESTEADER'S WIFE.

Will some one please tell how to bleach white woolen goods that have become yellow through careless washing?—MRS. H. M.

Will some physician or any one knowing of certain cure for scald head please send a cure to the HOUSEHOLD? I caught it, and not knowing what it was, or that it was catching, the rest of the family caught it from me. Please send a cure.—AFFLICTION AND DISTRESS.

Will some readers of the HOUSEHOLD inform me as to where I would have to send to get a start in the raising of the blueberry and how to cultivate it?—MRS. M. J. M., Morse, Kan.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD tell how to color red in cotton goods that will not fade?—J. W. H.

Will some of the kind readers of the HOUSEHOLD, who are familiar with the care of birds, give me minute direction about raising canaries from the time the birds mate until they are old enough to separate from the mother bird? I have had very bad luck with birds, and will thankfully receive, through these columns, instructions from some experienced person.—A READER, Harper, Kans.

I should like to ask through the BLADE if any of the sisters can tell me what to do for my canaries to make them feather? They have not had half enough to cover their bodies for two years.—MRS. G. W. BRONSON, Auburn, Shawnee Co., Kansas.

If any of the HOUSEHOLD have reading matter to spare please send some to me. —MRS. JAMES HUFFMAN, Columbia, Marion Co., Iowa.

I would like to ask Mrs. H. E. S. to give directions for the coloring, green, blue, yellow, or any other fast colors for cotton, to make carpet.—C. R.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Through the HOUSEHOLD in the BLADE could you give some "points" as to proof-readers? I want to know something as to the especial qualifications needed, and whether I could read or study anything at home to qualify me for taking up the profession in case of necessity.—MRS. H. C., Winter Park, Fla.

To make a good proof-reader, a quick eye, a retentive memory, a habit of accuracy, and a fair education are needed. After learning the signs used—and these may be found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—all that is needed is practice. The editor knows of no book that will be of any especial benefit in learning.—ED.

What would be a suitable, inexpensive dessert for a very common little dinner given half a dozen little girls?—FRANCISCA.

Cake and ice cream, Charlotte Russe, or cake with orange jelly, that to be followed with coffee if liked. Look into your cook book and you will find many different kinds of delicate creams and jellies, etc., that are nice for dessert.—ED.

I saw an inquiry in the HOUSEHOLD asking how to plant and cultivate peanuts. Hull the peanuts and plant two or three in a hill. Cultivate the same as beans. It is not necessary to cover the bloom. I think that the readers of the HOUSEHOLD who are thinking of going to California, would do better to come to Kingman county, Kan. Several parties have gone to California from here, but have returned, saying that all the land in California that was good for anything was so high priced that a poor man could not buy it. This is a very healthy country, good land cheap.—E. E. HILTON, Cleveland, Kan.

In answer to an inquiry in the BLADE of how to fasten the brass on a lamp, I will tell my way. Mix plaster of paris and water just stiff enough to work well, and press into the cavity between the brass and the glass. It must be fixed as soon as mixed, for the plaster sets very quickly. I am using one that was mended in this way some years ago.—MRS. L. A. WEST, Foster, Mo.

"A Reader" asks what will cure a red nose? One good way is to subject the nose to a vapor bath of strong fumes of burning sulphur for about 15 minutes. The stronger the fumes the less time it will take.—S.

Please tell "Anxious Mother," of November 5, 1887, that if she will get white beach bark, and boil it until the strength is out of it, then strain and boil away the liquid to a salve, spread on a cloth and put it clear around her child's ankles, and let her wear it until it comes off, and then put on a new one, I am sure that it will help her and strengthen the joints. I hope she will try it thoroughly, for I have tried it and know it is good.—MRS. L. O., Butler, De Kalb Co., Ind.

If "Miss Luella Munger" will send her address to P. O box, Momena, Ill., the songs she wishes will be forwarded to her. —E. O. S.

Please tell "Mrs. L. N. Finch" that if the whitewash on her ceiling does not scale off all that she need do to make paper stick to it is to wash the walls with vinegar. If the whitewash scales off it will have to be scraped. I have been a silent member of the BLADE HOUSEHOLD since the very first number and never said a word. Now who says a woman can't hold her tongue? But I have received so many goods things and never even returned thanks that I begin to feel ashamed. Am under special obligations to the sister who several years ago told us how to stain a kitchen floor with permanganate of potash.—MRS. A. A. JAMES.

RECIPES.

GINGER BREAD.—1 cupful New Orleans molasses, ½ cupful butter or lard, ½ cupful boiling water, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls soda.

FRIEDCAKES.—2 eggs, 1½ cupfuls sugar, 2 cupfuls sour milk or buttermilk, 4 tablespoonfuls lard, 1 teaspoonful soda, nutmeg to taste; knead, roll to ½ inch in thickness, cut in shapes and fry in hot lard to a rich brown.

BROWN BREAD.—1 pint sour milk or buttermilk, 1 pint sweet milk or water, ½ cupful sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of salt and soda; stir in with a spoon 2 cupfuls of corn meal to 1 of Graham flour until the batter is the consistency of common cake; pour in a well-buttered pan and steam 2 hours, then bake ½ hour or until it is a nice brown. The above are sent in answer to requests.—EMMA A. B. SILL, Fostoria, O.

MOLASSES CAKE.—This is also in reply to F. D. B., who asks for molasses cake without eggs. 1 cupful molasses, 1 cupful hot water, 1 heaping tablespoonful shortening, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 1½ cupsful flour; bake in quick oven and deep pan.

GRAHAM BREAD.—½ cupful molasses, ½ cupful hot water, 1 cupful sour milk, 1 tablespoonful shortening, 1 teaspoonful soda; add Graham flour until quite stiff.—MRS. W. F. S.

LEMON JELLY.—Dissolve one box of gelatine in 1 pint of cold water. Add 1 pound sugar, the juice of five lemons, rind of one grated before squeezing, 1 quart of boiling water. Strain into glasses. —MRS. G. K. COLT, Bursville, Ct.

MOLASSES CANDY.—"K. F. H."—A good recipe for molasses candy is: 1 cupful of good molasses, ½ cupful light brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar. Let it boil until it snaps in cold water, then stir in quickly a little soda, and turn into buttered plates to cool. You will only learn by experience just how long to boil and how to handle it in pulling.—MARY, Lima, Ind.

Will send recipe for tea-cakes, which I have used with success.

TEA CAKES.—Three cupfuls sugar; 1 cupful butter, or lard, with small pinch of salt; 3 eggs; 1 cupful sour milk, with teaspoonful soda dissolved in it; ½ nutmeg, and also lemon extract to taste; flour enough to roll out; sprinkle sugar over top before baking. First beat eggs together enough to mix well, then add sugar, then the butter, stirring good all the time, then milk and flavoring; stir in flour till too thick to stir, then mix with the hands; roll thin and bake in hot oven. They are better when two or three days old than fresh.—A READER.

POTATO SCALLOP.—This is an easy and delicious way to cook a potato scallop: Slice potatoes as to fry, putting a layer in pan, then season with salt, pepper, a little butter, and a small quantity of flour. Continue this until the dish is filled, or you have the required amount. Turn sweet milk over, not sufficient to cover. Bake in a quick oven.—MRS. W. F. S.

MULLEIN SYRUP FOR COLDS.—For "Hopeful."—1 handful dried mullein, 1 handful dried horehound, 1 qt. maple molasses; boil the herbs in a quart of water until reduced to one pint; strain; add molasses and boil 10 minutes longer. Dose, 1 spoonful every hour.

MULLEIN SYRUP FOR CONSUMPTION.—3 ozs. fresh green leaves or 30 ozs. dried, 1 pt. fresh cows milk; boil five minutes; draw from the fire and steep ten minutes; strain; sweeten and drink warm three times a day. Mullein is gathered any time from early spring until frost.—DOLORES.

When fragile woman sighs, deploring
The charms that quickly fade away,
What power, the bloom of health restoring,
Can check the progress of decay?
The only aid that's worth attention,
For pains and ills of such description,
Thousands of women gladly mention—
'Tis "Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar. Specific for all those chronic ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. The only medicine for such maladies, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles, $1. Six for $5.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

FORT EDWARD, N. Y.

Willie T. Connor,	Willie Connor,
Lottie Durkee,	Seymour Durkee,
Fred Durkee,	Lulu Durkee,
Edna Partridge,	Mable Partridge,
Kinne Partridge,	Mabel Day,
Howard Patter,	Hattie Hill,
Susie Hill,	Willie Hill,
Eddie Allen,	Freddie Stewart,
Willie Goodfellow	Coston Soper,
Effie Soper,	Geo. A. McNeil,
Arthur Bennett,	Caddie Williams,
Charley Williams,	Maud Betts,
Blanche Betts,	Harry Yate,
Walter Yate,	Walter Yate,
James Fitzgerald,	Eddie Fitzgerald,
Frank Chapman,	Howard Ross,
Frankie Gilchrist,	Evr Gilchrist,
Daisy Kennedy,	Charley Montgomery,
Mabel Aubery,	Mabel Hermadee,
Rettie Pike,	Tracy West,
Fred West,	Eddie Gallagher,
Byron Grant,	Frank Reynor,
Teddy Parish,	Willie Lord,
Ray Davis,	Libbie Blake,
Jennie Smith,	Kittie Mills,
Grace Doty,	George Barnum,
George Moore,	Cris Partride,
Bert McDougall,	Jennie Van Varanken,
Anna Van Vranken,	Louis Van Vranken,
Johnny Wang,	Oscar Wang,
James Reardon,	Lyle Wigg,
George Hall,	Stella Viele,
Gertie Gainsfoid,	Louis Satterlee,
Eda Bibbins,	Eddie Graham,
Frank Martin,	Tommy Laughlin,
George Sutherland	Frank Jackson,

David Fitzgerald.

Names this week, 72. Total 22,152.

The above embraces all names received up to February 16.

THE LITTLE KING.

A little face to look at,
A little face to kiss,
Is there anything, I wonder,
That's half as sweet as this?

A little cheek to dimple
When smiles begin to grow,
A little mouth betraying
Which way the kisses go.

A slender ringlet,
A rosy little ear,
A little chin to quiver,
When falls the little tear.

A little hand so fragile,
All through the night to hold
Two little feet so tender
To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes to watch the sunbeam,
That with the shadow plays—
A darling little baby
To kiss and love always.

—*Leeds Mercury.*

For the Young Folks.

ETHEL AND JIMMIE'S FASHIONABLE CALLS.

BY KITTIE M. FRISBER.

"Ethel! Ethel!" called Mrs. King from the parlor window, "come here, dear."

"Yes, mamma," answered a little girl's voice, and in a moment a black-eyed little girl came running up the walk.

"What is it, mamma," she asked.

"I have just received a note from Mrs. Mack," answered her mother; "she says that Dickie is very sick, and she wants me to come over right away. Charley is asleep, you know, and I want you to stay and watch him while I am gone. Will you?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," answered Ethel, readily.

"I don't think he will wake, but if he does give him the glass of milk which is on the dining room table and then amuse him so that he does not cry."

"All right, mamma."

"I don't like to leave you alone, but I won't be gone long, and the fires are out," she continued as she hastily tied on her bonnet.

"I will take care of myself and Charlie, mamma," answered Ethel in a dignified tone.

"Well, dear, do your best since there is no one else," said her mother, and then, with a hasty kiss, she was gone.

Ethel looked around her with a complacent smile; she felt very big to be left in charge of the house and—very lonely.

It was Saturday morning and Mrs. King had not finished her morning's work when she received the summons from a friend who lived several blocks away, and she had left all just as it was, even to the broom lying on the floor. Ethel noticed this and carried it into kitchen, then she went into the bed-room where her little eighteen-months old brother was sleeping, one rosy creek resting in his chubby hand. "I'd better not play in the sand any more, but stay in the house," she said to herself, and, taking Rosie Belle (her doll) from her cradle, she returned to the parlor.

She had just began to change Miss Rosie's dress when the door bell rang loudly.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "there are some callers and mamma is gone, I wish they'd stay at home." She flung poor Rosie Belle into a corner, and, screwing her face into a smile, went to open the door. Before she could reach it, however, there came another loud, "ting! ting!"

"Must be in a hurry," commented Ethel. "Wonder who it is—Mrs. Noble just like as not." She opened the door, expecting to see some of her mother's friends, but to her surprise, a little lady a few inches taller than herself entered.

"Oh, you dear!" she cried, delightedly, "I'm so glad to see you—I'm alone—'cept Charlie, and he is asleep; take off your things, Queenie, how nice you look!"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't," said Queen, seeming quite horrified at the proposition; she sat down in a large easy chair, looking like a small bird in a large nest.

"No, I can't," she explained as Ethel looked hurt at her tone. "You see, I'm making fashionable calls and I can't stay but eight minutes at a place."

"Oh?" said Ethel, "and where are you going?"

"To Mrs. Noble's and Mrs. Wilson's and to see Nell Clark,—but hurry up, for I came expressly to get you to go 'long."

"Oh, I wish I could, but I can't; you see I have to stay with Charlie."

"Where's your mother?"

"Mrs. Mack sent for her. Dickie is sick."

"Won't she come back pretty soon?"

"She said she wouldn't stay long—wait for me, Queenie, and see if mamma will let me go."

"I can't wait; I'm in a hurry. Where is Charlie?"

"He is asleep in the bedroom."

"I don't see why you have to stay with him while he is sleeping; come go with me, Ethel, please do. We will walk fast and only be gone a few minutes; 'tisn't likely he will wake while we are gone—please, please come, Ethel."

"I wish that I could, Queenie," said Ethel, with a sigh; "but I can't possibly leave Charlie, besides if I should go and mamma come home and not find me here she would be so worried."

"Oh, pshaw! Ethel, I want you to come and you must—I'll tell you! I will help you get ready, then when your mother does come you won't have to wait to dress."

"Well, I might do that," acquiesced Ethel. "What shall I wear, Queenie?"

"Where is your new dress?"

"It isn't finished; here it is," said Ethel bringing a delicate pink satin in from the next room.

"Oh, how pretty it is! I wish you could wear it, Ethel."

"Mamma said it would take only a little while to finish it; the buttons aren't on yet and a few little things."

"I'll tell you, Ethel, you can wear it anyway. I will pin it for you and no one will notice that it isn't buttoned; come on"—and she whisked Ethel and the dress into the bedroom. "Now I'll play lady's maid; where is your mamma's powder till I whiten you a little."

"My mamma don't use such stuff," Ethel answered contemptuously.

"Then she doesn't know what's what. My mamma uses it," cried Queenie hotly. "Ah! then what is this," she continued triumphantly as her bright eyes espied a small, round box on the dressing case.

"That! why, that's the baby's puff. Mamma puts it on to keep him from chafing," Ethel answered.

"It's all the same," said Queenie; "hold still while I give you a color to be proud of. Shut your eyes and mouth, there and there; now you look nice. The next thing is the dress, put it on—now turn around till I pin it."

Ethel obeyed and Queenie worked quietly a few minutes, when the silence was broken by a scream from Ethel, who jumped away from Queenie's side with a very angry face.

"What's the matter?" asked Queenie, innocently.

"You stuck a pin into me. Oh! oh! if I thought you did it on purpose I'd not let you put in another pin."

"I don't want to;" retorted Queenie. "I have finished."

"Come now, Ethel, don't get mad—and let me put a collar on you." Then, as she noticed Ethel's dress, which was only basted and had, in consequence of rough handling, became ripped, she exclaimed, "Why, Ethel, see your dress! I'll tell you my mother doesn't do such sewing as that if she does use powder."

"Queenie Shepard! I'll not go a step with you if you talk about my mamma," cried Ethel.

"Well, I won't," was the reply, "but you can see for yourself that it isn't sewed very well."

"I can't go with it that way," said Ethel. "I think I'd better take it off, Queen, and wear my white dress."

"Oh, no!" cried Queenie. "I'll pin up the rip and no one 'll notice it; now you are fixed—all but your collar."

"Mamma keeps all the collars in here," said Ethel, opening a drawer. "Why, no she don't either, there isn't one here. I wonder where we can find them."

"Never mind, this will do beautifully," said Queenie, drawing a long piece of white mosquito netting from the drawer, which was in disorderly confusion as drawers usually are.

It was a catch-all for every thing and it had been Mrs. King's intention to "put that drawer to rights" on that very morning.

The piece of mosquito netting was about four feet in length by one in width.

"It's too big," objected Ethel.

"Oh, no; I'll tie it on so it will look pretty," said Queenie reassuringly.

"What kind of stuff is it?" asked Ethel.

"I don't know just what it is," answered Queenie, "but I guess it is blonde; mamma has some that looks like this and she calls it 'wash blonde.'"

The mosquito netting was bound about Ethel's neck in a manner quite startling and they thought beautiful; a knot of electric-blue satin ribbon completed the neck rig.

Then Queenie surveyed her *chef-d'œuvre* with unmixed pleasure until she observed that Ethel had no sash. "Oh, Ethel!" she exclaimed, "you must have a sash of some kind, so as to look more like me."

Ethel's best sash, a cherry-colored one, was forth-coming and knotted about her waist.

"Now," said Queenie, "you look as sweet as honey. "Come on," drawing on her silk gloves as she spoke.

"Why, Queenie, mamma hasn't come back yet."

"Well, she ought to have come if she hasn't; come on, I've waited long enough."

"Queenie, I can't; mamma will be here in a few minutes and then we can go."

"Ethel King! you're the very meanest girl I ever saw. The idea of my getting you ready and then for you to back out in this way—its horrid, its shameful in you," cried Queenie, her pink cheeks crimson with rage, and her shrill little voice raised to its highest pitch.

"Oh, Queenie! I never promised to go before mamma came," said Ethel.

"I don't care. If you don't come right away I'll never, never speak to you again."

Poor Ethel hesitated; Queenie walked slowly to the door. "Good-bye, Miss King," she said with dignity, "you will never have another chance to go calling with me."

"Oh, Queenie!" cried Ethel, bursting into tears. "Please don't go."

"Will you come with me then?" asked Queenie.

"Oh! oh! I would if I could, but I can't; you know I ca ca-can't," she ended in a wail, for Queenie had gone outside and shut the door with a bang. "Oh, dear!" she sobbed, then opened the door. Queenie was walking slowly down the path.

"Queenie!" she called; no reply. Queenie walked a little faster. O-oh, Que Queenie, I-I-I'll go," sobbed Ethel.

"Very well," Queenie answered; "it is a good thing you changed your mind."

She hurried on Ethel's hat, and her Sunday mits, not being handy her navy blue half handers, which she wore while playing out doors, were donned.

"No one will notice," said Queenie, as she pushed Ethel out of the door and closed it. "Now come on; I want to be home in time for dinner and I want to make at least a seven minutes' call on Mrs. Noble."

"Why are you going there?" asked Ethel.

"To call on Miss Lizzie—isn't she our Sunday school teacher? and didn't she ask us to come and see her whenever we could?" asked Queenie.

Ethel made no reply; her head ached and she did not feel like talking and thoughts of little Charlie bothered her.

They were an odd looking little couple; Queenie arrayed in a pale-blue satin with an over dress of creamy lace; stockings of the same hue; dainty French boots, silk mitts, satin fan, a jaunty little bonnet and parasol; her golden curls held back from her dimpled face by knots of blue ribbon.

Ethel with red stockings, which had been darned, and rusty everyday shoes; Queenie had seen the elaborate darning but had concluded, since the dress was rather long, it would never be noticed; it was rather long because it had not been faced or trimmed off and was hanging in a ragged fringe around the bottom; the red sash was several shades darker than the hosiery; the dress was pink; the neck-tie, hair-ribbon, and half handers being blue, all different shades; the half handers being navy blue, the hair-ribbon of a light delicate tint, and the neck-tie electric blue. Her Sunday bonnet was a dainty affair composed of lace and a cluster of pink and white daisies; her well powdered face was somewhat streaked for the hot salt tears had plowed little channels through the powder—as a little rivulet plows through banks of snow—and her eyes were red from crying. Her collar has been described.

Queenie looked elated as people usually do who have overcome all obstacles, while Ethel seemed forlorn; Queenie was the conquerer; Ethel the conquered.

Mrs. Noble lived six or eight blocks away and on the main street of the city.

The little girls were rather quiet during their walk and did not, in reality, seem to enjoy it much. Ethel said nothing but "Do hurry, Queenie."

Finally they reached the large grey stone house where Mrs. Noble lived. They mounted the steps and Queenie rang the door bell loudly; it was answered, presently, by a pleasant faced, brown-eyed young lady who looked quizzically at them for a moment then invited them to the parlor where she talked with them a short time, seeming much pleased to see them; she played a gay tone on the piano, then excused herself, saying she would call her mother as Mrs Noble would be very much disappointed if she did not see them.

She returned in a moment with Mrs. Noble, who greeted them with a smile then burst out laughing and laughed and laughed until she shook.

Ethel looked surprised and Queenie indignant, until Mrs. Noble explained:

"You must excuse me, dearies. Ha! ha! but I'm so glad, so powerful glad to see you I can't help laughing."

Queenie was appeased at this and thought to herself that she would tell her mamma how glad Mrs. Noble was to see them, but she noticed, with a jealous pang, that Mrs. Noble bestowed much more attention upon Ethel than upon her.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't fixed Ethel quite so nice," she thought. "Why, I don't believe Mrs. Noble ever saw my new dress at all; she looks at Ethel's all the time."

"What are your mothers doing to-day, girls?" asked Mrs. Noble.

"Mamma is getting the house cleaned up for Sunday," Queenie answered.

Ethel did not say anything; in fact, she had spoken only in monosyllables since she came.

"And what is your mother doing, Ethel?" asked Mrs. Noble, addressing her directly.

"I don't know," said Ethel fidgeting on her chair.

"She wasn't at home," explained Queenie. "She had gone to Mrs. Mack's; Dickie is sick. I got Ethel ready all by myself," she added, thinking to have the glory of making Ethel look so pretty, at least.

"Don't your mother know you are here?" asked Mrs. Noble.

"No-o and—and Charlie is all alone," said Ethel, ready to cry.

"But then he is asleep," added Queenie.

"Why, children," said Mrs. Noble, "you surely didn't leave that baby alone."

"Yes, on the bed," said Ethel bent upon entire self abnegation.

"Why, children," exclaimed Mrs. Noble, "he will fall off and break his head. You must go straight home."

"But we wanted to make a few more calls," remonstrated Queenie.

"Never mind the calls—leave them for some other day—you mustn't think Lizzie and I are not glad to see you, girls, but we can't have you stay since we know the baby is there alone; come over next Thursday afternoon, if your mothers will let you, and we will have a nice time together; but now"—she had hurried them out to the gate by this time—"go home," and then she remembered the scrupulously neat little girl who sat by Mrs. King every Sunday at church, and considering Mrs. King's feelings, she added in an impressive tone, "and go the back way, girls."

They were too frightened by her abrupt manner to question this extraordinary command and obeyed without murmuring.

When they had gone about two blocks down the alley, which led homeward, a big black dog ran out barking furiously. He jumped on poor, frightened, unlucky Ethel, leaving marks of his big muddy paws on her dress. Then, oh, how they did run and scream—and run—faster, faster, faster, till they reached Ethel's home; then they dashed into the parlor, a forlorn-looking little pair. And whom did they find waiting there in the parlor? Why! their mammas."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" they cried simultaneously, throwing themselves into their mothers' arms.

"Oh, girls! girls!" cried their mothers, half laughing half crying. Then Mrs. King held Ethel off at arm's length. "Oh, where, where have you been in that dress?" she asked.

"We've been to Mrs. Noble's," answered Queenie.

"Why, Queenie," said Mrs. Shepard, "you know I did not want you to go off this street."

"And, Ethel, you said you would stay with Charlie and I thought I could trust you," said Mrs. King sorrowfully.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Ethel, "I didn't want to go, mamma, but Queenie said she would never speak to me again if I didn't."

"Charlie didn't wake up, did he," asked Queenie.

"No; he hasn't waked up yet, but he might have done so," said Mrs. Shepard.

"To think that you went on the street in that dress," said Mrs. King, tears of mortification coming to her eyes.

"What did Mrs. Noble say to you?" asked Mrs. Shepard.

"Oh," answered Queenie, complacently, "she was almost tickled to death, she laughed and laughed because she was so glad to see us."

"But she sent us home when she found out we had left Charlie and she told us to come the back way," added Ethel.

"Yes, that is the reason the mud is on Ethel's new dress; a big dog chased us and jumped on her."

"No wonder," said Mrs. King, "he took her for a walking rag-bag. Oh, Ethel! Ethel! what made you run away?"

"Queenie coaxed me."

"Don't you know what the Sunday school teacher said last Sunday? Don't you remember the Golden Text? It was: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Now when you were tempted you should have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan;' and—"

"Why! Mrs. King," cried Queenie, "how dare you call me the devil."

"Queenie! Queenie!" exclaimed Mrs. Shepard, reprovingly, and without further ceremony she took Miss Queenie and started home.

This was many years ago and although Ethel has never since gone calling without her mother's permission, Queenie has never ceased speaking to her; and they often laugh with Mrs. Noble over their first "fashionable calls."

The Sunday School

Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.

LESSON X., SUNDAY, MARCH 4, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT—The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matt 20:20.

LESSON TEXT.

Matt. 20: 17-29.

17. And Jesus going up to Jerusalem took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them,

18. Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death,

19. And shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify him: and the third day she shall rise again.

20. Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her son's, worshipping him, and desiring a certain thing of him.

21. And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She saith unto him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom.

22. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able.

23. And he saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father.

24. And when the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation against the two brethren.

25. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them.

26. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister;

27. And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant:

28. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

29. And as they departed from Jericho, a great multitude followed him.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He took the twelve disciples apart, and said, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests and scribes; and they shall condemn him to death (vs. 17, 18). To be taken into the loving confidence of Jesus is not necessarily to be given new causes for immediate rejoicing. To learn more of his plans may be to learn of unexpected trials in store for us. Those who were nearest to our Lord while he was here in the flesh, suffered more at the time in his behalf, and because of him, than those who were in no such loving relation to him. Shall we wonder, then, that those who love him now, and whom he loves, are called to special trials and griefs? When he takes us apart from our fellows into closer communion with him, let us be ready to learn of sorrows and losses of which we had no realizing sense before.

She saith unto him, Command that these my two sons may sit, one on thy right hand, and one on thy left hand, in thy kingdom (v. 21). A true mother's very life is bound up in the welfare of her children. She lives for them, she hopes and plans and prays in their behalf. Their ambitions are likely to become her ambitions for them. That which they want for themselves, in any noble or honorable direction, she naturally wants for them. And to whom can a mother go with more confidence, asking help for her children's future, than to her Lord and their Lord? It was right for the mother of James and John to turn to Jesus with the story of her longings for their prosperity. Yet even a loving mother's prayer for her children may be a mistaken prayer. Well is it for a child that he has a true and loving mother to think of him and to pray for him. Well is it, also, that there is even a safer friend to the children than the best and truest mother who ever lived!

Ye know not what ye ask (v. 22). If all our prayers should be answered, just as we offer them, what a curse it would be to us. There is nothing in which God's love for us is more clearly shown, than in refusing to give us all that we ask for. Just look back over your own course for the past few weeks, or months, or for long years before that, and recall how you longed for some things with all your heart; and now you see that those very things would have been your ruin. A little child reaches out its hand, with a cry, for an open, glistening razor. It knows not what it asks for. A bright boy wants to have a cigar like his foolish father; a young man wants to drink, or gamble, or to part with his heritage of virtue, for the fun of the thing; he knows not what his longing involves. A Christian asks for health, or wealth, or ease, or exemption from trial; or for some special benefit which seems just suited to his need. He knows not what he asks. Of the best of us it may be said, "We know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

To sit on my right hand, and on my left hand, is not mine to give (v. 23). Spiritual attainments are a result of spiritual condition, not of an arbitrary bestowment from God. He who is the most spiritually minded man will find himself ahead in any time of spiritual comparisons. Superior sanctity cannot be secured by a vote of the congregation, or by the laying on of ministerial hands. Nor is it God's way to give the first place in glory to a man who has no other fitness for it than the fact he has been clamoring for it all his lifetime. He who forgets Christ in his desire to be next to the throne, thereby shuts himself out from a possibility of being near the throne. But he who forgets himself in his devotedness to Christ, may find himself very near the throne when his Master finally calls attention to the fact before the universe.

Not so shall it be among you (v. 26.) Christianity reverses the world's order in all that man lives for, and in all that man is. The world says, station, place, power, is the chief thing to be desired, in one's relation to his fellows. Christianity says, Service is the first duty and the highest attainment of a man in comparison with those about him. The world says, Think first of self. Christianity says, Forget self. This difference between Christianity and the world is a radical one. There is no such think as being a Christian by the world's standard. Yet the Christian standard is the only standard by which a man can fill his own place, and be his own best self in the world. Only he who strives to serve God and to serve his country can be a good ruler. It is in efforts to be of service to others, and in forgetfulness of self, that a man does his best work and secures highest honors, in any of the learned professions, in any sphere of social life, or in the realm of personal friendship, as well as in purely religious activities. He who is of most service is best loved and most prized, wherever he is. He who seems never to think of himself, thereby makes others think of him constantly, tenderly, gratefully. To be a true Christian involves the recognizing and the acting on this truth. This is not the world's way, but it is Christ's way.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS

A GIRL SWIMMER.

Diving at the Royal Aquarium—A Healthy Exercise.

One of the features of the Royal aquarium, Westminster, London, is the singularly graceful swimming performances of some young girls under the direction of Prof. Beckwith. In the hall where the show takes place tier upon tier of seats slope gradually down to the swimming bath or tank, some 70 feet in length by 30 in width. At one end of the tank, upon a platform, Prof. Beckwith stands and introduces the swimmers to the audience.

"Allow me," says the professor, "to introduce my latest pupil, Miss Clifton," and a pretty girl of an admirable figure steps forward and stands waiting a few feet above the dark water. She is clad in long silk tights reaching to her hips; her dress is composed of a close-fitting bodice of coral-colored cashmere, half open at the neck, but with arms totally uncovered. Apparently her numerous immersions (five or six a day), agree with her wonderfully well, for she has the clearest and creamiest of skins, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. Miss Clifton, took a single step, and like a pink arrow shot herself into the air. The next second she was far beneath the green depths of the water, a coral-hued mermaid, silently cleaving her way and easily discernable by reason of a powerful electric light that followed and displayed her every movement. Happily for the durability of one's faith in crimson cheeks Miss Clifton only grew rosier and prettier the longer she staid and splashed about. Even her short curly hair did not seem to lose its crispness, and when the swimming was over she arose, like another Venus, from the sea, bright and bewitching.

ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

A List of Those Most Prominently Sold.

The following are the names of some of the baking powders published by the public authorities as being made from alum:

Kenton,	Davis,
Silver Star,	A. & P.,
Forest City,	Henkle,
One Spoon,	Ne Plus Ultra,
Patapsco,	Enterprise,
Empire,	Can't be Beat,
Gold,	Eureka,
Veteran,	International,
Cook's Favorite,	Puritan,
Sun Flower,	Albany Favorite,
Jersey,	Golden Sheaf,
Buckeye,	Burnett's Perfect,
Peerless,	State,
Crown,	Silver King,
Wheeler's,	Welcome,
Carleton,	Old Colony,
Gem,	Crystal,
Scioto,	Centennial,
Zipp's Grape Crystal,	Gem,
Geo. Washington,	Windsor,
Fleur de Lis,	Sovereign,
Feather Weight,	Daisy,

There are doubtless many other brands of alum baking powder besides those so far examined and named by the authorities. Most of the baking powders sold in bulk, by weight, and all sold with a gift or present are said to be of this description.

Prof. Wiley, Chemist in Chief of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., says: "The use of alum in baking powders in large quantity, in place of other acid salts, should be prohibited by law."

A New Figure in the German.

A new feature was introduced at President Carnot's last ball. It is called a new "figure," though it is rather a species of game—a contest of agility, in fact, between the male dancers, who alone take part in it; the prize being a waltz with the lady who gives the signal for it. This she does by launching a toy balloon in the air, and the salutory competition which it provokes among the young men in their frantic efforts to reach the miniature aerostat and secure the prize is said to be extremely diverting.—*St. James Gazette.*

Good Wages—A Dollar an Hour.

Enterprising, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to Stinson and Co., Portland, Maine, learning thereby, by return mail, how they can make $1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity. Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

He Should Use Natural Gas.

Wife—Oh, dear! The fire will have to be built again!

Husband—Is that so? That's too bad.

Wife—Why do you suppose it goes out so often?

Husband—Goes out to get something to keep it warm, just as I'm going to do. I'll be back in an hour or so.—*Lowell Courier.*

Roseate Cushions for Jewels.

It is fitting that pearls should repose in rosy cushions. The contrast is bewitching. For example look at a mouth filled with pearly teeth resting in ruddy gums as hard as coral; natural gems and setting made beautiful with SOZODONT.

Kept him Out of the Kitchen.

Wife—"Now, this is the third time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook."

Husband—"Yes, I—I believe it is."

Wife—"Well, the very next time I catch you talking to the cook I'll discharge her and do the cooking myself!"

That cured him.—*Texas Siftings.*

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION is free from Opium in any form, and therefore perfectly safe.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs, so much the better. A few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

It cannot be asserted that every case of Consumption may be cured by this medicine, but it is true that thousands of lives will be saved if they do not delay too long.

By druggists. 25c.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Farm.

Communications.

We this week devote most of our space to communications. They contain a great variety of information, and will be read with interest. We are pleased to see farmers take hold of the BLADE FARM in earnest. An exchange of ideas as well as the information they give to each other on various subjects can but prove beneficial. Next week, in addition to several excellent communications we have on hand, we shall answer many inquiries now on file.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Raising Pease.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I saw an article in the farm department a while ago giving instructions in regard to raising pease. I don't intend to dispute said correspondent. He says you can raise 100 bushels per acre. This is a great country here where I live for raising pease, but we don't get over 30 or 35 bushels per acre, and the average is about 18 bushels. We have a heavy clay soil here and pease do better than corn. Most all new cleared land is sowed to pease on account of the ground being rough, and they leave the soil in a better condition for fall wheat. Pease will keep the soil loose and moist, and they will smother all weeds if they are sown even and thick enough. We sow about two bushels per acre. We sow them after we are through sowing spring wheat. They must be well covered or the least rain will wash them out. They will get ripe about August, when they are pulled with an old scythe or horse-rake. They are usually stacked and threshed with machines the same as other crops are. The kind which are mostly sown here are the marrow fats, California, golden vines, silver vines, small white peas or stool peas and blue peas. The market price varies from 35 cents to 60 cents per bushel here. The blue are the best to raise, as they will bring a better price, but some years the bugs will injure them.—SIMON MILLER, Port Sanilac, Mich.

More About Cultivating Corn in Dry Season.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having recently seen an article in the BLADE FARM, relative to the cultivation of corn in dry season by C. C. Young, Liberty Center, Ohio, I feel disposed to add a few lines upon the subject which may bring out some important ideas on the subject from the agricultural world. It is conceded by many the depth the soil is stirred is the most important factor relative to the production of a crop in dry season. It is believed by many that the soil when broken or stirred in the autumn or spring preparatory to planting, that it should not be stirred over four inches in depth; and the theory and reasons given are: If the soil be broken ten or twelve inches deep, the rainfall, especially if light, will have a natural tendency to penetrate downward till it reached the hard surface beneath, and then, in a few days after the rain, if the corn is but one or two months old, it is robbed of most of the real benefit of the late rain, or its roots do not penetrate half way down to the hard surface beneath, which the rain has already reached, thus leaving the upper six inches of the surface almost dry; but if the soil is stirred but four inches deep, when the rain reaches the hard surface beneath it almost ceases penetration, and the corn, young or old, receives the full benefit of the whole rainfall, as the rain has but four inches of soil to moisten, whereas, according to the ten-inch theory, it has more than double that depth to saturate. The object in dry seasons is to invent or adopt some agricultural method by which the corn will receive the full benefit of the entire rainfall, and we believe that the four-inch theory approximates it nearer than the ten-inch theory; then it is an all important subject, and should be fully discussed by experimental and observative farmers, as thousands and hundreds of thousands are more or less affected by it annually throughout the entire union. So we will be pleased to hear from a number of experimental farmers on the theory of deep and shallow farming. We think that Messrs. Rakestrow and Young are right on the theory of frequent cultivation in dry seasons for the best corn crops, but think that the four-inch theory should be added. Yet some object to frequent cultivation in extremely dry seasons, saying that nothing should be done but to keep all weeds cut down.—B. F. CARROLL, Stockville, Neb.

Better Living for Farmers.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to propose to the many farmer readers of your very valuable paper, that we, as farmers, try to live a little better. I will confess that I wish to, and will tell you how I am going to begin to effect it. In the spring I will set a large lot of asparagus plants, more than we shall probably want, so as to be sure of enough. I have a supply of two-year-old roots. The ground, a very rich prairie, will be well plowed, and where the row is to stand turn out two furrows as deep as I well can, and then fill it partly with good old manure; level off the manure a little and then take good, strong plants, spread the roots well and plant the crowns about six inches below the natural surface and cover them at first only about two inches, and fill up gradually as the plants grow. The plants shall be set eighteen inches apart and in only one row, and the cultivation can nearly all be done with the cultivator. Probably thirty feet would supply enough for an ordinary family, but sixty is my amount. Late in the fall of each succeeding year will cover the rows with three or four inches good, long manure, which must be partly removed from the crowns in early spring. The next spring after planting can cut a little early, but it should not be cut until late, as it will weaken the plant, but subsequent seasons it may be cut three or four weeks. As soon as the seed begins to form, the stalks should be cut off and the seed not allowed to ripen. Young asparagus plants are the worst weed you can have on the bed. The above is written from many years experience in growing this edible, East, on a large scale for market.

If our editor should conclude to publish this I may tell you some other things that are to be added to the bill of fare.—S. HERRICK. [Yes, we wish to have the balance of the bill of fare.—ED.]

Very Sensible.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have not noticed anything from this section in the BLADE FARM. I wish to say a few words on shelter for stock. I claim that a cow can be kept on one-half the feed in a good warm stable that they can without shelter. I stand my cows in a warm stable and feed three quarts of chops twice a day, and they are fat enough for beef. My neighbor feeds from five to six quarts twice a day, and lets his cows run out all the time, and they are thin and look bad and give but little milk. Now, which is the best plan for the poor man. My neighbor says he is not able to build shelter for his stock. I tell him I am not able to keep my stock without shelter. If this finds room I may write again.—C. L. HARDMAN.

Who Will do It?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some kind reader of the BLADE inform me how to cultivate cramberries? What kind of soil is required? Should swampy ground be drained? Could they be grown in any state? Are they started from cuttings or from roots? and where could they be purchased? For how much? How should the ground be prepared? How long in coming to bearing? What is the average yield per acre? What month do they ripen? Are they a sure crop? I do not know anything about them, but would like to cultivate them if I could. Will some one please answer and oblige a reader of the BLADE.—W. A. [The editor will, as soon as space will permit, give an article on the above subject. In the meantime, we shall be pleased to hear from any one who has had experience is raising cramberries.—ED.]

Dishorning.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In discussing the best methods and modes of farming and the highest practical results to be attained, it requires a fertile brain with the closest study and constant application with no letting up of head or hands to reach maximum results, and show a balance in favor of the credit side of the ledger; and hence it behooves every farmer to become a student of his honorable calling by philosophical reasoning, coupled with his own experiances and keeping well posted through agricultural journals and newspapers devoting a part of their space on this important industry to the whole world to keep soul and body together.

There are so many points connected with the farming industry worthy of discussion, and the field is so broad that no point relative to progress and best practical results can be amiss. I will briefly discuss the merits of dehorning cattle, which, to my mind, is a grand step in advance, not only on the side of humanity to the brutes themselves, but to the credit side of the ledger, when we come to make up the balance sheet for the year.

The dishorning process, with proper appliances, can be but momentary, and as it has already been tested by some of our large cattle growers in Illinois and other states with no serious results, and proving such a blessing to the herds themselves, removing all danger of the weak being gored and injured, and sometimes killed by the strong, from the humane standpoint alone, the process of dishorning must meet with universal favor.

The only possible objection that can be raised against dishorning is cruelty and torture to the animal, and we think we have already shown to a reasoning mind that the viciousness of the bovines toward each other, and the many serious results among herds, is certainly paramount in cruelty to each other to the dishorning process. So now we will consider that the objections that have been and may be raised, are more than counterbalanced from a humane standpoint, and will now proceed to consider a few of the very salient points for removing the horns, in a financial point of view.

I have raised cattle and horses for 40 years, and the horns on cattle have been a constant source of trouble, vexation and loss for this long period, and my experience is not dissimilar to all others in ordinary farming.

On several occasions I have had colts and horses gored by vicious cattle and badly injured, resulting in serious loss, besides extra time and dollars for medicine—just for the simple reason that my cattle had horns. This is one source of loss. Another, cattle frequently have injured each other with their horns. Another, it takes more cost of stable and shed room because of horns, to make comfortable and safe when stabled; cannot be placed so near together without the extra cost of box stalls and needing more room for same number. When loose under sheds in stormy weather the cruel bosses will scatter themselves through the sheds out of the reach of each other, and the majority are kept out shivering, with their backs bowed up like a rainbow, not daring to enter the shed on account of their bosses with horns, and the identical ones needing the greatest protection get the least on account of the pesky, dangerous horns. The boss cow will stand lengthwise of the watering trough after supplying her own requirements, and keep the underlings away by flourishing those infernal horns.

Every farmer's experience demands the removal of all horns from his herds. How often the keeper or herder is gored to death by a vicious bull, and no man can tell when he is safe or in danger among horned cattle. He must keep a constant watch for the safety of his stock himself, and whoever may go among and handle them. These horns always have been and always will be a dangerous and expensive luxury or fancy.

The weakness of man has ever been ready to oppose any new and advanced ideas to better man's condition. Ancient history, and modern too, informs us that all the new ideas of advanced thought has ever had a thorny and uphill road to travel, and full of obstacles, that only give way when the force is irresistable.

The new idea and practice of dishorning cattle, regardless of the overwhelming benefits, will meet with the same opposition, because it is new to their minds, and must be overcome by the more advanced and practical.

A writer from Stark county, Ohio, to the *Ohio Farmer* sends in his protest, calling hard names and employing invectives, simply on the ground of cruelty to animals, and calls the laws of Ohio to his aid in support of his position, and informs these inhuman barbarians that such cruelty to animals cannot be tolerated with impunity in Ohio. Now, if our Stark county friend is so tender that he would allow a slight infliction of pain to prevent disastrous and unprofitable results, and in a great measure destroy the object sought for the benefit of humanity and general advancement, he would, from this standpoint, allow all domestic animals to grow up in their normal condition. No castration of males or renewal of any natural appendage for general benefit and improvement, which has been a custom in all civilization, and to follow out still further his theory of cruelty, what would he do with the stock in their natural grossness. It would not do to slaughter them for use, because of cruelty to animals; and to carry out such a theory would be suicidal to stock raising, at all.

The high degree of perfection already reached in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, has been wrought by the art of man. One improvement after another, step by step, and let us not stop where we are, but keep right on surmounting every obstacle in the way, as fast as discovered, by the cultivation of the mind, as we cultivate our corn fields, that the warm sun light may shine in upon our crude brains, giving new life and light, and increase the growth, and give strength and perfect maturity. Such is true advancement.—C. C. YOUNG, Liberty Center, O.—[Mr. Young, certainly makes a strong argument in favor of dishorning.—ED.]

Cranberries.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: Having been a constant reader of the BLADE for two years, I would like to ask through it, if any of its readers have ever had any experience in raising cranberries? We have a small marsh of about five acres, but as the berries are only in spots, we wish to make it more profitable. A few years ago it was drained, and one side has had no berries since. What was the cause, when last summer it was so dry you did not get you feet damp and there was more berries than ever before?

Some have told us to flood it, but when, and how long to leave the water on are things we want to know, and if that is not the proper way, what shall we do to raise cranberries?—E. TRUESDELL, Breedsville, Mich. [On September 29, the BLADE FARM had a long article on how to raise cranberries. We shall be pleased to here from some one on this subject.—ED.]

Egg-Eating Fowls.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I saw in the BLADE FARM where "A. D. W." wanted to know how to keep his hens from eating eggs. If he will take a sharp pair of shears and clip the end of the beak off, they will not trouble the eggs. It will not hurt them.—N. B., Gowie, Iowa.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Tell "A. D. W." to take an egg and empty it of half its meat, and thicken the balance with cayenne pepper and give it to his hens, and they will stop eating eggs. One egg for about ten hens.—FRED, Summerville, Pa.

Butchering Hogs—Egg-Eating Hens.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—"R. K." wishes to know how best to butcher hogs for family use. Bleed thoroughly by cutting the jugular vein, being careful not to thrust the knife in too deep as to touch the heart, for in so doing the hog will die before thorough bleeding, and the blood will settle in the meat, mostly in the lean meat. Bring the water to a boil, and have it boil before bleeding the hog. For a hog of 200 pounds four pailsful are sufficient. For a scalding tub a kerosene barrel is about the right size. Get the hog on the dressing table, put the water in the barrel, then drop in two or three small clots of blood, and if the blood turns white, the water is too hot, and will set the hair. Add two gallons of cold water, and plunge the hog in and keep it in motion, drawing it out in about a minute to air, and if the hair dees not come off easily put it back, roll it over and keep it in motion for two or three minutes, and you will have a good scald. Remove the inwards with caution, rinse out with cold water, place a chip in the mouth so that the water may run out. Cutting up a hog properly for the family use is quite an art.

If A. D. H., will watch his hens and take the eggs away as soon as they drop, for one day, then break the shell at each end and blow out part of the meat, and fill the shell with capsicum, then put them back for the hens to eat, I think he will have no more trouble.—E. R.

What a Young Farmer Has to Say.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—After reading so many good items in the BLADE written by practical men, I feel called upon to add my mite toward the fund of general information. I feel a hesitency about saying anything as I am but a young man and the most of the contributors appear to be men of several years experience.

I agree with Geo. A. Shrigley that the farmers should educate themselves by means of institutes and every other means possible, in order to raise ourselves above the level of mere drudges in theory with more aggitation of the question. I think institutes would me more generally adopted, and much good done by the acquisition of practical knowledge.

I haven't seen anything about hogs yet. We must all admit that hogs, above any other one thing on the farm, are the most profitale, especially if they be of the right breed and are properly cared for. Because they have the name of hog does not imply that they are filthy and dirty from choice. It is a shame to treat anything in so slovenly a way as some farmers treat their hogs, keeping them shut up, and feed in filthy pens, while if they were properly cared for they would be of much more profit to the owner. It is only because they are the hardiest animal that they manage to make any growth, treated as some are.—A YOUNG FARMER. [The editor is pleased to see "Young Farmer" take sufficient interest to place his ideas, which are good, upon paper. It shows that he is progressive.—ED.]

Bloat in Cattle.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see a cure for bloat in cattle that I can beat two to one. Here it is. Take a blanket and soak it in cold water and apply to the small of the back and cover with a dry blanket. This will give relief in 15 to 20 minutes every time.—A SUBSCRIBER, West Middleburg.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself and peculiar to all other preparations in strength, economy, and medicinal merit.

TALMAGE'S SERMON TO WOMEN.

Social Position, Fine Houses, Personal Adornment and Man's Flattery Count for Nothing—Christian Usefulness Worth More Than All Else.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 19.—This morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached the seventh of of his series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." The opening hymn begins:

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high."

Dr. Talmage took for his text the following words: "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." He said:

The editor of a Boston newspaper a few days ago wrote, asking me the terse questions: "What is the road to happiness?" and "Ought happiness be the chief aim of life?" My answer was: "The road to happiness is the continuous effort to make others happy. The chief aim of life ought to be usefulness, not happiness, but happiness always follows usefulness." This morning's text in a strong way sets forth the truth that a woman who seeks in worldly advantage her chief enjoyment will come to disappointment and death. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

My friends, you all want to be happy. You have had a great many recipes by which it is proposed to give you satisfaction—solid satisfaction. At times you feel a thorough unrest. You know as well as older people what it is to be depressed. As dark shadows sometimes fall upon the geography of the school girl as on the page of the spectacled philosopher. I have seen cloudy days in May as in November. There are no deeper sighs breathed by the grandmother than by the granddaughter. I correct the popular impression that people are happier in childhood and youth than they ever will be again. If we live aright, the older the happier. The happiest woman that I ever knew was a Christian octogenarian; her hair white as white could be; the sunlight of heaven, late in the afternoon, gilding the peaks of snow. I have to say to a great many of the young people that the most miserable time you are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart all full of good, honest, practical Christian work, then you will know what it is to begin to be happy. There are those who would have us believe that life is chasing thistledown and grasping bubbles. We have not found it so. To many of us it has been discovering diamonds larger than the Kohinoor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until nothing short of the everlasting jubilee of heaven will be able to express it.

Horatio Greenough, at the close of the hardest life a man ever lives—the life of an American artist—wrote: "I don't want to leave this world until I give some sign that, born by the grace of God in this land, I have found life to be a very cheerful thing, and not the dark and bitter thing with which my early prospects were clouded."

Albert Barnes, the good Christian, known the world over, stood in his pulpit in Philadelphia, at 70 or 80 years of age, and said: "This world is so very attractive to me, I am very sorry I shall have to leave it."

I know that Solomon said some very dolorous things about this world, and three times declared: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." I suppose it was a reference to those times in his career when his seven hundred wives almost pestered the life out of him. But I would rather turn to the description he gave after his conversion, when he says in another place: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It is reasonable to expect it will be so. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it ought to grow. You plant one grain of corn and it will send up a stalk with two ears, each having nine hundred and fifty grains, so that one grain planted will produce nineteen hundred grains. And ought not the implantation of a grain of Christian principle in a youthful soul develop into a large crop of gladness on earth, and to a harvest of eternal joy in heaven? Hear me, then, while I discourse upon some of the mistakes which young people make in regard to happiness, and point out to the young women what I consider to be the source of complete satisfaction.

And, in the first place, I advise you not to build your happiness upon mere social position. Persons at your age, looking off upon life, are apt to think that, if by some stroke of what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated an affluent position, a little higher than that in which God has called you to live, you would be completely happy. Infinite mistake! The palace floor of Ahasuerus is red with the blood of Vashti's broken heart. There have been no more scalding tears wept than those which coursed the cheeks of Josephine. If the sob of unhappy womanhood in the great cities could break through the tapestried wall, that sob would come along your streets to-day like the simoon of the desert. Sometimes I have heard in the rustling of the robes on the city pavement the hiss of the adders that followed in the wake. You have come out from your home, and you have looked up at the great house, and coveted a life under those arches, when, perhaps, at that very moment, within that house, there may have been the wringing of hands, the start of horror and the very agony of hell. I knew such a one. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain; but, by a change of fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side it was gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance, than the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. Cruelties and unkindnesses changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the caskets of pure gold, the head dress of gleaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festal music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreath in the plush was a reptile coil, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bead drops on the pitcher were the sweat of everlasting despair. Oh, how many rivalries and unhappinesses among those who seek in social life their chief happiness. It matters not how fine you have things, there are other people who have it finer. Taking out your watch to tell the hour of the day some one will correct your timepiece by pulling out a watch more richly chased and jeweled. Ride in a carriage that cost you $800, and before you get around the park you will meet with one that cost $2,000. Have on your wall a picture by Copley, and before night you will hear of some one who has a picture fresh from the studio of Church or Bierstadt.

All that this world can do for you in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. The English lord, moving in the very highest sphere, was one day found seated with his chin on his hand and his elbow on the window sill, looking out and saying: "Oh I wish I could exchange places with that dog!" Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have had wide and continuous observation, and I tell the young woman that they who build on mere social position their soul's immortal happiness are building on the sand.

Suppose that a young woman expends the brightness of her early life in this unsatisfactory struggle and omits the present opportunity of usefulness in the home circle: what a mistake!

So surely as the years roll around that home in which you now dwell will become extinct. The parents will be gone, the property will go into other possession, you yourself will be in other relationships, and that home which, only a year ago, was full of congratulation, will be extinguished. When that period comes you will look back to see what you did, or what you neglected to do in the way of making home happy. It will be too late to correct mistakes. If you did not smooth the path of your parents toward the tomb; if you did not make their last days bright and happy; if you allowed your younger brother to go out into the world, unhallowed by Christian and sisterly influences; if you allowed the younger sisters of your family to come up without feeling that there had been a Christian example set them on your part, there will be nothing but bitterness of lamentation. That bitterness will be increased by all the surroundings of that home; by every chair, by every picture, by the old-time mantel ornaments, by everything you can think of as connected with that home. All these things will rouse up agonizing memories. Young women, have you anything to do in the way of making your father's home happy? Now is the time to attend to it, or leave it forever undone. Time is flying very quickly away. I suppose you know the wrinkles are gathering and accumulating on those kindly faces that have so long looked upon you; there is frost in the locks; the foot is not as firm in its step as it used to be; and they will soon be gone. The heaviest clod that ever falls on a parent's coffin lid is the memory of an ungrateful daughter. Oh, make their last days bright and beautiful. Do not act as though they were in the way. Ask their counsel, seek their prayers, and, after long years have past, and you go out to see the grave where they sleep, you will find growing all over the mound something lovelier than cypress, something sweeter than the rose, something chaster than the lily—the bright and beautiful memories of filial kindness performed ere the dying hand dropped on you a benediction, and you closed the lids over the weary eyes of the worn-out pilgrim. Better that, in the hour of your birth, you had been struck with orphanage, and that you had been handed over into the cold arms of the of the world, rather than that you should have been brought up under a father's care and a mother's tenderness, at last to scoff at their example and deride their influence; and on the day when you followed them in long procession to the tomb, to find that you are followed by a still larger procession of unfilial deeds done and wrong words uttered. The one procession will leave its burden in the tomb and disband; but that longer procession of ghastly memories will forever march and forever avail. Oh, it is a good time for a woman when she is in her father's house. How careful they are of her welfare! How watchful those parents of all her interests! Seated at the morning repast, father at one end of the table, children on either side and between; but the years will roll on, and great changes will be effected, and one will be missed from one end of the table, and another will be missed from the other end of the table. God pity that young woman's soul who, in that dark hour, has nothing but regretful recollections.

I go further and advise you not to depend for enjoyment upon mere personal attractions. It would be sheer hypocrisy, because we may not have it ourselve, to despise, or affect to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it he gives it as a blessing and as a means of usefulness. David and his army were coming down from the mountain to destroy Nabal and his flocks and vineyards. The beautiful Abigail, the wife of Nabal, went out to arrest him when he came down from the mountains, and she succeeded. Coming to the foot of the hill, she knelt. David, with his army of sworn men, came down over the cliffs, and when he saw her kneeling at the foot of the hills he cried "Halt!" to his men, and the caves echoed it: "Halt!" "halt!" That one beautiful woman kneeling at the foot of the cliff had arrested all those armed troops. A dewdrop dashed back Niagara. The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebecca, and Abishag, Absalom's sister, and Job's daughters, and says: "They were fair to look upon." By outdoor exercise, and by skillful arrangement of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sloven has only one mission, and that to excite our loathing and disgust. But alas! for those who depend upon personal charms for their happiness! Beauty is such a subtle thing it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular features. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one beautiful. But alas! for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness, and trouble, and age, do make such ravages. The poorest god that a woman worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When time, with iron shod feet, steps on a face, the hoof marks remain, and you can not hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool!

Why, my friends, should you be ashamed to be getting old? It is a sign—it is prima facie evidence that you have behaved tolerably well or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is made up of countless years. When the Bible would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His hair was white as snow." But when the color goes from the cheek, and the luster from the eye, and the spring from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, alas! for those who have built their time and their eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years cannot take out of one's face benignity, and kindness, and compassion, and faith. Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is the religion of Jesus Christ. In the last war 200 wounded soldiers came to Philadelphia one night, and came unheralded, and they had to extemporize a hospital for them, and the Christian women of my church, and of other churches, went out that night to take care of the poor wounded fellows. That night I saw a Christian woman go through the wards of the hospital, her sleeves rolled up, ready for hard work, her hair disheveled in the excitement of the hour. Her face was plain, very plain; but after the wounds were washed and the new bandages were put round the splintered limbs, and the exhausted boy fell off into his first pleasant sleep, she put her hand on his brow, and he started in his dream and said: "Oh, I thought an angel touched me!" There may have been no classic elegance in the features of Mrs. Harris, who come into the hospital after the seven days' awful fight, as she sat down by a wounded drummer boy and heard him soliloquize: "A ball through my body, and my poor mother will never again see her boy. What a pity it is?" And she leaned over him and said: "Shall I be your mother and comfort you?" And he looked up and said: "Yes, I'll try to think she's here. Please to write a long letter to her and tell her about it, and send her a lock of my hair and comfort her. But I would like to have you tell her how much I suffered—yes, I would like you to do that, for she would feel so for me. Hold my hand while I die." There may have been no classic elegance in her features, but all the hospitals of Harrison's Landing and Fortess Monroe would have agreed that she was beautiful; and if any rough man in all that ward had insulted her, some wounded soldier would have leaped from his couch, on his best foot, and struck him dead with a club.

Again: I advise you not to depend for happiness upon the flatteries of men. It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged in your presence to offer unmeaning compliments. Men capable of elaborate and elegant conversation elsewhere sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries. They say things about your dress, and about your appearance, that you know, and they know, are false. They say you are an angel. You know you are not. Determined to tell the truth in office and store and shop, they consider it honorable to lie a woman. The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing room three minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing room. Oh, let no one trample on your self respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatteries of men.

Again: I charge you not to depend for happiness upon the discipleship of worldliness. I have seen men as vain of their old fashioned and their eccentric hat as your brainless fop is proud of his dangling fooleries. Fashion sometimes makes a reasonable demand of us, and then we ought to yield to it. The daisies of the field have their fashion of color and leaf; the honeysuckles have their fashion of ear drops, and the snowflakes fling out of the winter heavens have their fashion of exquisiteness. After the summer shower the sky weds the earth with ring of rainbow, and I do not think we have a right to despise the elegancies and fashions of this world, especially if they make reasonable demands upon us; but the discipleship and worship of fashion is death to the body and death to the soul. I am glad the world is improving. Look at the fashion plates of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, and you will find that the world is not so extravagant and extraordinary now as it was then, and all the marvelous things that the granddaughter will do will never equal that done by the grandmother. Go still farther back, to the Bible times, and you will find that in those times fashion wielded a more terrible sceptera. You have only to turn to the third chapter of Isaiah, a portion of the Scripture from which I once preached to you a sermon, to read: "Because the daughter of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the head bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings, and the nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." Only think of a woman having all that on! I am glad that the world is getting better, and that fashion, which has dominated in the world so ruinously in other days, has for a little time, for a little degree at any rate, relaxed its energies. All the splendors and the extravaganza of this world dyed into your robe and flung over your shoulder cannot wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and darkness. That woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. I come to you, young women, to-d-y, to say that this world cannot make you happy. I know it is a bright world, with glorious sunshine, and golden rivers, and fire worked sunset, and bird orchestra, and the darkest cave has its crytals, and the wrathiest wave its foam wreath, and the coldest midnight its flaming aurora; but God will put out all these lights with the blast of his own nostrils, and the glories of this world will perish in the final conflagration. You will never be happy until you get your sins forgiven and allow Christ Jesus to take full possession of your soul. He will be your friend in every perplexity. He will be your comfort in every trial. He will be your defender in every strait. I do not ask you to bring, like Mary, the spices to the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but to bring your all to the feet of a living Jesus. His word is peace. His look in love. His hand is help. His touch is life. His smile is heaven. Oh, come, then, in flocks and groups. Come like the south wind over banks of myrrh. Come like the morning light tripping over the mountain. Wreath all your affections on Christ's brow, set all your gems in Christ's coronet, pour all your voices into Christ's crown, and let this Sabbath air rustle with the wings of rejoicing angels, and the towers of God ring out the news of souls saved.

This world its fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me;
'Twill dim its luster in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
Oh, that's the pearl for me.

The snow was very deep, and it was still falling rapidly, when, in the first year of my ministry, I hastened to see a young woman die. It was a very humble home. She was an orphan; her father had been shipwrecked on the banks of Newfoundland. She had earned her own living. As I entered the room I saw nothing attractive. No pictures. No tapestry. Not even a cushioned chair. The snow on the window casement was not whiter than the cheek of that dying girl. It was a face never to be forgotten. Sweetness and majesty of soul, and faith in God, had given a matchless beauty, and the sculptor who could have caught the outlines of those features and frozen them into stone, would have made himself immortal. With her large, brown eyes she looked calmly into the great eternity. I sat down by her bedside and said: "Now tell me all your troubles and sorrows, and struggles and doubts." She replied: "I have no doubts or struggles. It is all plain to me. Jesus has smoothed the way for my feet. I wish when you go to your pulpit next Sunday you would tell young people that religion will make them happy. Oh, death, where is thy sting? Mr. Talmage, I wonder if this is not the bliss of dying?" I said, "Yes, I think it must be." I lingered around the couch. The sun was setting, and her sister lighted a candle. She lighted the candle for me. The dying girl, the dawn of heaven in her face, needed no candle. I rose to go, and she said: "I thank you for coming. Good night. When we meet again it will be in heaven—in heaven! Good night! good night!" For her it was good night to tears, good night to poverty, good night to death; but when the sun rose again it was good morning. The light of another day had burst in upon her soul. Good morning! The angels were singing her welcome home, and the hand of Christ was putting upon her brow a garland. Good morning. Her sun rising. Her palm waving. Her spirit exulting before the throne of God. Good morning! Good morning! The white lily of poor Margaret's cheek had blushed into the rose of health immortal, and the snows through which we carried her to the country grave-yard were symbols of that robe which she wears, so white that no fuller on earth could whiten it.

My sister, my daughter, may your last end be like hers!

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Very Little Change Reported Either for The Good or the Bad—Prices and the Ruling Sentiment in Business.

NEW YORK, February 18.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: It can not be said that business has changed for the better or the worse during the past week. Markets continue very stagnant and prices vary but little. The average price of stocks has not changed the half of one per cent. since the year opened. The general average of commodities is less than one-eighth of one per cent. lower than on January 1, or higher than February 1. The natural advance of the season in some products is balanced by the lower prices in most of the commercial staples.

The shrinkage in exports forces a slow reaction in wheat, 10,000,000 bushels less having gone out in seven months this year than last year.

At date about 86,000,000 bushels remain for export, in excess of the supplies for seed and food, whereas last year's exports, at this date, were 56,000,000 bushels.

Pork products have neither advanced nor yielded, though hogs are lower. Oil has declined 1½ per cent, and sugar from ⅛ to ¼ per cent. The operations of the "trust" turn some to favor lower duties.

The recent increase in confidence in tea has been lost and coffee options are pressed for sale.

Butter is firmer for good grades, with no change in cheese.

The dry goods market shows great strength in cottons, though prices of many qualities are already high enough for a one cent further advance in raw cotton.

The demand for woolens continue moderate, though better than it was, and wool is firm, but buyers are still unusually cautious.

The consumption of pig-iron last year exceeded 6,800,000 tons; of all iron, domestic and foreign, over 8,100,000 tons. Prices are now $1.50 lower than a year ago for pig-iron, $6 for bar, $6 to $7 for plates, and $7 for rails. Added to the light demand as the cause of weakness, there is a statement that the committee's tariff bill will reduce duties on ore to 50 cents; on pig to $4.50, and on rails to $11.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 273, as compared with 289 last week, and 267 the corresponding week last year.

—A good head of hair is desired by every one. *Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer* will restore the hair, if the hair cells are not closed up.

Harrison in the Field.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 17.—A meeting of Indiana Republican editors drew out a large audience from all parts of the state. The general sentiment favored a campaign in favor of protection, and a free ballot and a fair count. The latter features were given precedence.

While no official expression was given, it was plain that a strong feeling existed in favor of ex-Senator Harrison as Indiana's candidate for the Presidency.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

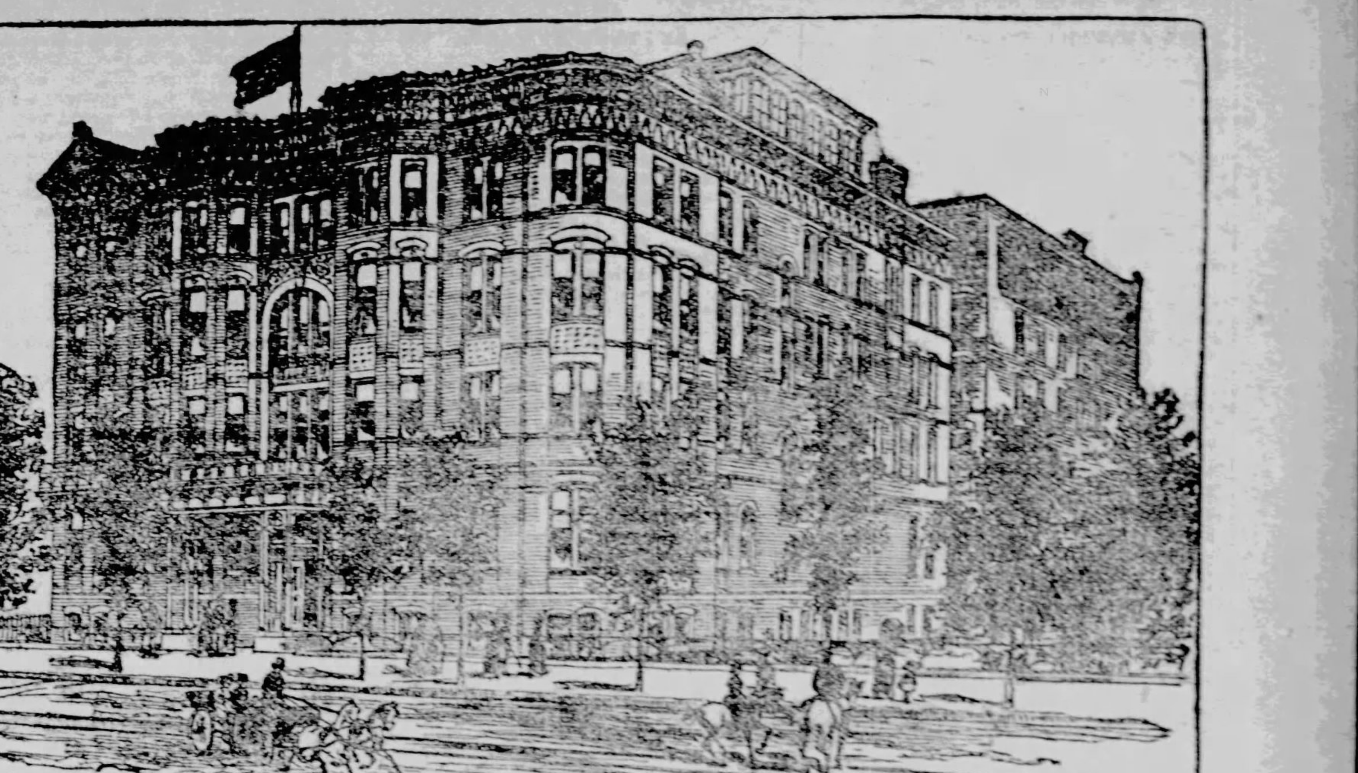
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine *for yourself*, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to *you* for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, *in any particular*, our institutions, advantages or success, **we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip.** We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of diseases. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of every malady incident to humanity.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. **The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs, such as Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption,** both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information, viz: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, post-paid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION. **Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms,** and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES. **BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,** and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosticated, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, **who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes.** The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by suffers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

CAUTION. These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do *positive injury* in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then adapt our medicines to the exact stage of the disease and condition of our patient.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS. To this wise course of action we attribute the marvelous success attained by our specialists in that important and extensive Department of our institutions devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a leading branch of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large Illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES. **INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, STONE IN THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine,** and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved extraordinary success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps.

STRICTURE. **STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.**—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treaties on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in stamps for a large, illustrated treaties containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES. **Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia,** or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. We have a special Department, thoroughly organized, and devoted *exclusively* to the treatment of Diseases of Women. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Important cases (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, of skilled specialists. Rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel are very private. Send ten cents in stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates (160 pages).

RADICAL CURE OF RUPTURE. **HERNIA** (Breach), or **RUPTURE,** no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and **permanently cured** by our specialists, **without the knife and without dependence upon trusses.** Abundant references. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

PILES, FISTULÆ, and other diseases affecting the lower bowels, are treated with wonderful success. The worst cases of pile tumors are permanently cured in fifteen to twenty days. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

DELICATE DISEASES. Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions, it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of these affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little. We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

CURED AT HOME. Most of these cases can be treated when at a distance just as well as if here in person.

A Complete Treatise (136 pages) on these diseases sent sealed, *in plain envelope, secure from observation*, on receipt of only ten cents, in stamps, for postage.

SURGICAL PRACTICE. Hundreds of the most difficult operations known to modern surgery are annually performed in the most skillful manner, by our Surgeon-specialists. Large Stones are safely removed from the Bladder, by crushing, washing and pumping them out, thus avoiding the great danger of cutting. Our specialists, remove cataract from the eye, thereby curing blindness. They also straighten cross-eyes and insert artificial ones when needed. Many Ovarian and also Fibroid Tumors of the Uterus are arrested in growth and cured by electrolysis, coupled with other means of our invention, whereby the great danger of cutting operations in these cases is avoided.

Especially has the success of our improved operations for Varicocele, Hydrocele, Fistulæ, Ruptured Cervix Uteri, and for Ruptured Perineum, been alike gratifying both to ourselves and our patients. Not less so have been the results of numerous operations for Stricture of the Cervical Canal, a condition in the female generally resulting in Barrenness, or Sterility, and the cure of which, by a safe and painless operation, removes this commonest of impediments to the bearing of offspring.

A Complete Treatise on any one of the above maladies will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY. Although we have in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,

663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

Ice Still a Source of Trouble—The Water Power a Little Better.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 16.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: There was not much change in last week's operations by the mills, though the water power averaged a little better and the flour output made a small gain.

The total production for the week was 118,000 barrels, averaging 19,683 barrels daily, against 114,000 barrels the week before and 107,875 barrels for the corresponding time in 1887.

So far the current week the water has not been so very low as at some times in the past, but the ice is troubling seriously; freezing up of the wheels is also causing a loss of much time for water mills.

There is one more mill on the active list than a week ago.

This leaves five mills wholly driven by steam, three with water and steam combined, nine with water alone.

This morning, however, the water mills were not getting along very well. The daily flour output probably reaches 19,000 or 20,000 barrels. A small amount of flour has been shipped to Duluth to be stored, but not enough to cut any figure. Local stocks have not been added to and millers report the flour market inactive and not very strong.

Buyers seem to be frightened by the recent shadings. For a few days past the export trade has been rather better. Direct exports of flour for the week were 35,500 barrels, against 33,100 barrels the preceding week.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY.

Premier Greenway has an Offer to Build the Road.

WINNIPEG, Man., Neb. 17.—Premier Greenway was seen in refference to his statement at Portage La Prairie meeting, that he had a bonafide offer to build the Red River Valley railroad. He said it was quite true that he had such an offer. It was from a perfectly reliable firm, and the offer embraced a voluntary statement that the firm would put up a marked cheque for one hundred thousand dollars as a guarantee of good faith.

The offer was to build the road from West Lynne to Portage LaPrairie, the government to pay a small cash bonus and an annual subsidy for a period of 20 years. This solved the financial problem, and that solved, he would like to see what could prevent the road from being built.

Yesterday's elections resulted in a tremendous triumph for the Greenway government and the Red River Valley railway, insuring the building of the road at the earliest possible date.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

THE OPIUM DEAL.

The San Francisco Collector Would Like to Have Those Persons Implicated Come up and Plead Guilty.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 20.—The collector of the port, John Shager, has made a written statement of his views upon the charges which have recently appeared in the local papers to the effect that large quantities of opium, aggregating several hundred thousand pounds had been smuggled into this port during the past year by a ring composed of several prominent people, who, it is intimated, have been aided in the alleged fraudulent transactions by the deputy officers of the port.

The collector disclaims all responsibility for the legal or illegal transactions in the surveyors office as that official is appointed by the President. He states that the charges which have recently been made in the local press have been called to his notice during the last six months and that he has inquired into them with a view to laying the matter before the United States attorney but has been unable to formulate charges owing to a want of personal knowledge of facts and names of witnesses who could establish the truth of the reports.

The collector invites all persons to acquaint him of all facts concerning the matter of which they may be possessed.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Prince of Wales is at Cannes.

The king of Wurtemberg is seriously ill.

Buffalo merchants adopt resolution favoring appropriation of $1,000,000 canal improvement.

Republican state central committee of Minnesota elect the Hon. R. G. Evans, Minneapolis, to fill vacancy on national committee caused by Sen. Davis's resignation.

Barton county, Missouri, voted for local option to the tune of 600 majority on the 14th of February. The ladies took positions near the polls and fought valiantly.

A dispatch from San Remo says that Dr. Mackenzie has protested against the course of treatment pursued by the German doctors in the case of Crown Prince Freyerick William.

It is expected in English circles that Sir Henry Holland, Colonial Secretary, will soon be raised to the Peerage, and that Baron Henry De Worms will become under secretary for the colonies.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain announces that he hopes to resume his place in the House of Commons by March 12. His friends state that the fisheries negotiations are certain of a successful result.

Lord St. Oswald, formerly a conservative whip, denies that he was the medium of communication between Mr. McCarty and Lord Salisbury in their negotiations relating to Ireland, as intimated by Mr. Parnell.

The visible supply of grain on Saturday, February 18, as compiled by the New York Produce exchange was as follows: Wheat 39,-664,709 bushels, decrease, 722,908; Corn 8,345,522 bushels, decrease, 4,634; Oats 4,-953,602 bushels, decrease, 227,925; Rye, 367,016 bushels, increase, 5,733; Barley, 2,-737,523, decrease, 65,646.

An unusually large amount of snow has fallen in the north of England. Railroad traffic is seriously delayed. A number of trains are snowed up, and much discomfort has been experienced by passengers. Farmsteads and thousands of sheep are buried in the snow. A few persons have died from exposure. The storm is general throughout the country.

BRAVE GEN. HARNEY.

At Ninety He Finds His Mind Rapidly Failing Him—His Health Good.

PASS CHRISTIAN, Miss., Feb. 15.—On the wide gallery of his handsome residence in this cheery suburb of New Orleans, in the warm sunshine in his padded chair, the thermometer at 77 and the roses blooming and the birds singing in the magnolia on the lawn, sat nearly all Monday morning Gen. William S. Harney. Many of his neighbors called upon him, bringing congratulations.

Children and ladies came with bouquets and many of the winter dwellers called in to shake hands with the old man, for he celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his appointment as an officer of the U. S. army. The old soldier was pleased with the attention paid to him, and called his wife to exhibit to visitors the bundle of parchments which he had received from time to time as he advanced in rank.

The first was his commission as Lieut of Infantry signed by President Monroe Feb. 13, 1818; that as Captain by President John Quincy Adams in 1825; others signed by Presidents Jackson and Polk, and finally his appointment as Brigadier-General, signed by James Buchanan.

Gen. Harney's tall, soldierly figure and snow white hair are among the most familiar sights, and as he rose from his chair on the sunny gallery overlooking the water, to greet the correspondent, one did not need to be told that he was in his prime "a grand specimen of physical manhood."

In the last year Gen. Harney has become quite feeble in mind. Although his health is good, he is entirely dependent on his brave, cheery little wife, who devotes her whole life to his care. It is sad to see him as he sits in the sun, at the age of 90, with all the great deeds of his life forgotten, caring for nothing but the sunlight on the water, or the birds singing in the trees.

LETTER FROM HAVANA.

Smallpox Still Prevalent and Much Danger to the United States.

HAVANA, Feb. 6.—The smallpox is still prevalent here. The deaths in this city last month numbered 180, and for December nearly 400. These deaths represent nearly 2,000 cases of smallpox. The government is doing nothing, what is being done being the work of private individuals. During the recent epidemic in Santiago de Cuba, when over 1,200 persons died, the steamers stopping there arrived and sailed as usual. Absolutely no precautions are taken.

It is customary with the best class of Cubans to come up to the city for the season of opera, bull fighting, etc., but this year nearly all of the engagements for rooms at the hotels have been cancelled, owing to the prevalence of smallpox in the city.

Quite recently a wealthy family living near the center of the business portion of the city had smallpox in the house. Clothing was washed in an open court, and several new cases of the disease developed and resulted fatally.

The authorities at United States ports should beware of the arrival of persons and clothing infected with smallpox. Very many cigarmakers go hence to Key West and Tampa. Last year's yellow fever epidemic at Key West was traced to the arrival at that port of a quantity of infected bedding from a boarding house in this city. From Key West the disease spread to Tampa.

FIRST IN LINE.

New Jersey Moves to Have Criminals Executed by Electricity.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 17.—In the Senate a bill was introduced providing that the death penalty shall hereafter be inflicted by electricity. This act, besides the method of execution, makes other important changes in the existing law. It provides that in sentencing the criminal the judge shall name the week during which the execution shall take place, not to be less than four nor more than eight weeks from the date of sentence, and within the week so designated the sheriff of the county shall select a day, not previously to be made known to any one except the persons allowed to be present at executions. These shall be the sentencing judge, the prosecuting attorney, two physicians, twelve reputable citizens, two clergymen (if requested) and seven assistant sheriffs. The corpse, subsequently, must be buried with enough quick lime to consume it, or given up for dissection purposes. Newspapers are prohibited from reporting the execution further than a bare mention of the event. The electrical apparatus shall be fitted up at the state prison, to be loaned to the counties as required.

OKLAHOMA

Settlers Ejected by Colored Troops and Roughly Handled.

WICHITA, Kan., Feb. 16.—[Special wire]—Fresh ejectments from Oklahoma have taken place at the hands of a company of colored troops who are said to have handled the settlers in any but a gentle manner.

The prisoners were taken to Fort Reno, and there in most part they were turned loose, though some were held for trial at the next term of the Federal court. Though the leaders of the Oklahoma colonies with headquarters here say no attempt will be made to make a forcible entry to the territory those in command seem surprised and have called for reinforcements of troops. Two companies of regulars passed through here yesterday enroute for Fort Reno.

HINTS OF BRIBERY.

An Interesting Investigation on Foot in the New Jersey Legislature.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 20.—Hints of bribery and corruption have been flying about lately in regard to the methods by which the Jersey City bridge bill has been defeated in former legislatures.

There are also rumors of attempts to extort money from the sugar houses in relation to the bridge bill which pasted, and of a mysterious conference at Taylor's Hotel.

Mr. McDermitt, of Essex, reciting these facts, offered in the House a resolution providing for a committee of investigation. It was adopted almost without opposition. A committee will be appointed. Some startling developments are expected.

TURNED CANNIBALS.

Terrible Destitution in the Far Northwest.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 20.—The *Pioneer Press* has received via Winnipeg further reports of terrible reports among the Indians in the far north. The Rev. W. Spendlove, a missionary, has reached Winnipeg from north of Mackenzie river, where he has been for nine years.

His journey down took nearly three months. From Peace river he heard of cases where Indians had died of starvation and had then been eaten by their comrades. Deer have been very scarce for the past two years. There is much feeling because the government at Ottawa haf taken no notice of the destitution of these Indians, repeatedly brought to its attention.

TWO THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

Disastrous Earthquake in the Province of Yunnan, China.

SHANGHAI, Feb. 10.—A terrible earthquake has occurred in the Province of Yunnan. Two thousand lives are reported to have been lost.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

SETTLED AT LAST.

A Treaty Formed by Which the Fisheries Disputes May End.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—After daily sessions for the last two weeks the fisheries commissioners at 7 o'clock last night completed their labors and signed a treaty which, it is believed, will result in a satisfactory settlement of the disputes that have existed for almost a century between the United States and Great Britain over the North Atlantic fisheries.

The treaty is signed by all the six commissioners. It is said to have their full concurrence and will be sent to the President to-day for transmittal to the Senate.

Before the treaty can take effect it must have the ratification of the Queen, the Dominion of Canada, the Province of Newfoundland, as well as the United States Senate.

Although the treaty will not at present be made public, it can be stated that it relates exclusively to the disputes concerning the fisheries of the North Atlantic coast, and does not include provisions concerning the Behring sea trouble, or commercial reciprocity.

The treaty, it may also be added, does not contemplate the admission of fish into the United States free of duty.

Secretary Bayard said to-night he could not, because of his official position, make known the contents of the treaty, but that it was his earnest wish that it should be given to the press by those having the right to make such disposition of it—that every line of it should be published.

Disputes, he said, had been of long standing, and had come to him by inheritance when he assumed the duties of secretary of state.

He had used his best endeavors to reach a satisfactory agreement with the government of England, and believed he had succeeded, so far as it lay in his power to effect a settlement.

SHERMAN INTERVIEWED.

He Would not be Disappointed if not Nominated.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 15.—Hon. John Sherman passed through this city last night on his way to Washington.

In answer to a query as to what he thought of Mr. Blaine's letter, he said. "It is a generous letter, frank and open as Mr. Blaine's always are. It is straightforward and honest. Mr. Blaine certainly meant every word of it."

"Are you thinking of writing a letter of declination, Senator?"

"No, I am not worrying about the nomination, though I will not care a continental if I do not receive it. I am not very anxious, and if I am not the man chosen I am sure I will not be disgruntled or mad. I am willing and satisfied to take the world and its affairs as they come."

"Will Blaine's letter weaken the party?"

After thinking a moment he replied: "I should not be surprised if it did. Mr. Blaine has a great many friends and admirers and they are disappointed. The Republican party however, is sure to win in the coming contest. I can not say who will be the next President. No, it would not be fair for me to say anything about Conkling, or any other man. I do not want the opinions other people ascribed to me. I can't say, either, who will be nominated for Vice President.

The President has approved the bill removing the political disabilities of Henry H. Marmaduke, of Missouri.

The Blair educational bill has passed the Senate by a vote of 39 to 29. Senator Payne voted yea, and Senator Sherman was paired in favor of the bill.

The three days' sale of historical, political and literary autographs, collected by the late Major Ben: Perley Poore, took place in Boston. Among the higher prices obtained were: Robert Burns's, $90; President Buchanan's, $18.50; Andrew Jackson's, $4.50; President Lincoln's, $8; Jeff. Davis's, $2 25; Mrs. Davis's, $2.50; Alexander H. Stevens's, $1; Gen. Sheridan's, $2 25.

Mr. Burnes has stated that the committee on Appropriations was in receipt of estimates of the appropriations for the completion of public buildings in various parts of the country. As in every case the estimates exceed the limits fixed by law, the committee could not, under the rule, incorporate the items in the bill. The buildings must be completed, and he offered an amendment making appropriations for the completion of buildings at the following named places: Ft. Wayne, Ind., $16,000; Springfield, O., $38,000; Terre Haute, Ind., $32,000; Toledo, O., $17,000; Columbus, O., $3,000.

MILLS'S HARD LOT.

The Free Trade Bill Is Now Put Off Another Two Weeks.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—A member of the Ways and Means committee said to-day that he thought a tariff bill would not be reported before two weeks, and that absolutely nothing had been finally decided upon. It is hinted that Chairman Mills, who was never accused of timidity, has actually grown cowardly at the thought of engineering a fight on a tariff bill in view of his supercilious treatment by both sides of the House. He fears that he will be nagged and guyed until his ex-officio leadership will become the broadest farce.

It is therefore thought that he may report a bill which will contain something near the Cleveland-Carlisle idea, and mildly put it forward to test the temper of the House, and then allow it to be put aside for a substitute, which will be in the nature of a compromise, and which will be steered by another member of the committee. This may be true, but it isn't Mills as he has been known.

One of the revenue changes that seems to be conceded is a reduction or abolition of the tax on whisky and tobacco. "The cutest thing I have seen in politics for a long time," said a free-trade Democrat, this evening, "is the masterly manipulation of the temperance organizations, notably the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the interest of a protective tariff on imports."

Have you noticed in nearly all of the leading protection papers within the last few days an elaborate display of the news that immense petitions are to be sent by branches of the W. C. T. U from every part of the country in favor of the repeal of internal taxation? A little while ago this organization was interested only in a repeal of the whisky tax. Now they include the tobacco tax. Of course, the excellent women at the head of the organization are sincere, but of course they are being made use of, all the same, by the apostles of protection.

SHERIDAN'S STAND.

He Would Not Accept the Nomination Under Any Circumstances.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The Washington agent of the Associated Press sought an interview with Gen Sheridan, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he would consent to make an authoritative statement in regard to his alleged Presidential candidacy. The general gave his consent. It will be seen from the following verbatim report of the conversation that his declarations are thoroughly explicit:

Agent—"Of course, general, you have noticed that there has been considerable mention of you during the past four weeks as a possible or probable candidate for the Presidency next autumn?"

General Sheridan—Yes, I have noticed it, but have never looked upon these newspaper articles as anything more than the usual shooting around in the woods which have once or twice before in presidential years brought my name up in that connection.

"But, General, the talk is more serious this time. There appears to be something like a concerted movement to bring about your nomination."

General Sheridan—Well, I know nothing more about this alleged "boom" than what I have read in the papers, except that now and then some friend has twitted me about becoming a candidate. But if the matter is really now discussed seriously it is time that all parties concerned should be informed that they are wasting their breath. I have never had the Presidential bee in my bonnet and I don't intend to have, for there is nothing that would induce me to leave the profession in which nearly forty years of my life have been spent, to enter upon a civil career. So all talk about me being a candidate may as well end.

Agent—But suppose the Republican convention should—

General Sheridan—Nominate me? I would not accept. But there is not the slightest probability of my being nominated. In any event I would not accept. No not under any circumstances. I do not want that or any other civil office.

BLAINE'S HEALTH.

Dr. Wolff, of Hartford, Thinks He Would Die Before the Campaign is Over.

HARTFORD, Ct., Feb. 20.—Dr. A. J. Wolff, one of Hartford's most reputable physicians, recently returned from Europe, where he spent several months sight-seeing. While abroad he, with another Hartford citizen, passed three weeks at the Hotel Binda, just off the Avenue de l'Opera, in Paris. Among the guests at the hotel at the time was the Hon. James G. Blaine and such members of his family as are abroad with him. When Dr. Wolff was there a day or two he saw Mr. Blaine, and was astounded to notice a marked change in his appearance as compared with the strong healthy man who addressed the citizens of Hartford in the campaign of 1884.

Yesterday, while talking about his trip Dr. Wolff said to a reporter: "When I saw Mr. Blaine in 1884 I could not do otherwise than admire him, he was so robust in figure and enthusiastic in speech. When I saw him in Paris I was startled. His beard and hair are perfectly white, and his form has become very much emaciated. His eyes were large and almost bulging, the eyelids swollen to a degree, and his skin was quite yellow and sickly.

"Did you consider him a very sick man?"

"I did, but I did not know his ailment. I asked no questions, and was not called in consultation; therefore I am unable to say what his complaint is."

"From your observations would you say that he was suffering from Bright's disease?"

"He might, but it would be hazardous to venture such an opinion except after a careful diagnosis of the case. By the way, while I was there he was taken down with rheumatism and was confined to his room under physicians' care. His wife was most devoted to him and nursed him constantly. I understood that he was nervous and restless, and was arranging every day to start on the next for Nice. He went with his family a day or two before I left, and he was very feeble."

"In your opinion do you think that he is physically able to go through the exhausting ordeal of a Presidential campaign?"

"I do not. I think he would die long before the campaign would be over. Understand me clearly in this, he is far from being a well man, and is suffering very much from some malady."

"It is possible, is it not, that having learned from his physicians the dangers which would accompany an active participation in political turmoils, he has wisely declined to be a candidate for the Presidency."

"That may have been the reason which actuated his letter of declination, and I would not be at all surprised that it was."

TO BOOM BLAINE.

A Call to be Issued to Get Out the Old-Time Enthusiasm.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—(Special.)—Mr. Blaine's friends are more confident than ever that he will be nominated at Chicago. There is strong talk of issuing an appeal to his followers throughout the country with a view to rallying them for his support in Chicago in June.

This movement is said to be made very important to Mr. Blaine's friends, in view of the advanced position being taken by Mr. Sherman in the Presidential race.

NEW YORK IS OUT.

Chicago or San Francisco Will Entertain the Democratic Convention.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—(Special.)—Senator Gorman to-day told a BLADE representative that "Either Chicago or San Francisco would get the National Democratic convention."

Congressman W. L. Scott expressed the same opinion, as did also "Seven Mule" Barnum.

The President at first was strongly in favor of New York, but the conflict in the ranks of the Democracy there has caused him to change his mind, and his friends, fearing that if he came face to face with the prominent Hill men, he would open his mouth, and like Hoadly always does, put his foot in it, conjured up the Florida trip to keep him out of the way.

San Francisco people say they have twenty of the forty-seven votes in the National Democratic committee and that they will hold them solidly.

One enthusiast offered to bet quite a sum that they will get the nominating convention.

It is generally believed, however, that the convention will go to Chicago.

OFF FOR FLORIDA.

The Presidential Party on a Junket Through the South.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The Presidential party left Washington at 11:45 o'clock this morning by the Pennsylvania & Atlantic Coast line, for a visit to the Sub-tropical Exposition at Jacksonville, Fla.

The party consisted of the President and Mrs. Cleveland, Secretary and Mrs. Whitney, Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, Sinclair, the President's valet, and Mrs. Cleveland's maid. They used a special train composed of an engine, a baggage car and a drawing room car.

The latter car is elegantly fitted an appointed, and was provided with everything that could add to the ease and comfort of the distinguished passengers.

The train will make its first stop at Savannah, Ga., where it will arrive at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. The party will remain there an hour, and will take a drive over the principal thoroughfares.

They will arrive at Jacksonville at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. A visit will be made to the exhibition and a reception will be held by the President and Mrs. Cleveland in the evening.

Thursday will be spent in St. Augustine, where a reception will be held. The start for home will be made made Friday morning and the train will make no stops except such as are necessary for coal, etc.

Col. Lamont said that the President had prepared no speeches for the trip and did not expect to make any.

The Presidential train was made up of two cars—the Pullman "Newport" and a combined smoking and baggage car.

Before the hour of departure Secretary and Mrs. Endicott, Mrs. Fairchild, Secretary Vilas and Postmaster Dickinson, who had came to see the party off, had reached the station.

About 20 minutes to 12 o'clock Col. Lamont and his wife drove up, preceding the President but a few minutes, and took their places in the car. Entering the enclosure the President exchanged salutations with a few persons who were in waiting.

He was looking very well.

Mrs Cleveland was attired in a dark green dress, trimmed with light fur, and wore a closely-fitting fawn-colored jacket

Taking their places in the Pullman car, the party supplied themselves with newspapers, and the train started quietly at nine minutes to 12 o'clock on its long trip down the coast.

Besides the President and wife, Secretary and Mrs. Whitney and Col. Lamont and wife there were on the train General Manager Myers, of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and Mr. Albert Reed, representing the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad company, who will take charge of the train when it reaches Richmond, the northern terminus of that line.

The President's train was the section of the Southern fast mail.

On the first section, which started at 10:57, were a number of senators, who will reach Jacksonville, Fla., to-morrow noon, a few minutes in advance of the second section.

This party was in charge of Senator Call, and was made up of himself, wife and two daughters; Senator Faulkner and wife; Senator Daniels and wife; Senator Pugh, wife and daughter; Senator George, wife and daughter; Senator Reagan, of Arkansas, wife and daughter; Senator Stewart and wife; Senator Butler's two daughters; Simon Cameron.

BEGINNING TO WAKE UP.

The Deficient Mail Service Attracts the Attention of the Postmaster General.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Postmaster General Dickinson has sent telegraphic instructions to the postmasters at Los Angeles, San Diego, Pasadena, Cal, authorizing the employment of a sufficient force in each office to meet the temporary and permanent needs of the service. A superintendent and an inspector of the Postoffice department are directed to visit these offices and to render to the postmasters every required assistance in increasing the service and extending their office facilities.

At Los Angeles, in addition to the regular force, a superintendent of mails and a superintendent of the money order division are authorized, at a salary of $1,200 each per year, and a superintendent of carriers at $1,000. Two branch stations for carriers are suggested. At Pasadena two clerks at $1,200 each per annum and four at $800 each, are authorized, and a free delivery service is suggested. At San Diego, in addition to the general authority to employ a sufficient force to properly handle the mails, the postmaster is authorized to appoint one clerk at $1,200 per annum.

The postmaster general in speaking of these instructions said that the increase in the population of these and other Southern California cities during the last few months has so far exceeded the present facilities of the postoffice department as to render a large additional force in each an absolute necessity. He expressed his determination to furnish the much needed relief to the utmost limit of his authority.

The Extradition Treaty.

TORONTO, Ont., Feb. 21.—The dry goods section of the board of trade passed resolutions yesterday declaring that provisions of the extradition treaty between the United States and Canada should be extended to include the cases of absconding fraudulent debtors; that the law of Canada should be so amended as to prevent this country from becoming the refuge of absconding fraudulent debtors of other countries, and that the council of the board be requested to make representations to the government to secure these ends.

THE COPPER TRUST.

The Whole Copper Output of the Country in the Hands of a Foreign Syndicate.

BOSTON, Feb. 21.—It is out at last that the big quarter billion syndicate of French capitalists has secured control of the output of the Calumet and Hecla, the greatest of copper mines. A call was made upon Mr. Jerre Abbot, the syndicate's alleged American agent. Mr. Abbott admitted that he was the representative of the syndicate here, and also that negotiations were going on in the American market, but what was being done he declined to state.

Several of the copper manufacturers were called upon, but one and all appeared to labor under a sense of dread. Not one would admit that there is a copper market; that any copper is mined in the United States, and all were half inclined to deny the existence of such a metal as copper. Mr. D. L. Demmon, treasurer of the Franklin copper mine, the best informed man on the status of copper supply now resident in Boston, spoke freely of the situation. He said:

CAUSED BY THE DEMAND.

"The general public have not understood the relation of the French syndicate to the American producers and to the public. The Calumet and Hecla company, through its policy, made the operations of such a concern as the syndicate possible. The price of the metal has been down to 10 cents a pound, and the French capitalists saw a chance to get a sound dollar for 90 cents, so to speak. They knew just what the metal is worth, and knew of an extraordinary demand for the product, and took advantage of their information. It is believed that the syndicate anticipate a general European war, and believe that the demand for copper for cartridges will be enormous.

"To give you an idea of the demand for copper I will cite an illustration: Russia gave a Connecticut metallic cartridge company a contract for 400,000,000 cartridges. I estimated the weight of copper required for the shells, and although I have forgotten the weight, I remember that it was tremendous. Then a great electric lighting scheme is being projected in Paris. The entire city is to be lighted by electricity conducted along copper bars is to be buried in the earth, and, it is stated by the French electricians, will far surpass any conductor ever conceived. It takes no extraordinary knowledge of the copper market to estimate that the weight of copper required for this gigantic work is stupendous.

TOOK THEM ALL IN.

"Knowing all this, and knowing accurately the amount of copper that the world can put on in twelve months, the syndicate got together to control the market. They secured $250,000,000 cash, and with that sum at command, there was do question about the result. The agent came over here and got the Tamarac mine pledged for three years. The syndicate bought 50,000,000 pounds of copper of this mine, and placed a letter of credit for $6,500,000 in the hands of a banker, to be drawn against as the ingots are shipped. Next they absorbed the Anaconda, and the Boston and Montana copper in Montana, and have all coming from that source for three years about 108,000,000 pounds.

"Then the Calumet, the big Juggernaut of the copper trade, sold out guaranteeing 180,000,000 pounds in three years. This is the latest sensation in the trade. While the agents of the Calumet won't admit it, it is very well assured, and the agents of the syndicate have admitted the purchase.

"The agents of the syndicate has also absorbed the Red Taito copper mine, in Spain, which mines 37,000 tons a year, and control all the Chili bars, so that they have the copper of the world. The prices paid by the syndicate are not the ruling prices. The Butte mines in Montana—that is, the Anaconda and Boston and Montana—got 11 cents for their yield for the next two years, it is understood, while the Lake Superior mines got 13 cents.

"The syndicate is not selling, but is shipping every ounce across the water. A hundred thousand pounds and upward goes over by every steamer. The copper trade is a close corporation and hard to understand Formerly the Calumet ruled the market. Small concerns that would not stand out of the way it crushed. The Calumet knocked prices down to 10 cents. A big lot of copper was being figured on at 10%, when Agent Clapp, of the Calumet, sent word that all that was demanded could be had of him for 10 cents Next the fire came and crippled Calumet, and then came along the syndicate and left it such a little fish in the puddle that it had to allow itself to be absorbed.

NO CHANCE FOR COMPETITION.

"There is no chance for the syndicate to force prices so high as to produce competition from outside mines that have never been developed, because the sulphuret ores are not in demand for electrical conduits or cartridge shells. The baser copper that needs refining and frequent meltings is not touched by the syndicate. The main factory trade is in a state of mutiny. It says that it won't pay 16 cents to the French syndicate for copper; that it will shut up its mills first. 'Very well,' says the Frenchmen, 'shut up your mills, then.'

"The copper manufacturing trade is peculiarly close. It holds monthly meetings, at which the minutest details are arranged, and weekly meetings in districts are held. A new concern can't enter the business. It was tried lately and resulted in disaster. A big rolling mill was put up on Lake Superior, at a great cost. The men in the "combine" bought the stock secretly, to find out what was going on, and then forced it out of business. The machinery cost $300,000.

"Then Wren, Edwards and Wren tried their hand at it. They said they were not afraid of the combination. But the combination stockholders would not sell, and every time a sale was made they levied upon the machinery for their share of the money. In this way they piled up about 40 law suits on the hands of the managers, and they were forced to shut down.

"These rolling mill fellows make money like smoke. We sell them cakes or ingots at 15 to 16 cents, and they just rool them and ask 6 to 7 cents for rolling, where it don't cost them more than 2 cents."

NO REST FOR LIQUOR MEN.

Last Wholesale House at Sioux City Seized by the Sheriff.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Feb. 21.—The Law and Order league to-day began putting the finishing touches on the war on the whisky business. The entire stock of the wholesale liquor houses of Ressegin & Lerch were seized by the sheriff this afternoon and large quantities of liquor were taken. These were the only remaining liquor houses. From them the few surviving "holes-in-the-wall" were supplied. These houses had operated under permits granted by the Board of Supervisors to sell for certain legal purposes.

The Law and Order League claims to have abundant evidence to show gross violations of the law and indiscriminate selling for illegal purposes. This is probably the case. If so, the consequences are sweeping. The stock that has been seized will be confiscated and destroyed. Moreover, the violation of the law works the forfeiture of the permits, and permanent injunctions will be issued against the places as nuisances. Such a result will go very far to wipe out the remnants of the whisky business of this city. There is one other liquor house, that of Joe Marks, but he is only closing out his stock, and he is allowed by the League to do this only under heavy bond to go out of the business permanently on May 1.

THE CUBAN TROUBLES.

The Truthfulness of Former Reports being Reiterated.

KEY WEST, Fla., Feb. 21.—A great deal is being said regarding the falsity of reports received from Cuba concerning disorders on the island, but it is utterly useless for the Havana newspapers to attempt to contradict the reports, because they are not only true, but are taken from telegrams received from Havana daily and from Havana papers.

La Lucha, of February 10, in referring to crime in Havana, says that since the arrest of January, there have been created in the ambulance hospitals of the city 56 persons who were wounded with firearms, knives, etc., and that 10 persons were murdered during the same time. The dispatch also says that the mail wagon that runs from Praceles to Sancto Spiritus, was stopped by six armed men a few days ago, and that the driver was killed, the mail robbed and the team stolen.

MURDERERS AT HEART.

How the Rum Power Does Battle in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 21.—Rev. O. W. Still, a Baptist minister, and a parishoner named Allen, have been waging war against the saloons at East Greenwich, and they have been threatened with violence.

On Saturday night Mr. Allen's well was poisoned with arsenic, and an attempt was made to blow up Rev. Still's house with dynamite. Mr. Still has resigned his pastorate and declares he will fight the liquor traffic with his whole energy.

The Tally-Sheet Cases.

COLUMBUS, Feb. 21.—The defense in the tally-sheet cases is dragging along and the organ of the alleged forgers continues to heap abuse on the State's attorneys and the court. Judge Thurman is the latest victim of its assault. The defense expect to close this week.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE IRISH CAUSE DEFEATED.

Parnell Speaks for a Protective Tariff for Ireland's Industries.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—The question of arrests of Irish members of Parliament was brought up yesterday, and the speaker said O'Brien's arrest was a breach of privilege. Home Secretary Matthews apologized. The Speaker said Pyne and Gilhooly had been arrested on criminal warrants, and there was no breach of privilege in their cases. This did not satisfy the opposition, and the matter was debated at length, Gladstone speaking and Parnell advocating an Irish Parliament as the place where Irishmen could have justice done them, even to the protection of their industries by a tariff.

He detailed how Earl Canarvon had come to him from Salisbury, who professed to favor an Irish Parliament one short year ago.

The English Government will Cease Prosecuting the Irish Press.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—At a cabinet meeting held to-day it was decided to instruct the Irish executive to cease prosecuting newspapers for publishing reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the league.

To Revive Fenianism.

DUBLIN, Feb. 15.—Mr. W. J. Lane, M. P. for the Eastern division of Cork, who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Tullamore for inciting tenants to resist bailiffs, was released from jail to-day. There was a crowd in front of the jail when he emerged, but little enthusiasm was shown.

The *Freeman's Journal* asserts that the government is employing police agents to revive Fenianism in Londonderry.

A FRENCH CRISIS.

Rumors that the French Cabinet May Fall at an Early Date.

PARIS, Feb. 21.—Several journals fear that a government crisis will ensue should the Cabinet insist on the Chamber of Deputies voting a sum of money on account of the secret service and declare that it will make the vote a question of confidence.

The Radicals and Socialists of St. Etienne have decided to run Gen. Boulanger for the Chamber of Deputies, notwithstanding the fact that he is ineligible.

M. De Brazza Returns—No News From Stanley.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—M. De Brazza has arrived here from Africa. He reports that affairs on the Congo are in a satisfactory condition.

M. De Brazza has heard nothing from Mr. Stanley.

The Crown Prince.

SAN REMO, Feb. 21.—A bulletin issued this morning says: The German Crown Prince rested better last night, and was less troubled with coughing and spitting. He appeared at the window of his bedroom yesterday and many people saw him. The Prince of Wales paid him a visit last evening and found him better than he expected.

The Bulgarian Trouble.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—A dispatch from Vienna says: Count Kalnoky, minister of foreign affairs, has accepted Russia's overtures for the settlement of the Bulgarian question. He trusts Italy and England will follow suit.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A Terrible Death of a Farmer in Alabama.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 17.—Mr. James Ford, who resides near Eastabaga, Ala., died to-night from hydrophobia. Mr. Ford was bitten in the hand by his yard dog about six months ago, and at the same time three of his cattle were bitten. Since then two of the cattle have died from the bite and the third one was shot yesterday, having developed a clear case of rabies in the most violent form.

Mr. Ford was taken with spasms about a week ago and grew worse until the hour of his death. The spasms increased as the disease developed until there was hardly a moment's intermission between them.

Mr. Ford was perfectly rational and requested those around him to confine his hands and feet to prevent him from harming them. He also asked the physician attending him to use his corpse in any way he pleased for the benefit of science and the profession. A few hours before the end he became violent, and his barking and howling are described as terrible. He frothed at the mouth and gnawed his own hands in his desperation.

VALUABLE GOLD MINES.

A Discovery Which Turns Many Heads Towards Mexico.

EL PASO, Feb. 17.—Nearly a year ago the Ladura gold mine, in the extreme south-western portion of Chihuahua, was sold in El Paso, on the strength of the promising character of the small developments that had been made up to that time. Later developments seem to indicate that the property is without a rival, even in Mexico.

This opinion is based upon assays made at the New Orleans Mint and at the Holden Smelting company, at Denver. The company's new tunnel has cut a 3½-feet vein, over 200 feet below the mouth of the shaft, which had been sunk only 50 feet. The result is that not less than $1,500,000 worth of ore is exposed, with one or two more veins still to cut as the tunnel progresses. The owners of the majority of the Ladura stock are citizens of El Paso.

LABOR STATISTICS.

Figures Showing How Much of the Year Goes to Idleness.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—The annual report of the Bureau of Labor statistics was forwarded to the House of Representatives, to-day, by Hon. Carrol D. Wright. The report deals with but one subject—the unemployed in the state in 1885, the census year.

As the essential result of this investigation, it may be stated that out of a total of 816,470 persons employed in gainful occupations in this state, 341,569, or 20.59 per cent., were unemployed at their principal occupations on an average 4.11 months during the census year; the average unemployment for persons engaged in manufactures pure and simple being 3.90 months; and shows that about one-third of the total persons engaged in remunerative labor were unemployed at their principal occupations for about one-third of the working time.

DEFY INVESTIGATION.

The Sugar Trust Would Control the Markets of the World if it Could.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The second days session of the Senate Law committee, which is investigating the Trust companies, was continued to-day in the Supreme Court chambers, without incident.

Henry O. Havemeyer was the first witness. He was asked by Col. Bliss, if he was ready to state what amount of certificates were issued to the Havemeyer Sugar Refining company which was burned out at the time of its entering the trust, as he had said he wanted to do to-day.

Witness replied upon consultation with his counsel last night, he had decided not to answer the question.

Mr. Havemeyer said, in reply to questions, that they were in business, of course, to make all the money they could. If they could they would control the markets of the world, but that was impossible.

Disappearance of a St. Louis Clergyman.

ST. LOUIS, Feb 17.—Religious circles are excited over the disappearance of Rev. John L. Morgan, a Congregational preacher who came here from Chicago three months ago in search of pulpit employment. He was of attractive address, an eloquent man, and so charmed the local Congregational Missionary society that they secured for him the Mission church at Cheltenham, in the suburbs, at a salary of $1,000 a year. His family, he alleged, was then at Manuetta, Mich. About four weeks ago Mr. Morgan told his landlady he was going to the city, and inquired if he could serve her while there. She asked why he was taking his large valise, and he said he intended to send his wife some goods in it Since that time he has not been seen or heard of.

SPREADING SMALLPOX.

Victims of the Dread Disease on the Go-as-You-Please Racket.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Two men with smallpox fully developed appeared early yesterday at the office of the Charities department in Eton Place, Brooklyn, and said they came from the National Hotel, a big cheap boarding house in Fulton and Orange streets. The board of health officials found that among the 40 or 50 inmates there were seven other victims of the disease, all of whom were removed to the smallpox hospital in Flatbush. The building was fumigated throughout and put under strict quarantine.

A man suffering with smallpox turned up also at the Elm Place office of the Charities commissioners. He came from another cheap lodging house, at 314 Navy street.

Still another victim appeared at the health office, in the Municipal building. The total number of smallpox cases reported in Brooklyn since January 1 is 120.

WILL RUN HIM DOWN.

The Chicago Police Confident that Tascott is Snell's Murderer—Close on His Trail.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—There is a strong probability that William B. Tascott, the alleged murderer of Millionaire Amos J. Snell, will be captured to-day. Yesterday afternoon as Chief of Police Hubbard, Inspector Bonfield and A. J. Stone were conferring together, a messenger boy arrived with a dispatch for Chief Hubbard and Inspector Bonfield. It was read, and the conference broke up instantly. It conveyed information that made quick action an urgent necessity.

Inspector Bonfield telephoned for a carriage, and as soon as it arrived he and the chief entered and drove away. They immediately summoned Detective Hanlen and another officer, who boarded a train over the Chicago & Omaha short line of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and started for the West. The story which induced this sudden departure is this:

W. B. Tascott was seen and spoken to by one who knew him at the little way station of Leaf River, situated 97 miles from Chicago on the above road. Saturday afternoon the murderer drove into Leaf River in a buggy. The horses were covered with foam. Tascott was recognized by an old school mate residing there, who inquired what brought him out there.

Tascott replied that he was traveling for a Chicago concern, and tried to turn the conversation off from himself and his actions. Almost the first question he put to his friend was whether or not there was anything new in regard to the Snell tragedy.

He then drove out of town. An hour later the Chicago papers arrived with a full description of Tascott, and proof that he was the man. Tascott's friend yesterday sent a dispatch to Chicago communicating all the facts to Inspector Bonfiels. Leaf River is a mere watering station, so far as the actual depot is concerned, but in the center of a fine farming country, where it is supposed Tascott intended to look for a quiet farm house where he could rest until the hue and cry after him had subsided.

Inspector Bonfield is inclined to believe that Tascott will keep away from the railroads and the big towns and make his way across the country seeking refuge in the woods. But it would be almost impossible for him to elude the officers, as he has but a few hours start of them. The officers reached Leaf River at 10:30 o'clock last night and they were under instructions to at once secure a conveyance and follow after Tascott without stopping for rest. Chief Hubbard last night expressed himself as being confident that Tascott would be arrested inside of 48 hours.

Tascott Will Certainly be Convicted if He is Ever Caught.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—"Ed" Smith, who is said to be Tascott's partner in the Snell murder, is locked up in the Chicago avenue station, all reports to the contrary by the police notwithstanding. He has been identified by Mrs. Ella Wicks, of No. 474 West Madison street, as the mysterious "Ed" who accompanied Tascott to his lodgings in her third story flat a few hours after the Snell murder, early on the morning of February 8.

Smith has agreed to testify against Tascott, and tell all he knows about the latter's connection with the Snell burglary and murder, and this, it is claimed, is enough, taken in conjunction with the evidence of Mrs. Wick and Jennie Francis, alias Clifford, to prove young Tascott guilty of the tragedy.

JERSEY'S BOLD STAND.

They Will Rise or Fall on the Temperance Question—High License and Local Option.

TRENTON, Feb. 17.—The die has been cast and the Republican party of New Jersey is determined to come out openly for temperance and risk its life next fall on that issue. After much speculation and bickering the new caucus measure, which includes both high license and local option, has made its appearance at the bar of the house to take the place of the local option bill offered by Mr. Globe, of Ocean county. The latter gentleman withdrew his measure for the purpose of letting the new one come up. It is a good measure and will suit everybody, except the Newark brewers and the free rum element. Mr. Hill presented the bill at this morning's session for the judiciary committee.

The bill provides a license for inns and taverns to sell spirituous liquors in townships, towns, boroughs and cities whose population does not exceed 3,000 inhabitants, for malt and spirituous liquors, license fees of not less than $100; in same places having over 3,000 and not exceeding 10,000 inhabitants, fee not less than $150, and in all such places having a population exceeding 10,000, license fee of not less than $250. No license shall be granted for longer than one year. If holders of license sell on Sunday, or sell to minors, or keep disorderly houses, or harbor games of chance, or violate laws of the state, the license shall be forfeited and the holder disqualified from getting license for one year, and for the second offence shall never again receive a license. It provides an elaborate method of trial. It prohibits the sale of malt and spirituous liquors in any store or place where mercantile business is carried on.

It also provides that when one-tenth of the legal voters of any county apply by petition, the number to be determined by the votes cast at the last election for Assemblymen, to the Circuit Court Judge in favor of a vote by said people of such county as to whether license shall be issued or not. Legal voters and one-tenth provision to be determined by said judge, and if he so determines, then he shall order a special election to determine whether any alcoholic, spirituous, vinous, malt, brewed or intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said county. Election shall not be held within sixty days of any general election, and shall be distinct from any other election, and not less than three months nor more than six months from the order of the judge. It provides for publication of notices and holding of election under the general election laws, with same officers. Ballots shall be printed. If local option carries, all saloons to be closed in sixty days thereafter. The penalty for violating the local option part of bill shall be $200 fine or six months' imprisonment, with costs for first offence; for second offence, $500 or one year's imprisonment. A new election may be held in one year after the first, upon presentation of a like petition. The act to go into effect May 1, 1888.

CROOKEDNESS ON THE TURF.

How Bookmakers Manipulated a Kentucky Derby.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 17.—Capt. Sam Brown's recent statement that he knew of a Kentucky Derby having been pulled in the interest of bookmakers has created a great stir in Louisville, and an investigation is to be made. Capt. Brown says: "It was the Derby of 1882. One of my informants was Capt. Cotrill, who died about a year ago, but the other, a Louisville poolseller named Jim Burt, is alive.

"The well-known pool firm of Watta, Cathcart & Hughes had made big winter books on the Derby, and just before Derby day found that they stood to lose nearly $275,000 in case Runnymede, the favorite, won the race. There were no other horses in the race sufficiently speedy to beat him fairly. Apollo won, however, with Runnymede second, and the owners of Runnymede made $40,000 by failing to win."

The executive committee of the Louisville jockey club will demand an affidavit from Capt. Brown and institute an investigation.

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DEATH LURKED THERE.

A Terrible Storm Breaks the Quiet of a Sabbath Afternoon.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—The most complete story of the fearful cyclone at Mt. Vernon yesterday is found in a special to the *Times*. It reads as follows:

At about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a cyclone struck this town, leaving it in ruins and killing 35 people, and it is feared many more than are now known to have been killed will be found among the ruins of the buildings. Fire immediately broke out all over the city amid the ruins, spreading rapidly, owing to the damage done to the engine by the wind. The storm passed from the southwest, and had a rotary motion. It swept down with fearful fury, striking first just south of the City Hall, then carried away the third and fourth stories of the Mt. Vernon mill. From there it swept on in a path 500 yards wide. The Methodist church fell. Just a few minutes before 250 people had left the Sunday school.

ROOFS SAILING THROUGH THE AIR.

The Commercial hotel lost its third story. Next the wind struck the county court-house, rendering it a heap of ruins. By rare luck, however, the county records were saved. Crew's block, on the south side of the square, is leveled with the earth, and under it was found the body of John Crew, the owner of the block. The roof of the second story of R. L. Stratton & Co.'s hardware store was blown away.

A large, two-story, brick schoolhouse did not withstand the terrible shock any better than the smallest house in the track of the cyclone. A large, two story, frame house, owned by George Ward, was picked up and carried about twenty feet and left unhurt, while two brick buildings within 100 feet were left in ruins.

Reports are coming in from the country and the storm seems to have swept over everything for miles. Incalculable loss of life and great suffering will follow unless outside assistance is given the mayor, G. H. Harnell, who will give it to the proper committee. A meeting of business men was held and committees appointed to care for the dead and wounded and protect property as much as possible. Many people who escaped with their lives have nothing besides, and are walking the streets with no home to go to.

THREE-FOURTHS OF THE BUSINESS RUINED.

Three-fourths of the business portion of the city is ruined financially. The public square is in the center of the town, and the court house is in the center of the square. The school-building is in the northeast corner of the city, and all the dwellings in that portion of the city are destroyed. The ruins of some are still burning. In all 500 buildings were destroyed and many others injured.

The dead were gathered at the Supreme court room, which has been converted into a hospital. This building is also damaged, but not seriously.

WHERE IT WAS HEAVIEST.

The south portion of Mt. Vernon is the newest part of the city, and the loss includes many large and fine buildings. The court house has been converted into a hospital for the wounded. Many are suffering greatly.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Four men in the Evans bank were imprisoned in the ruins of the building and burned to death. Their cries of pain and distress were agonizing in the extreme but nothing could reach them. Their names could not be obtained. Physicians to the number of twenty-one joined the relief train from Evansville en route. They arrived shortly before midnight.

The fires which had started as soon as the buildings fell were under control at midnight.

THE DEATHS NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

There will be at least thirty-five deaths, and the list of injured will reach 300. The loss will not fall short of a million of dollars. People here will suffer if outside help is not forthcoming at once.

THIRTY-SIX ARE DEAD.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—A special to the *Daily News* from Centralia, Ill., says: The firemen sent to Mount Vernon returned this morning and report 36 found dead up to 5 o'clock this morning and a great many more wounded.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1887.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 21.	Feb. 14.
4½'s coupons	125⅞	125⅞
4's coupons	125⅞	125⅞
Pacific 6's of '95	120	120

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—decrease	$ 2,205,900
Loans—decrease	28,000
Specie—decrease	3,132,600
Legal tenders—decrease	152,200
Deposits—increase	3,098,000
Circulation—increase	,67000

The banks now hold $17,937,375 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—3 P. M.—The stock market closed dull but strong at the best figures of the day. To-morrow being a legal holiday, the Stock Exchange will be closed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Noon.—Money is easy at 2@2½ per cent. Bar silver, 95¾.

The stock market, as usual after 11 o'clock, was entirely barren of feature, being intensely dull and with scarcely any apparent movement in prices. The tone was firm, however. The advancing tendency became more pronounced toward noon, and at 12 o'clock the market was dull but firm at about opening figures.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: Can. So., 53½; D. & H., 110; D. L. & W., 130⅞; Erie, 26⅞; H. V. —; J. C., 80⅝; K. T., —; Lake Shore 91⅝; L. & N., 59¾; M. C., —; M. P., 84¾; N. Y. C., 107⅛; N. W., 108⅛; N. E., 37¼; O. T. 23¾; Pac, Mail, 36¼; R. T., —; Reading, 66⅛; St. P., 76⅜; U. P., 56½; Wabash, —; W. U., 78⅜.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the week just closed was a seasonable one. The great coal strike on the Reading road has ended, and the Anthracite coal trade is more active. Collections fair.

THE MARKETS.

Ten O'clock Markets.

At the early calls this morning, wheat was steady. Corn dull. Oats quiet. Clover seed weak.

Prices of grain at the 10 o'clock call of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day were: Wheat—Cash, —; May, 86⅞c sales; June, 87c bid, 87½c asked; July, 84½c bid, 84c asked; August, 84c bid. Corn—May, 53¼c bid, 53⅜c asked. Oats—May, 33½c bid, 33¾c asked. Clover seed—February, $3 90 bid, $3 97½ asked; March, $3 92½ bid, $3 95 asked; April, $3 95 bid, $3 97½c asked; May, $3 90 bid.

One O'Clock Markets.

At the noon sessions wheat was dull, but steady. To-morrow being a holiday, but little disposition was manifested to trade freely. Cables were steady. Exports only fair. Corn was dull, but steady. Oats quiet. Clover seed active, but weak.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange, to-day, cash wheat sold light, yet during the day there was a good demand, millers taking about 60 car loads. Prices were fairly firm. No. 2 soft red, 84¼c, and to close, 84¾c; No. 3 soft red Lake Shore, 82½c; No. 1 white, 85¼c; No. 2 white, 84¼c.

For future delivery but little was done in No. 2 Red wheat. Prices closed with a little better tone. Seller May, 86⅞c, then 87c, ⅛c up.

Corn dull, steady. No. 3, 50c.; No. 2 May, 53c. Oats quiet. Clover seed active but weak. Prime, Cash, February and March, $3 90.

CLOSE.—Wheat, cash, 84⅜@85¼; May, 87⅛; June 87c, July 85c. Corn—Cash, 50½; May, 53¾c. Oats—Nominally 33c. Clover seed—Prime, cash and February and March, $3 90.

Oil City Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 P. M.—Opened at 88¾c; closed at 87⅞c; highest, 89c; lowest, 86¾c.

To-day's oil market has been very active and extremely weak. Shortly after the opening prices rushed to 89c, but was succeeded by a a bad break to 86¾c, followed by a sharp reaction to 88½c. The closing was fairly firm at 87⅞c. The market in its present condition is a puzzler to the speculative trade. The situation is decidedly bullish, but for some unaccountable reason the market does not respond to the bullish influences. Advices from the East advise buying on all breaks.

The Produce Market.

There was a dull market to-day for produce. Prices are steady. Butter, best, 20c; next quality, 15@17c. Eggs, 20@21c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 70c. Poultry—Chickens, 9c; turkeys, 10c; ducks, 9c. Vegetables—Onions, $1.00 per bush.; cabbages, 75c to 100c per dozen; potatoes, 80@90c per bushel; turnips, 40@50c per bushel. Fruits—Apples, $2 50@2 75 per barrel; cranberries, $3.50 per box; lemons, $3.50@4.00. Florida oranges, $4.00 per box; Malaga grapes, $5.00@6.00 per barrel. Green hides, cows' and steers', 5½c; calf and kip, 6c; cured hides, 6½@6¾c; calf, 8c. Dressed hogs, $6.35 @6.25. Lettuce, 20c per lb.; celery, 25@40c; beans, medium, $2 50; marrow fat, $2 75; spinach, $1 per bushel.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat—February, —c; March, 75¾@76c; May, 80¾@80⅞c. Corn—March, 47¼c; May, 51⅜c. Pork—May, $14 12½.

DETROIT, Feb. 21.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 85½c; No. 2 red cash, 85¼c; May, 87⅝c; June, 88c; July, 85½c. Corn—No. 2, 51c. Oats—No. 2, 33½c; No. 2 white, 35¼c.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 21.—1 P. M.—Wheat steady; cash, 76¼c; March, 75¾c; May, 79⅜c.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body, causing an increase of weight and strength.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

PRICE, 25c. PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

Corn lower; No. 3, 46c. Oats dull; No. 2 white, 33c. Rye steady; No. 1, 61¼c. Barley quiet; No. 2, 75c.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 20.—Wheat—Market steady; No. 2 soft cash at 79c; May, 78c bid, 81c asked. Corn—Market steady; No. 2 cash, 43½c asked; May, 45⅝c bid, 46½c asked; No. 2 white cash, 47c asked Oats—No. 2 cash, no bids or offerings.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—1 p. m.—Wheat firmer; cash and March, 76c; May, 80⅞c. Corn firm; cash and March, 47¼c; May, 51⅜c. Oats steady; May, 31⅜c. Rye at 60c. Barley, nothing doing. Prime timothy, $2 49. Flax seed, $1 44@1 45. Whisky, $1 15. Pork firmer; cash, $13 90; May, $14 10. Lard is steady; cash and March, $7 77½; May, $7 87½; May, steam rendered, $7 49.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 21.—Flour dull; family, $3 60; fancy, $3 80@3 95. Wheat dull at 86c. Corn firm at 52c. Oats steady at 33½c. Rye firm at 63c. Pork firmer at $14 50. Lard stronger at $7 82½. Bulk meats and bacon steady and unchanged; short ribs, $7 70. Bacon lower; short clear, $8 75. Whisky steady; sales, 1,182 barrels finished goods on a basis of $1.09.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Wheat—Market dull and heavy and ⅝@¾c lower; receipts, 1,100 bushels; sales, 8,000 bu No. 2 red, February, 89 7-16; 24,000 bu do March, 89⅛@89⅜; 256,000 bu do May, 91⅜@91⅝c; 224,000 bu do June, 91 5-16@91⅜c; 8,000 bu do July, 90⅞c; 8,000 bu do December, 94¼c. Corn heavy and ¼@⅜c lower; mixed western spot, 59@60c; do futures, 59⅛@60c; receipts, 9,900 bu; sales, 280,000 bu. Oats ⅛@¼c lower and dull; western, 38@47; receipts, 75,000 bu; sales, 35,000 bu. Beef steady; new extra mess, $7 00@8 00. Pork firm; one year old mess, $15 00@15 25; new mess, $15 25@15 50. Lard dull and heavy; steam rendered, $8 05. Butter in steady demand; light western, 14@30c; state creamery, 21@26c; Elgin creamery, 30c; Pennsylvania, do, 30c. Cheese firm at 1@12¾c; fancy white at 12½@12¾; colored, 12¼@12½c. Sugar steady; crushed, 7¾c; powdered, 7c; granulated, 6¾c. Molasses dull; 50 test at 20. Coffee weak; fair rio, 16c; good do, 16¼c; prime do, 16½c. Spirits of turpentine firm at 40½@41c. Eggs—Western, 22½@23. Linseed 12@14.

Live Stock Market.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 800 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000 head; market stronger; choice heavy and butchers, $5 45@5 60; Yorkers and packing, $5 15 @5 55; light, $4 85@5 40. Sheep—Receipts, 200 head; market steady.

EAST LIBERTY, Feb. 20.—Cattle—Market dull and 10@20c off last week's prices. Hogs slow; Philadelphias, $5 70@5 80; mixed, $5 60@5 65; Yorkers, $5 40@5 50; common to fair, $5 20@5 30; pigs, $4 50@5 00; 10 cars hogs shipped to New York to-day. Sheep—Market 15@25c higher than last week's closing prices.

BUFFALO, Feb. 20.—Cattle—Market declined 10@15c from last Monday; common to fair, $2 40@3 20; good to choice shipping, $4 35@4 85; extra steers, $5 00@5 25; stockers and feeders, dull, $2 50@3 35; veals lower at $5 50@5 65. Sheep—Market dull and closed active; common to fair, $4 50@5 00; good to choice, $5 15@5 50; extra, $5 75. Lambs are dull; common to prime, $4 50@4 65; extra, $6 75@7 00. Hogs—Market active; prices not quotably higher; light pigs, $4 80@5 00; mixed, pigs and light Yorkers, $5 15@5 25; selected Yorkers, $5 35@5 50; selected medium weights, $5 60@5 70.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 21.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,362 head; shipments, 844 head. The market was steady to a shade higher, especially for medium weights, fat butchers' steers and choice cows. Sales of good to choice corn fed steers at $4 30@4 90 per cwt.; common to medium at $3 20@4 15; stocker; at $1 80@2 60; feeding steers at $2 75@3 40; cows at $1 30@3 00. Hogs—Receipts, 5,043 head; shipments, 2,553 head. Quality better. The market was active and bulk of sales about 5c higher. Sales of good to choice shipping at $5 35@5 50 per cwt.; common to medium at $4 70@5 30; skips and pigs, at $3 00@4 50. Sheep—Receipts, 644 head; shipments, 97 head. The market was strong for good. Sales of good to choice muttons at $4 25@4 60 per cwt.; common to medium at $2 50@4 00.

Boston Wool Market.

The market is in a much better condition. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 31@32c; Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., 29c; Territory, 20@23c; Texas and Southern, 14@20c; combing and delaine, 25@35½c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 21c; scoured and tub washed, 30@50c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

English wheat is rather firmer. The cold weather strengthens the views of the sellers. Sales English wheat during the week, 57,410 quarters at 30s 1d, against 40,427 quarters at 32s 11d corresponding week last year. Foreign wheat is dull, but sellers support values. No inquiry for corn; difficult to maintain prices. Flour, beans, peas, steady; linseed declined 1s. To-day there is no demand for English or foreign wheats; a few sales at last Monday's quotations. Flour, corn and barley are steady. Oats firmer. Beans 6d cheaper. Linseed flat at last week's decline.

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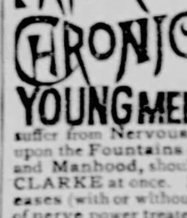

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